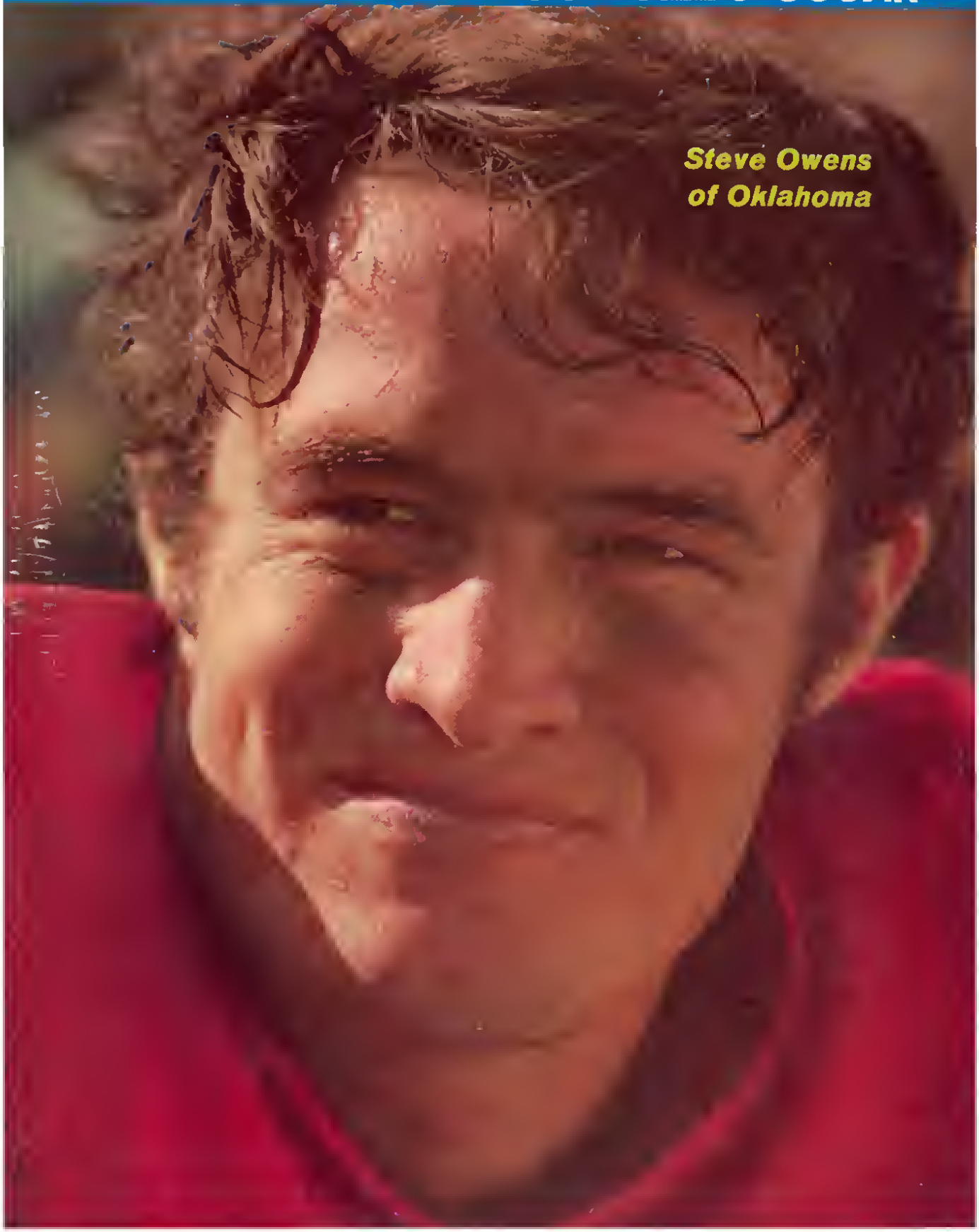
Sports Illustrated
NOVEMBER 10, 1969 50 CENTS

THE SCRAMBLE FOR FOOTBALL'S OSCAR



Steve Owens of Oklahoma

Your next car should look this great



CHRYSLER

CHRYSLER
MOTORS CORPORATION

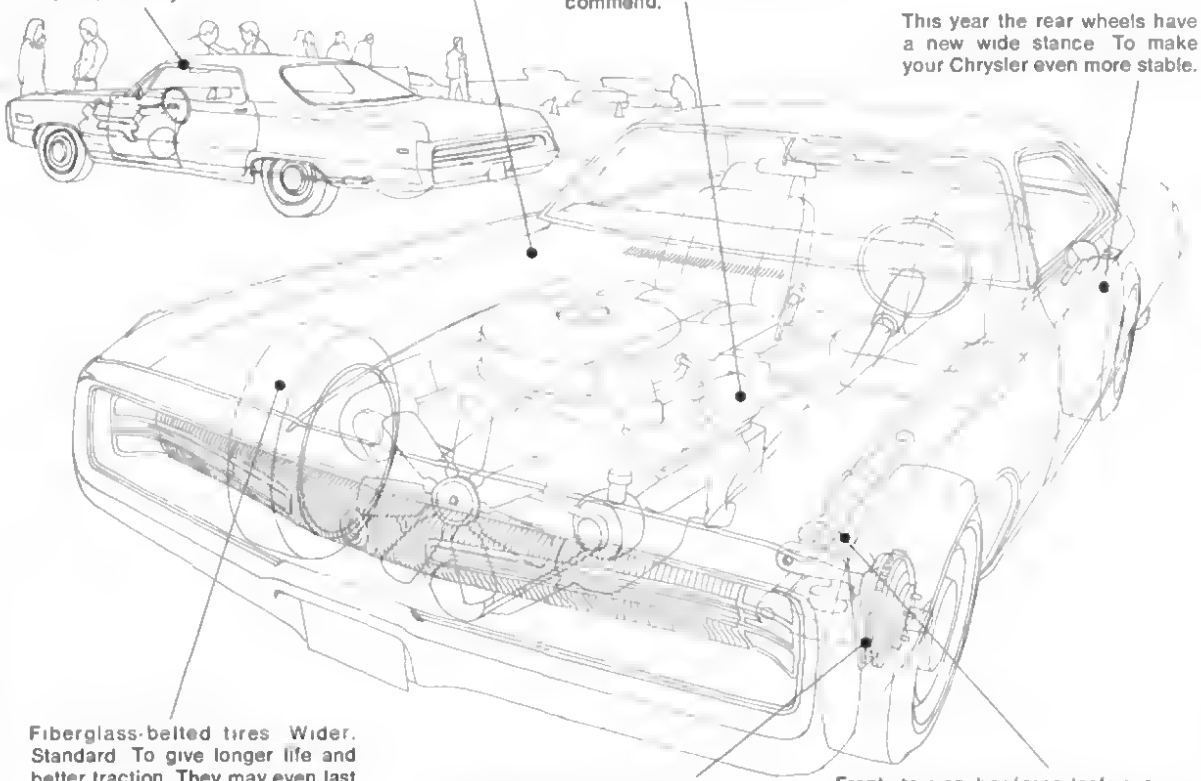
...and perform this well.

The quiet car is even quieter in 1970. Rubber body mounts, suspension system isolators, combined with over 25 square feet more of sound insulation material quiet road noise and vibrations Chrysler's new Sound Isolation System

Chrysler's unibody construction 5,000 individual welds produce a unit of unusual strength silence . . and durability.

The muscle 440 cubic inch 350 horsepower V-8 Standerd. Speaks softly . . . passes on command.

This year the rear wheels have a new wide stance To make your Chrysler even more stable.



Fiberglass-belted tires Wider. Standard To give longer life and better traction They may even last as long as you own the car.

Floating-caliper, power-assisted front disc brakes. Developed on the race car circuit. Now a Chrysler option for fast, controllable, fade-resistant stops

Front torsion-bar/rear-leaf suspension. Gives the 1970 Chrysler all that sure-footed agility and confident handling.

You can get quiet rides with other cars, but with Chrysler you get the ideal combination of quietness, stability, and control . all from the blending of torsion-bar suspension, *unibody* construction and Sound Isolation System.

If you really feel like moving this year, why not move up?

Your next car: 1970 Chrysler

with Torsion-Quiet Ride

Imagine what this field will look like in the second half!

A little rain and a lot of feet can make an instant quagmire that denies fans the exciting game they came to see.

But marching bands, rough play and rain can't affect an Astro-Turf® field. Because it shrugs off water and constant use—for a better game in any weather. Mud? You'll never see it on AstroTurf.

AstroTurf makes the game safer, too. Cleats can't penetrate AstroTurf, so a player's foot moves with a blow, instead of locking in the turf. Knee and ankle injuries are reduced, and fans can worry less about accidents hampering their team's chances.

Like more information? Write: Monsanto, Dept. 157-A, 800 N. Lindbergh Blvd., St. Louis, Mo. 63166.



Contents

NOVEMBER 10, 1969 Volume 31, No. 20

Cover photograph by Neil Leifer

18 Who Gets the Oscar?
The Heisman Trophy, football's version of the Academy Award, goes to the nation's top player, whoever he may be

24 Down Go the Babbling Bruins
In hockey, goals beat gab anytime, as Montreal devastatingly proved in the season's first big game

26 Eub Weebank's Mother Hens
He's really Weeb Ewbank. Who remembers? The hens are the Jet blockers. They never forget a chick named Joe

30 Beware of Fierce Breeders!
The guard dog business is notable for its disregard of such social niceties as not striking a lady

35 Lew Alcindor's Story: Part 3
In a year of turmoil and decision, Lew changes religion, boycotts the Olympics and picks the NBA

74 Instant Ocean: It Keeps Rolling
A new machine makes waves where there has been no sea for eons—and inland surfing is born

80 Exploring the World Within
An excursion underground can reveal as much about the caver as it does about the cavern

The departments

13 Scorecard
51 People
52 College Football
65 Hunting
68 Golf
70 Boating
75 Surfing
93 For the Record
94 19th Hole















SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is published weekly, except one issue at year end, by Time Inc., 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611, principal office Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020. James R. Shepley, President, Richard B. McKeough, Treasurer, John F. Harvey, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in cash. Subscription price in the United States, Canada, Puerto Rico and the Caribbean islands $10.00 a year; military personnel anywhere in the world $7.00 a year; all others $14.00 a year.

Credits on page 93

Next week

ITALY IS IT. both for seeing and skiing this season. All of the sites and settings are covered in a colorful 16-page package that tells what to wear and where to play in the Dolomites.

PRO BASKETBALL'S most powerful front line plays for San Francisco now that Jerry Lucas has joined Nate Thurmond and Clyde Lee. The Warriors are after their first title.

IT HURTS sometimes to be the world champion ocean powerboat racer, but millionaire Don Aronow has found it a sure antidote for boredom in his retirement years.

© 1969 BY TIME INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. REPRODUCTION WITHOUT PERMISSION IS STRICTLY PROHIBITED.

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

A sample from last week's mail was typical enough. "Now you've done it. The final humiliation. Your unmitigated gall has carried you over the threshold of insanity. We unbiased Stanford rooters demand to know why SI has dropped the Indians from its list of the three best teams in the West!" The letter gets put in the stack with the ones that read "We beat Redshirt U for the first time in 40 years and you give us four lousy lines. . ." or "How can you say we were overwhelmed when we only lost 47–21 and were in the game until the last quarter. . ." Once again we can take comfort in the evidence that our regular fall feature, FOOTBALL'S WEEK (*page 54*), is getting its full share of attention.

Any effort to boil down the myriad strivings of a college football weekend into 2,500 or so unminced words cannot help but step on the tender followers of some cleated toes. To characterize one team's defensive performance as lackluster is surely to suggest that the other team's offense was not exactly working its miracles against a giant. The truth miffs both parties—while presumably informing, and sometimes amusing, readers less intimately concerned.

To be unmincing, willing to miff, urbane and consistently knowledgeable is what we ask of FOOTBALL'S WEEK's regular writer, William F. Reed. And to accomplish this, he gets a lot of help. The FOOTBALL'S WEEK process begins on Monday morning about the time coaches everywhere are telling themselves that all the things that went wrong Saturday couldn't ever happen again. Reed and College Football Editor Walter Bingham confer to select 20 to 25 major games, some for extensive coverage, others for briefer treatment. On Monday afternoon our special correspondents in the appropriate areas are advised of our needs. On the following Saturday night they wire us a total of more than 30,000 words, telling us not only who won and how but also offering the inside anecdotes and special insights that interest the fan who follows college football not just in his own conference but as a national game. To be able to take full advantage of the material we receive, fewer games are being assessed this year by FOOTBALL'S WEEK—46 teams are covered in this issue—but more space is given to each.

It is also Reed's responsibility to pick the top three teams in each region and the Back and Lineman of the Week, duties that embroil him in further controversy. As the season opens, the top three teams are determined by SI's rankings of the top 20 in the country. But from that moment on the judgment is based on a simple rule: who would beat whom if they played right now on a neutral field. (Reed—Transylvania University, '66—has no alumni passions of his own to sway him.) "Never mind last week's standings," says Reed. "If somebody gets beat, we run 'em right out and run somebody else in." Of the 15 teams rated the class of their regions in this year's first FOOTBALL'S WEEK, seven have been ousted already. (Remember when Georgia was the best in the South?)

Every Saturday produces several glorious individual performances, especially in these days of wide-open offenses, so there are certain guidelines for Back and Lineman selections. No more than one award a year is likely to go to one team, and geographical dispersion is preferred. A man who starred by coming up with key plays is given the edge over one whose excellence was largely statistical. The winners receive framed certificates to commemorate their selection.

We, meanwhile, receive our letters. One will arrive any moment. "How could that nitwit Reed pick Archie Manning as Back of the Week when. . ." It's all part of the fun of everybody's football week.

Gary Valk

Sports Illustrated

Founder: Henry R. Luce 1898–1967

Editor-in-chief: Hedley Donovan

Chairman of the Board: Andrew Heiskell

President: James R. Shepley

Chairman, Executive Committee: James A. Linen

Senior Staff Editor: Daniel Seligman

Vice Chairman: Roy E. Larsen

Managing Editor: Andre Laguerre

Executive Editor: Richard W. Johnston

Assistant Managing Editors: John Libby, Roy Terrell

Art Director: Richard Gangel

Senior Editors: Walter Bingham, Robert H. Boyle, Arthur L. Brawley, Robert Cantwell, Ray Cave, Robert Creamer, Gilbert Cranberg, Roger S. Hewes, Dan Jenkins, Martin Kane, William Leggett, Hamilton R. Mann, Jack Olsen, Bob Ottum, Coles Phinizy, Robert Rorke, Samuel Rosenthal, Roberta Turnbull, Tex Whitley, Jimmy Wilson, John Underwood, Alfred Wright

Associate Editors: Dan Anderson, Gwilym S. Brown, Joseph Cottrell, Frank Deford, Joe Jares, William Johnson, Robert L. Lee, Virginia Kraft, Mark Kram, Barry Ryan, Edwin Shrake, M. R. Werner

Staff Writers: Roy Blount Jr., Jeanne Marie Bruce, Jule Campbell, Alice Higgins, Curry Kirkpatrick, Jerry Kirshenbaum, Barbara Lea Gonzalez, Mark Mulvoy, Harold Peterson, Pat Putnam, William F. Reed, Gary Ronberg, Hugh D. Whall

Photography: CHIEF, Richard Kelton; George J. Bloodgood, DEPUTY, Thomas Vandenschmidt; ASSISTANTS, Betty Dick, Dorothy Metz, Theodore Stephney, Jean Lockhart, Constantine Manos; PHOTOGRAPHERS, Lee Balterman, Jerry Cooke, Larry Dunham, Roy Dr Carava, James Drake, Walter Iooss Jr., Neil Leifer, Richard Meek, Herb Scharfman, Eric Schweikardt, Art Shay, Sheedy & Long, Tony Tomeo

Chief of Research: Myron Hyman

Writer-Reporters: Peter Carry, Gay Flood, Pamela Knight, Hal Lefferman, Morton Sharnik, Herman Weisskopf, Sandy Wilkinson

Reporters: Sarah Pileggi, Elisabeth Kimmitt, Julia Lee, Rebecca Lee, Ruth Liebl, Rose Mary Mechem, Lily Murphy, Skip Myslenski, Paula Phelps, Cynthia Ramsay, Denise Rogers, Lynn Simms, Sandy Treadwell, Christiana Walford

Special Contributors: Myron Cope, Charles Goren, Curtis Mitchell, Jack Nicklaus, George Plimpton, Wilfrid Tallant

Production: Gene Wilhelm (*Manager*), William Gallagher, Francis O'Regan, Kenneth Jimmo, Tony Trosk, Betty DeMeester (*Chief*), Iris Herman, Roberta Frost, Jeanne Biggy, Deirdre Randall, Anita Weiss

Administrative Assistant: Maureen Harris

Art Department: Harry Grut, Martin Natnan, Katherine Dinsmore, Brendan P. Mulvey (*Color Quality*), William Bransilp, Edwin Palmer Smith, Catherine Sundich, Edward Sobel, Thomas Vink Latrace

Special Correspondents: Curtis Arie W. Schardt, Timothy Thalone Sibbusch, *Albuquerque*, Atch Napier, George Joseph Rychetnik, *Atlanta*, Jim Minter, Jimmy Banks, *Baltimore* Walter Ward, *Baton* Hal Hardesty, *Bellingham* Dolly Connelly, Lee Mortimer, *Buffalo* Dick Johnson, *Carson* Stephen Jr., *Charlotte* Ronald Green, Chris Cramer, *Chicago* William Enright, Jim Schlichtkrull, *Cincinnati* Charles *Columbia* Kaye Kessler, *Dallas* Steve Perry, Bob Brown, *Des Moines* Bob Ashlie, Peter Waldrop, *Greensboro* Smith Barrier, John Ingram, *Honolulu* Ted Kurton, *Houston* Dick Dunlap, *Indianapolis* Dick Denny, *Jacksonville* Kenneth Knotts, *Kansas City* Theodore O'Leary, Ed Rucker, *Las Vegas* Jim Dickin, *Lexington* Larry Vaught, *Little Rock* Orville Henry, *Los Angeles* Dick Friedman, *Louisville* Larry Boeck, *Memphis* Cliff Gallagher, Byron Edgington, *Miami* Joe Reedy, *Minneapolis* Dick Gordon, *Nashville* Mark Mayfield, Pete Heaney, *Oklahoma City* Theodore O'Leary, Harold Sims, *Omaha* Hulen Umphrey, *Philadelphia* Charles Dallas, *Phoenix* Frank Connell, Jim Bowden, *Portland* John White, *Richmond* Jack Hahn, *Roanoke* Bill Bull, *Salt Lake City* George Engel, *San Antonio* John James, *San Diego* Jack Murphy, *San Francisco* Art Rosenbaum, Dick Mackenzie, *Seattle* Royal Brougham, *South Bend* Joe Doyle, Bob Broeg, *St. Louis* Bob Burnham, *Syracuse* Bill Mahoney, *Toledo* Bud VanHorn, Veen, Bill Mahoney, Dick Young, Dave Campbell, Mary Zeh

Cartoons: Arthur Hagel, Oliver Dillon, Rea MacLeod, Limoncelli, Eric Wilchelm

Time-Life News Service: Murray J. Gart, Jason Berman

Editorial Services: Paul Welch (*Director*), Frederick Rodgers, Robert W. Boyd Jr., Peter Diaz, Margaret Hamilton, George Karas, Doris O'Neil

Publisher, Gary Valk

Associate Publisher: John L. Cranfill

Advertising Sales Director: Harry Schnibbeler Jr.

Circulation Director: Bernard DeSaix

Promotion Director: Robert B. Fisher

Business Manager: Peter Hanson

How to live to be 175.

The almost unbelievable story of
Jim Beam Bourbon. And the fascinating secrets
of a family art that have been
handed down from Beam to Beam since 1795
by
Ronald L. Phillips

A modest man is T. Jeremiah Beam. But he can't help but let out a smile of quiet satisfaction when he tells this one.

"Bernie Hurst, my wife's sister's boy, is our head chemist. Got all kinds of fancy machines and measures. Well, Bernie, he took a sample of Jim Beam we bottled last week and ran an analysis on it."

"Then I gave him a drop -a very little drop -of the oldest Beam Bourbon we have. Some my dad, Col. Jim Beam, put up in 1911."



T. Jeremiah Beam

"Well, Bernie, he darn near died. Why that 1911 Beam came out exactly as light and mellow as today's Jim Beam!"

"And, you know, if we had any of the Bourbon that old Jacob Beam made way back in 1795, I swear it'd come out the same way, too."

Since 1795 a member of the Beam family has always made Beam Bourbon.

The senior member of the Beam family today is T. Jeremiah Beam, an alert, courteous gentleman who just celebrated his 70th birthday.

The responsibility for making Jim Beam is in the hands of Col. Jim Beam's nephew, Carl Beam.

175 YEARS BEHIND THE TIMES

Clermont, Kentucky, is just outside of Shepherdsville. Little more than a road sign inviting you to slow down for a mile or so. A few homes and buildings checkered on the rolling Kentucky countryside.



Pure limestone water.

There's something almost magic about Clermont, though. The water is pure, limestone spring water. The soil is naturally sweet and rich. The weather is gentle and consistent from year to year. It's the kind of place that's as rare for making Bourbon as the grape country of France is for making wine.

The people in Clermont are special, too. They're human beings with a peculiar kind of stick-to-itiveness.

When they find something good they hold fast to it. Forever if need be.

This is the country that Jacob Beam brought his family to in 1788. He started out farming. And discovered a way to make such a marvelously light and flavorful Bourbon his neighbors talked him into selling it.

His family still makes it the exact same way 175 years later.

JACOB'S FIRST SECRET START WITH A GOOD BEER

Jacob loved beer. But beer was rare in Kentucky during these post-revolutionary days. Most of the adults drank corn whiskey instead.

Jacob was intrigued by this whiskey. But he found it harsh and a little too raw. It varied a lot from one batch to the other, too.

One day, Jacob got an idea. The whiskey the folks were making was really a crude beer taken a few steps further. So, he concluded if he started with a light, mellow beer, he ought to end up with a new kind of smooth whiskey.

Jacob's farm land abounded with rich grain. He had a deep well full of fresh limestone water. So he started experimenting with home-grown ingredients.



A secret recipe of choice grains.

He tried a number of different recipes of corn, rye and barley malt until he found the perfect marriage. He developed a unique strain of yeast. And then he put them together and let them ferment in great, open cyprus wood vats.

After three days he distilled this sweet-smelling mash, not once but twice. Then he set it aside to mellow for a time.

A SURPRISE FROM NATURE MAKES BEAM WHISKEY BEAM BOURBON

Once Jacob and his descendants began making whiskey in earnest, they needed something to age it in. Something big, yet strong enough to take the jostling wagons gave it going over the rutted Kentucky country roads.

They decided to use the most practical container of their day, a barrel. And they made it out of the sweet white oak trees that grew in majestic forests all about them.

The Beams soon learned that a bad barrel could spoil the best made whiskey. So they always used new white oak barrels. And they settled on a size that "one big man could handle by himself."

The Beam barrels do more than age Bourbon. They deliver a kind of wondrous natural flavor magic.



The magic of aging

When a barrel is charred before it's filled, a layer of charcoal forms on the inside of the staves. This "filters" the whiskey over and over again. It gives Jim Beam its uniquely light, yet rich taste. And it gives Jim Beam a delicious natural golden amber color.

THE REAL SECRET OF JIM BEAM

Carl Beam lives right on the Clermont distillery grounds. He's on call 24 hours a day and rarely leaves the neighborhood. So particular is Carl about the handling of his yeast, his son, Baker, worked at his side for 10 straight years before Carl trusted him alone with the yeast.

Carl's other boy, David, also practices the Beam family art of making Bourbon. As does T. Jerry's nephew, Booker.

As people get to know Jim Beam, they pretty much agree there's a secret to it.

Some say it's Jacob Beam's perfect formula of natural grains. Some say it's the glorious limestone stream water. Others insist it's the rare yeast.

The Beams say it could be all of those things. But down deep they believe the real secret is their unyielding refusal to change things.



Jim Beam Bourbon is made by the same family, by the same formula, with the same quality as it was in 1795. But then Jim Beam isn't just another Bourbon. It's truly a family art. As the Beams say: "The world's finest Bourbon since 1795."

86 Proof Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey Distilled and Bottled by the James B. Beam Distilling Co., Clermont, Beam, Kentucky.

Their seat could sit in our seat.



Coach and Economy seats on all our Boeing FanJets are as wide as First Class, so wide only 5 fit in a row. It's a Continental exclusive.

The airline that's better because it wants to be.

That's the difference pride makes.

CONTINENTAL

The Proud Bird with the Golden Tail



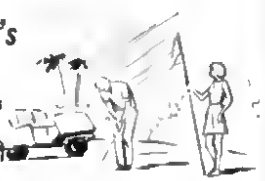
pocket edition

Ingenious Petri Color 35 fits pocket or purse. 13¾ oz. 4" camera marvel takes superb full-frame 35mm pictures. Sharp f2.8 lens retracts. Simple 3-wheel catch-all-action control system. Automatic CdS electric eye exposures. Instant film loading. A joy to handle. Under $110. Clicks great shots — unnoticed. But beware of pickpockets. The pocket edition is popular.

Petri Color 35

Petri International (USA) Corp., New York, N.Y. 10016

Arizona's Total Concept Resort for the



GREAT GOLF HOLIDAY

7 Days – 6 Nights
$159.75 per person*

TOTAL FUN! Golf—2 Robert Trent Jones courses—Tennis—Swimming—Riding—all Recreations

SPACIOUS! Guest accommodations

BEAUTIFUL! New Terrace Dining Room and Cocktail Lounge

GREAT! Entertainment and activities

A BRIGHT IDEA! For Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's. Delightful program available

PRICE INCLUDES! All greens fees on both courses, twin bedroom with patio, all breakfasts and dinners—transportation to and from Phoenix Airport—all taxes

*double occupancy thru January 25, 1970

For Brochure, special Great Golf Holiday and Holiday Program write
Reade Whitwell Mgr.

THE WIGWAM
Arizona's Country Club Resort
Litchfield Park, Arizona 85340
Phone 602 935 3811
Tel. / Fax / Reservations

BOOKTALK

The bag is on ice when the hunt begins off Alaska's refrigerated Point Barrow

Sea ice appears off northernmost Alaska in late September or early October. It does not form along the shore but is driven in from far out at sea by wind and currents. By the end of October there is usually a fairly solid ice cover, and at November's end the natives of Point Barrow may be able to begin their hunts for seal, polar bear, whales and walrus.

In the town of Barrow, where the native population is 1,200, most of the men have other jobs and hunt only on their days off. But Wainwright, a settlement of 44 houses and 300 people 90 miles south of Barrow, is still dependent on hunting. *Hunters of the Northern Ice* by Richard K. Nelson (University of Chicago Press, $8.50) is a study of Wainwright's hunters—a semi-isolated group whose practices go back thousands of years and whose experience has practical value for the modern world in the light that it throws on the complex environment of the sea ice itself.

The author is a young anthropologist who spent two years hunting with the natives. He is writing for other scientists rather than for the general reader, yet the ventures that he describes are so hazardous, and the world of ice in which he experienced them so strange and mysterious, that his narrative becomes absorbing in spite of its dry academic formality. As you read you get the feeling that a struggle is going on, with the author determined not to let the inherent excitement of his story disturb his detached objectivity.

Northeast of Wainwright, in the Arctic beyond the new oil fields of Prudhoe Bay, the ice is generally old, lying in flat fields, and usually stable, but along the coast by Wainwright the ice is tossed and churned by currents and winds, often in motion, crumbled, jumbled, cracked, smashed, fractured, storm-strewn and piled in colossal ridges as much as 60 feet high. Wide leads or chasms run parallel with the coast, held open by winds and currents, and along these the natives hunt.

There are no landmarks, and usually no sound, except when the ice is piling. Then the noise is loud and rumbling and can be heard more than half a mile away if it is not obliterated by a buffeting gale. "When the piles grow to great heights, huge boulders of ice tumble and slide down their flanks, sounding like a giant bowling ball slamming through the pins."

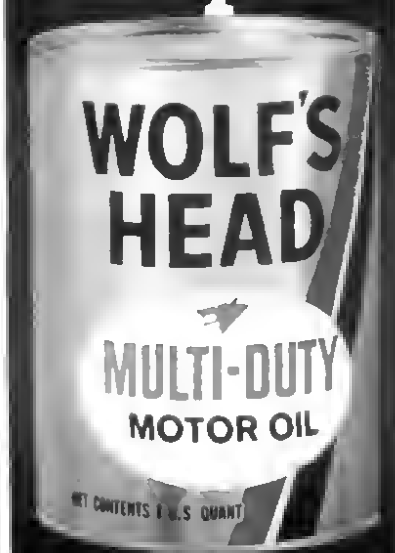
The natives hunt only on the landward side of the leads. "They will not take the least risk of drifting away on the ice and being unable to cross an open crack or lead to return to land," writes Nelson. "It is not common Eskimo philosophy to take

continued

The 100% Pure Pennsylvania Oil specially formulated to clean as it lubricates. Protects through all weather. Buy your oil the way you bought your car. Carefully. Wolf's Head Oil Refining Co., Oil City, Pa. 16301.

Grime Acid Sludge Grit Crud

This one soaks it up



the uncommon motor oil

Exceeds car makers' warranty requirements.

chances." Every hunter falls through the ice at some point, but no fatalities are recorded. The Eskimos hunt in groups and share dry clothing. If the drenched hunter is near a village he gets warm by running home.

Most of the hunting is for seals, with winter hunting a frigid ordeal of waiting beside a breathing hole, and spring hunting, when the seals gather in large and drowsy herds, a dangerous matter of locating them on an edge of the drifting ice pack. At such times a hunter may take as many as 35 seals a day, and 1,000 pounds of game a day is not uncommon. The meat is used for dog food since the natives eat only caribou. "You never get tired of caribou," they told Nelson.

Polar bears, one of the few animals that will stalk men, seem not to alarm the Wainwright hunters. Eskimos believe that polar bears are left-handed. The bears kill seals with a left-handed blow. So, when a hunter is charged by a polar bear, he waits until it is very close, darts to its right side and then shoots it in the neck when its head is up.

Even more extravagant olklore concerns walrus hunting. The herds are located sleeping on ice pans very far from shore. In the spring, when the ice is often open and the fogs are heavy, they are located by "the unmistakable sound" of their bellowing. "Every roar is a very deep, hollow, undulous belching or growling that lasts for 15 to 30 seconds. By its magnitude it could only be made by a huge animal. . . ." During a hunt the Eskimos speak only in low tones because they believe walruses understand human speech. Whether or not this is true, walruses are not a bit afraid of men, and when part of the herd is killed the remainder will sometimes attack the hunters. When Nelson went with them, the Wainwright hunters got within five feet of the animals they shot, and fired in a volley, each hunter choosing his walrus—"so close that the hunters are usually lower than the animals and must aim upward to hit them in the head." The wounded had to be killed at once. Their bellowing might bring others to rescue them.

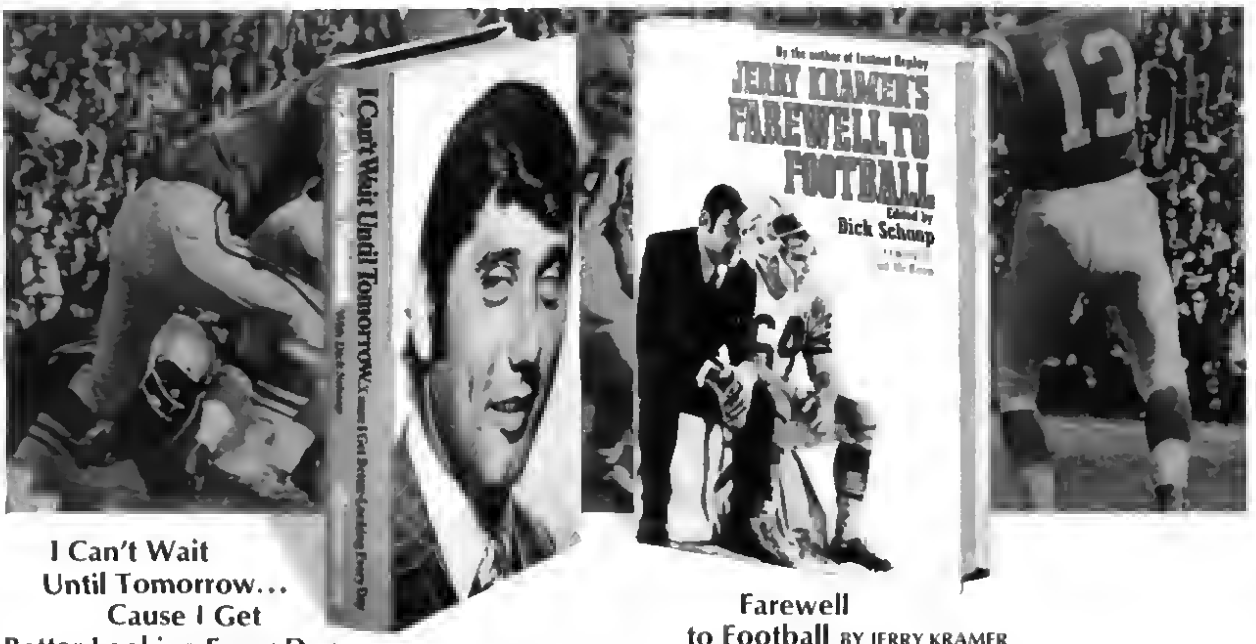
After a hunt the hunters have tea. Then they spend eight hours or so butchering the slaughtered animals while the rest of the herd goes lurching about nervously, watching the men. "If such groups of walrus do not leave soon, the Eskimos become concerned and begin speaking to them. Holding their hand up, they repeat *'tavzaaktugut, tavzaaktugut'* (We are finished) and tell them to go home. The mood at these times is very serious, almost melancholy, as if preeminent danger is present until they calm down. . . . The excitement of a walrus hunt is tremendous."

—Robert Cantwell



Joe and Jerry Tell It to You Straight!

The Literary Guild brings you these two new books—at savings you can't beat!



I Can't Wait Until Tomorrow... Cause I Get Better Looking Every Day.

BY JOE WILLIE NAMATH WITH DICK SCHAAP

The rollicking story of "Broadway Joe". the $400,000 rookie quarterback who's become the greatest sports figure since Babe Ruth Enjoy his dizzying career spiced with mink coats, fabulous bonuses, front page escapades...his flamboyant theories on girls, the game, gambling, sex Joe Namath the man who seems to have everything except—good healthy knees! Sure to be a best seller.

Farewell to Football BY JERRY KRAMER

EDITED BY DICK SCHAAP

"No more shots of novacaine to kill my pains...No more 280-pound tackles to crack my ribs." After 11 action-packed years with the Green Bay Packers, Jerry Kramer has traded his green and gold jersey for a business suit. Why he's calling it quits at the peak of a career that saw him named 5 times All-Pro is as fascinating to read as his first great success INSTANT REPLAY.

Join the Literary Guild today! Get the great books you want at a fraction of the publishers' prices Each month, you'll receive *the Literary Guild magazine* previewing the newest hooks You need accept only four books during the coming year—out of almost 40 offered each month And they're yours, the minute they're published More good news You get a bonus book with every book you buy—for even less than the already low Guild prices Join right now. Send no money, just mail the coupon

You may include either (or both) in your choice of any 4 for $1

(You merely agree to accept only four selections or alternates during the coming year.)

327 FAREWELL TO FOOTBALL Jerry Kramer (Pub. edition $5.95)

16 THE PETER PRINCIPLE Dr. Laurence J. Peter & Raymond Hull (Pub. edition $4.9

345 THE MONEY GAME Adam Smith (Pub. edition $6.95

177 BETWEEN PARENT & TEENAGER Dr. Haim G. Ginott (Pub. edition $5.95)

88 A LOVING WIFE Violet Weingarten (Pub. edition $5.95)

274 MIDNIGHT COWBOY James Leo Herlihy (Pub. edition, $4.95)

14 THE PILL Dr. Robert W. Kistner (Pub. edition $5.95)

222 THE HONEYCOMB Adela Rogers St. John (Pub. edition $8.95)

93 THE SEVEN MINUTES Irving Wallace (Pub. edition $7.50)

320 I CAN'T WAIT UNTIL TOMORROW Joe Willie Namath (Pub. edition $6.95)

378 THE GODFATHER Mario Puzo (Pub. edition $6.95)

124 THE FRENCH CHEF COOKBOOK Julia Child (Pub. edition $6.95)

2 HAMMOND CONTEMPORARY WORLD ATLAS (Pub. edition $9.95

50 MILE HIGH Richard Condon (Pub. edition $6.95)

78 THE PROMISE Chaim Potok (Pub. edition $6.95)

270 BOOMA JEAS Fred Lawrence Guiles (Pub. edition $8.95)

52 FAT CITY Leonard Gardner (Pub. edition $5.50)

401 ADA Vladimir Nabokov (Pub. edition, $6.95)

34 THE DEATH COMMITTEE Noah Gordon (Pub. edition $6.95)

154 THE COMPLETE WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE 2 vols. count as 1 choice

150 PORTNOY'S COMPLAINT Philip Roth (Pub. edition $6.95)

153 THE STORY OF PAINTING H. W. Janson & Dora Jane Janson (Pub. edition $15.00)

138 THE COLUMBIA VIKING DESK ENCYCLOPEDIA 2 vols. count as 1 choice (Pub. edition $9.95)

367 Saul Bellow THE ADVENTURES OF AUGIE MARCH, HENDERSON THE RAIN KING, HERZOG 3 vols. count as 1 choice (Pub. editions $17.75)

18 THE GREAT NOVELS OF ERNEST HEMINGWAY: The Sun Also Rises A Farewell To Arms For Whom the Bell Tolls 3 vols. count as 1 choice (Pub. eds. $13.95)

308 THE MADNESS OF THE PRESIDENCY Theodore H. White (Pub. edition $10.00

409 AN UNFINISHED WOMAN Lillian Hellman (Pub. edition $5.9

107 TRESPASS Fletcher Knebel (Pub. edition $6.95)

100 SEVENTEEN LOST STORIES W. Somerset Maugham (Pub. edition $5.95

88 A POCKETFUL OF RYE A. E. Cronin (Pub. edition $5.9

320 INSTANT REPLAY Jerry Kramer (Pub. edition $5.95)

55 John Steinbeck THE GRAPES OF WRATH THE WINTER OF OUR DISCONTENT THE SHORT NOVELS 3 volumes count as 1 choice (Pub. edition, $10.50)

NOTE: Guild editions are sometimes reduced in size, but texts are full length—not a word is cut!

Literary Guild of America, Inc.

Dept. 9N JLX, Garden City, N.Y. 11530

Please accept my application for a trial membership in the Literary Guild and send me the FOUR books or sets whose numbers I have printed in the four boxes below. Bill me only $1 plus shipping and handling. If not delighted, I may return them in 10 days and this membership will be canceled.

I do not have to accept a book every month—only as few as four a year—and may resign any time after purchasing four books. All selections and alternates will be described to me in advance in "the Literary Guild magazine," sent free each month, and a convenient form will always be provided for my use if I do not wish to receive a forthcoming selection. You will bill me the special Guild price for each book I take. This will average at least 40% below the price of the publisher's edition. (A modest charge is added for shipping and handling.) For each monthly selection (or alternate selection) I accept, I may choose a bonus book, from the special catalog, at a fraction of the already low Guild price—often for as little as $1.

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss (Please Print)

Address

City

State Zip

Canadian Enquiries write to address above. For your convenience, books will be shipped from our Canadian office. Offer good in Continental U.S.A. and Canada only.

11-G850

AN AMAZINGLY RAPID AND EFFECTIVE NEW WAISTLINE REDUCER

The Incredible New
SAUNA BELT

GUARANTEED TO TAKE FROM 1 TO 3 INCHES OFF YOUR WAISTLINE IN JUST 3 DAYS OR YOUR MONEY REFUNDED!

SAUNA BELT—the first really new idea in slenderizing in years produces sensationally rapid results in reducing the waistline – for men or women – and without the need for dieting. Unbelievable results like these:

MR. VAUGHN GREGORY: *"I used the Sauna Belt three days in a row, twenty minutes each day and lost 3 inches on my waistline and 2 inches on my abdomen."*

MR. V BELASCO: *"All of my trousers had become too tight around the waist. I used the Sauna Belt for about an hour one evening and lost almost 2 inches from my waist. The inches have stayed off and my clothes fit perfectly now."*

MR. JACK VINCENT: *"I used the remarkable Sauna Belt for a 2-week period and reduced my waistline nearly 5 full inches. My appearance is 100% improved."*

WHAT IS THIS SENSATIONAL NEW "SAUNA BELT"? The Sauna Belt is made of a special non-porous plastic material. It is completely different from any other belt on the market that makes waist reducing claims. The Sauna Belt is placed around your waist, directly against the body, and then, by use of the special tube provided, the belt is inflated—just like blowing up a balloon. As the belt is inflated it will tighten itself around your waist and you will notice a snug, comfortable feeling of warmth and support throughout your waistline and lower back. After the belt is in place and inflated, you will then perform the two magic waistline reducing exercises, specifically designed for use with this remarkable belt. This will take just a few minutes and then you will relax, while leaving the belt in place on your waist, for another 20 minutes or so. That is all there is to it. This inflated belt is specifically designed to provide resistance to the movements and to provide heat and massage to every area of your waist—back, front and sides—**and when you remove the belt—voila!—a tighter, firmer waistline from which the excess inches are already beginning to disappear.**



1. Slip the belt around your waist—inflate—and you are ready to do your two magic waist reducing exercises 5 to 10 minutes



2. After your exercises you simply relax for about 20 minutes while keeping the belt around your waist



3. Then remove the Sauna Belt. Your waist will already feel tighter and trimmer. Many persons have lost an inch or more the very first day

HOW LONG MUST I USE THE SAUNA BELT? That depends on your goals—how many inches you want to lose from your waistline and the rate at which your body responds. Each person's body makeup is different, therefore the degree of loss will vary with individuals. It is recommended that you use the belt for a few minutes each day for 3 days in a row when you first get the belt and then about 2 or 3 times a week until you have lost as many inches as you desire. After that you can keep your waistline where you want it by using the belt about twice a month. **Many, many people lose an inch or more the very first day they use the belt. There are those who have lost as much as 3 inches on their waistlines from just one session with this magic belt.** The results from the Sauna Belt have been dramatic, to say the least, but whatever speed of inch loss your particular metabolism allows you with this belt, remember this: **You must lose from 1 to 3 inches from your waistline in just 3 days or you may return the belt and your entire purchase price will be immediately refunded.**

NOTHING ELSE LIKE IT . . . THE PRICE IS ONLY $9.95. We have run tests on thousands of individuals using this belt and nothing else that we know of can give the sensational results in rapidly reducing the waistline as does the incredible new Sauna Belt. There are many heat belts on the market, but none that can begin to provide the resistance and the complete waistline control that mean so much to your rapid results, made possible by the inflatable feature of the Sauna Belt. There is no need to wear a weighted belt around your waist for hours every day. Our tests showed that the Sauna Belt gave results many times faster in just a few minutes a day and is a marvel of ease and comfort. Neither did our tests reveal any electronic device, many costing hundreds of dollars, that gave you even a fraction of the results as the fabulous Sauna Belt for only $9.95.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE We are so convinced that the Sauna Belt is the fastest, surest, most convenient, most comfortable, most sensationally effective waistline reducer ever discovered that we offer this unconditional Money Back Guarantee. **Man or woman, if your waistline is not 1 to 3 inches smaller after using the Sauna Belt for only 3 days, you may simply return the belt to us and your money will be refunded promptly and without question.** So if you want a trimmer, slimmer, firmer, tighter waistline, and you want it now—send for your Sauna Belt today and discover what a remarkable difference it can make in the way you look and the way you feel. It will be the best investment in your appearance you will ever make.

SAUNA BELT INC P O BOX 3004 DEPT S12 San Francisco Calif 94119
Please send me your new Sauna Belt along with complete easy to use instructions, including the two magic waistline reducing exercises I understand that if I do not lose from 1 to 3 inches from my waistline in just 3 days I can return the belt to Sauna Belt Inc and receive my money back
For the ☐ Check ☐ Money Order ☐ Please state for man ☐ or woman ☐ Waist size
Cash ☐ Check ☐ Money Order ☐ or COD ☐
Name
Address
City State Zip

Order your Sauna Belt today . . for a trimmer, slimmer waistline

© Sauna Belt Inc 1969

The Sports Illustrated Christmas Special

(It's loaded!)

How to make every sports lover on your list especially happy: send 'em 52 wild, walloping weeks of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. You'll make yourself happy, too. With this order card, you can finish your Christmas shopping in one minute flat. And you'll save money at our special Christmas rates.

Only $7.00 when you order two or more gift subscriptions.

That's a lot of Christmas present for a little money. Season after sports season, SI will help your friends get more fun—and more good—out of every sport under the sun. And you'll have the satisfaction of knowing that they're getting as big a kick from your gift in July as they did on December 25th.

Mail the card today. Then, just before Christmas, your friends will receive a special gift announcement bearing your name. And we'll start their subscription with our spectacular end-of-the-year issue, featuring bowl game predictions and SI's sportsmen of the year.

Climb aboard this very sporting special right now. Before it slides by you.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED/TIME & LIFE BUILDING/
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611



455 cubic inches powerful. Isn't that the way you want luxury to be?

Make this simple test before you answer

Open the hood of a 1970 Bonneville. Now if you can't resist a low whistle or gasp merely at the sight of the resident 360 hp V-8, your answer is Yes.

Or

Take the wheel. (Getting in you just might have noticed the richly patterned fabrics and appointments our competitors are so concerned about. But we digress.) OK. Turn the key and test drive. Responsive may be your word for Bonneville. And that's good enough for us.

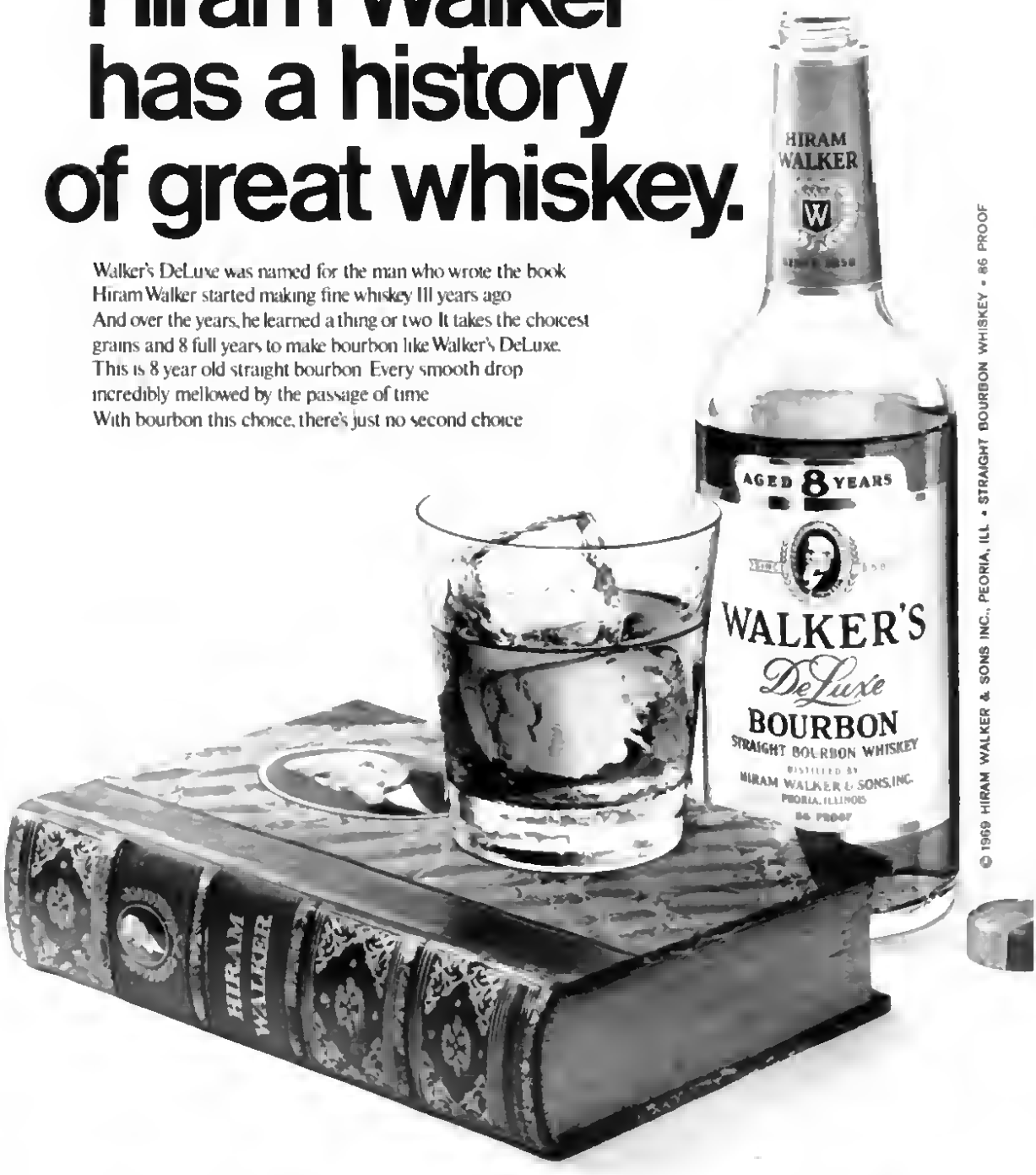
No question. It's the most powerful—and luxurious Bonneville we've ever built. It's at your Pontiac dealer's. Where the way it's going to be is now.

Pontiac's new Bonneville



Hiram Walker has a history of great whiskey.

Walker's DeLuxe was named for the man who wrote the book
Hiram Walker started making fine whiskey 111 years ago
And over the years, he learned a thing or two It takes the choicest
grains and 8 full years to make bourbon like Walker's DeLuxe.
This is 8 year old straight bourbon Every smooth drop
incredibly mellowed by the passage of time
With bourbon this choice, there's just no second choice



© 1969 HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC., PEORIA, ILL. • STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY • 86 PROOF

Walker's DeLuxe, the great bourbon from Hiram Walker himself.



GM'S swinging wheel gives everyone a lift.

GM's Tilt-Wheel Steering gives you a lift more ways than one. Swings up and out of the way at a finger's touch to make extra room for easy exit. What's more, you can swing it up and down even while you're driving to relax tired muscles and give welcome variety to long trips. So ask for a demonstration of GM's swinging Tilt-Wheel at your Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile or Buick dealer's. GM Tilt & Telescope Steering provides a special kind of lift on Cadillac and larger Oldsmobile models. Saginaw Steering Gear Division, Saginaw, Mich.



The Swinging Wheel from General Motors


You can take Salem out of the country but...
Menthol Fresh
Salem
Salem
FILTER CIGARETTES
you can't take the "country" out of Salem
TAKE A PUFF...IT IS SPRINGTIME!
© 1949 R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.



Italy $9 round trip

Armchair travelers, this is for you. Sit back and relax. Dial the Operator, ask her for the Overseas Operator and soon you'll be in Italy.

A three-minute daytime call is only $9 plus tax at the low station-to-station rate. And $12 plus tax at the daytime person-to-person rate.

High-capacity undersea cables, communications satellites, and radio carry your calls not only to Italy but to 96.8% of the world's telephones.

And we're constantly working on new ways to make it easier and cheaper for you to keep in touch with the world through Long Distance calling.

A telephone trip to Italy? You get it out of our System—the Bell System.

AT&T

SCORECARD

COMPUTING FOR FUN AND PROFIT

For the past four seasons it has been possible to subscribe, for $50 a week, to something called the Pro Football Computer Forecast, which is based in Chicago. The idea is that a scientific fellow in a white coat feeds relevant information into a computer, which then goes clickety-clack for a while and finally regurgitates the information in the form of a sheet of paper spelling out how, taking into consideration the point spread set by bookmakers, you might come out with a fistful of weekend winners.

It sounded great to a friend of ours, and he subscribed to the service at the start of the season. Totting up the results of the past five weeks, he now finds that the computer has come up with six wins and eight losses, keeping the all-important point spread in mind. Two weeks ago was disastrous: one win, four losses.

The computer gnomes are understandably disturbed, but not enough to quit computing and collecting $50 a computation. Rather, in a spirit of dedication, the operators of the Pro Football Computer Forecast are forging sternly ahead.

"The reasons for the erratic behavior [of the teams] are hard to pinpoint," they advise their clients, "but regardless of the reasons we now feel that we must combat this rash of rapidly developing turnaround. As a result we are increasing the Alpha factor in our exponential smoothing function until the teams settle down to more steady performances."

And you should feed the computer a little more smoothing, soothing banana oil, too.

THE NEW LOOK

Basketball courts, indoors anyway, are generally made of wood flooring, and so the natural color of wood—maple or beech—is what you see now on your color-TV set. It is not spectacular enough for TV people, though; and Ed Forsythe, a Boulder, Colo. inventor who is a consultant to the DiNatale Floors, Inc. of Boston, a principal builder of portable basketball courts, has come up with what he thinks is the answer. One court he has designed would be the same color as AstroTurf inside the boundary lines, with parts adjacent to the lines in red. Red would be used also in the center jump circle and within the free throw areas. Another of his designs is what he calls "the patriotic court." Red, white and blue, naturally.

What he is proudest of, however, are new portable courts that can be put down in less than an hour as compared to the 2½ to four hours now standard. They have already had acceptance at the Salt Palace in Salt Lake City, the Arizona Coliseum in Phoenix and arenas in Greensboro, N.C., Richmond and Hampton Roads, Va. It is theoretically possible, says Forsythe, for two men to assemble one of his courts in 36 minutes, quite an advantage in those arenas where there might be a hockey game in the afternoon and a basketball game that night.

FORGOTTEN MAN

When Jerry Wolman owned the Philadelphia Eagles, until money problems forced him to sell, he would sometimes practice with them, turn up in the dressing room and sit on the bench. Now, an ex-owner, he can't even get into the stands. No tickets available, the Eagles' management tells him.

"I didn't want free tickets," Wolman says. "I wanted to purchase them. I got my check back in the mail."

BYLINE FOR JOE

Around the little town of Bainbridge, Ga., J. L. (Booney) Odom works at jobs like sweeping the county courthouse and doing errands for county employees. He is a direct and forceful man and he gets things done. He is a sports follower, too, and not long ago he read in a newspaper that none other than Joe Willie Namath was to be at a nightclub in Miami Beach.

So Booney put in a person-to-person call to the club and got Joe Willie on the telephone. Something was bothering him, he explained to Joe Willie.

In a little while Booney got a check for $275 from Namath. And now, in the Union Cemetery near Bainbridge, there is a tombstone on the graves of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Harvey Williams, the grandparents of Booney Odom.

The last line of the carved inscription reads: PURCHASED BY YOUR GRANDSON, J. L. (BOONEY) ODOM, AND JOE W. NAMATH.

GOT YOUR GOAT?

The 600 members of the Lahinch Golf Club in County Clare, Ireland don't have to tap a barometer to figure out what the weather is likely to be on any given day. In lieu of a barometer there is a sign in the clubhouse that says SEE GOATS. A glance through a clubhouse window provides the necessary information. If the three goats in question are grazing nearby, you can expect rain. If, on the other hand, the goats have wandered off to a distant fairway, you can leave your rain jacket in the clubhouse because the weather will be clear.



"The method has proved absolutely accurate," claims a club official. If he's telling the truth, it puts Lahinch's three goats way ahead of the weatherman, as most golfers, to their drenched sorrow, can testify.

continued

Things don't happen
the way they used to.



But they still happen.



Tabu by Dana
The forbidden fragrance.

And if this catches on, you can forget about carbon-fiber clubs, solid golf balls or artificial-turf tees as the most up-to-date thing on a golf course. It'll be goats, baby.

FOOTNOTE ON FLAGS

Those penalty "flags"—actually they are more like handkerchiefs—one sees flying through the air at football games are not the same in professional and college football.

The pros use an 18-by-18-inch nylon cloth colored "Saturn gold" whereas, starting this year, the college officials have been using a 14-by-14-inch red and white cloth. Previously it was all red. Each pro official carries one flag whereas the colleges use two—on the chance that there might be two infractions on one play. For out-of-bounds plays the colleges use a 6-by-6-inch blue marker cloth. Pro officials generally use their white caps to mark these. Before 1946 all officials carried a small horn as well as the flags and blew it whenever there was a penalty. At that time only the referee had a whistle. Now all officials carry one.

The origin of the term "penalty flag" seems to be buried in the past. NFL people guess it may have come from rugby. College authorities just shrug.

FOR HUNCH PLAYERS

Winner of the ninth race at Churchill Downs on Halloween Eve was a 3-year-old maiden who paid $10.80. Name. Great Pumpkin.

BLOOD TELLS AGAIN

Oldtimers and especially old Harvards will remember the name of Charley Brickley, the legendary dropkicker. He dropkicked five field goals against Yale in 1913. Now we have John Charles Brickley, University of Rhode Island freshman and a very respectable dropkicker himself. He is Charley's grandson.

John is a substitute linebacker and an occasional cornerback and placekicker on the URI freshman team. His father, also John, started him kicking at his home in Bronxville, N.Y. at the age of 7 or 8. He learned placekicking and dropkicking at the same time, the latter because it is in the family tradition and never mind how the shape of the ball has changed.

"At first," John says, "I wasn't very aware of what my grandfather had done, except that my father told me about him, that he was a pretty famous dropkicker at Harvard."

Growing up, John put more emphasis on placekicking but a few years ago he returned to practicing the dropkick as well. It is not at all easy with the more pointed modern ball, he says, because one must "drop it straight and put more drive into it."

At Bronxville High he was his team's quarterback and placekicker. As a junior he scored 24 out of 28 points after and made 18 of 25 as a senior.

"Just once I dropkicked a point after," John recalls. "Last year against Dobbs Ferry my coach wanted to see if I could do it, and I did. But it wasn't that important. We won 30-0."

He was accepted at Harvard but did not think he was "academically oriented for them and, besides, I think there would have been a lot of pressure on me there."

Is he anxious to start the Brickley dropkick era again?

"I hope to," he said. "In fact, I'm eager."

ABOUT THE BIRDS AND THE BEARS

There are some 10,000 polar bears left in the world, 6,000 of them in the Canadian Arctic. A century ago they numbered in the hundreds of thousands. No one knows very much about them, except that they are a dwindling lot, presumably headed for extinction.

At this time of year many show up mysteriously in a few places like Churchill, on Hudson Bay. They come toward the end of October and are all gone by the third week of November. Efforts are being made to trace their wanderings by means of radio collars (SI, Aug. 5, 1968), but no consistent patterns have been established.

Efforts are being made, too, to save them, but with diminishing hope. Now the polar bear has become a victim of DDT. Unexpectedly high concentrations of the chemical, which is scarcely used at all in their habitat, have been found in fat samples taken from polar bears killed in a remote Arctic region.

Nor are polar bears the only threatened species in the Arctic. In Alberta, a province famous for bird hunting, Dr. J. Donovan Ross, minister of lands and forests, has canceled the 1969 season on Hungarian partridge and pheasant be-

continued



The Volvo 164, like other cars, goes from 0 to 60 in less than nine seconds.

Unlike other cars, Volvos keep on doing it for years.

Given a large enough engine, many cars can be made to accelerate as quickly as a Volvo 164.

(The people from Sports Car Graphic magazine did 0 to 60 in 8.7 seconds in a Volvo 164 with stick shift.)

But the big difference between the Volvo 164 and other cars is this.

Volvos are built so well that 9 out of every 10 registered here in the last eleven years are still on the road.*

It only takes a 10 minute test drive to find out how fast a Volvo 164 goes.

It takes considerably longer to find out when one will quit.

VOLVO

*THIS IS A FACT, NOT A GUARANTEE

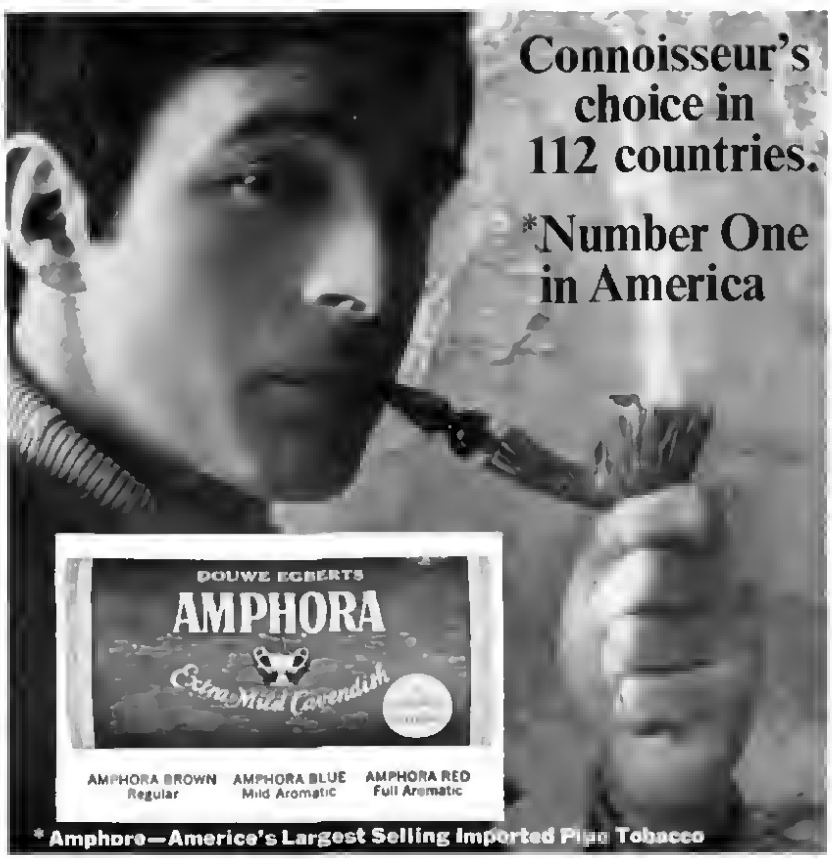
SEE THE YELLOW PAGES FOR THE DEALER NEAREST YOU OVERSEAS DELIVERY AVAILABLE ©1968, VOLVO, INC



Under-the-tree or-in-the stocking.

Stop shopping for gifts for golfers. Just head to your professional's shop for Maxfli answers. Your choice of famous Maxfli Reds, Greens, or new 100 Blacks. In your choice of the striking *Desk Caddy* holding a dozen balls or the unique *Snowman* containing a threesome. And if you choose, we'll personalize Desk Caddy dozens Free With any name up to 40 letters and spaces. Order your Maxfli golfer's gifts now. From golf professionals shops only.

Maxfli BY DUNLOP
Buffalo, N.Y. 14240
Everywhere — the makers of golf, tennis and tires



cause of high levels of mercury found in their carcasses. The birds have been eating seed grain treated with a mercury compound designed to resist insect and fungus pests. As much as 80% of Alberta grain is so treated.

There is some hope. An act to control the use of agricultural chemicals will be considered by the next session of the provincial legislature. U.S. legislatures, please copy.

ARF

A Memphis man has named his foreign car "Dog." It isn't that he dislikes the car, he explains. It's simply that ever since he was a small boy he has always wanted a Rover named Dog.

CHINESE JUNK

Litterbugs and pollutionists get off with relatively minor penalties in the U.S. but, according to a warning from the American Automobile Association, not so in Taipei, capital of Taiwan. There, tossing a beer can out of a car or ignoring a smoky exhaust can get you life imprisonment.

LONELINESS OF A DISTANCE RUNNER

The expulsion of Emil Zatopek, long distance runner, winner of four Olympic gold medals, from the Czechoslovakian Communist Party, in which he had taken a stance against the Soviet Union, may not be the last among athletes who have opposed the Russian takeover of their country. Next best bet: Vera Caslavska, blonde darling gymnast of the Mexico Olympics, in which she won four gold medals.

THEY SAID IT

- Jim Sweeney, Washington State football coach whose team has a 1-6 season record, after the regents tore up his one-year contract and wrote another for three years: "Did they think I might go somewhere else?"
- Adolph Barela, recreation supervisor at the New Mexico State Penitentiary. "We have some good players in all sports, but if we have a losing season I might have to go recruiting."
- Roland Ortmayer, in his 21st season as football coach at La Verne (Calif.) College, after watching his team blanked 20-0 by Cal Western University. "I don't think our offense could get a first down against high grass." **END**



Photo-impressionism

Many a good photograph has been taken with the simplest of cameras. But this one wasn't. Because when you take the light away from its ideal spot over your shoulder it's a different story. With any ordinary camera this lovely example of impressionism would have been nothing but a two-dimensional silhouette.

But the Nikkormat FTN is no ordinary camera. For one thing, it has a meter system ("electric eye") that's prepared for tough lighting conditions like this. Most meters are one of two basic types. One reads the whole scene, corner to corner, and lumps everything together. In the picture above, the bright background would've confused one of these "averaging" meters. The other type ("spot" meter) reads a small part of the scene, which would be fine for this picture, but would require two or three separate readings and a lot of calculation for a regular, front-lit scene. Our system combines the best of both. It reads the whole scene, but concentrates on the center. It works. It works on more kinds of scenes with less fiddling around than any other system. We call it "center-weighted" metering.

This meter is just one of the things the Nikkormat shares with the more famous (and more expensive) Nikon F. It also accepts all the 30-some lenses (from 6mm through 1200mm) and most of the accessories of the Nikon System—the most versatile in 35mm photography. Yet the Nikkormat FTN costs less than $270, with 50mm f2 lens. See it at your dealer, or write Nikon Inc., Garden City, N.Y. 11530. Subsidiary of Ehrenreich Photo-Optical Industries, Inc. (In Canada: Anglophoto Ltd., P.Q.)



Nikkormat FTN by Nikon

Sports Illustrated
NOVEMBER 10, 1969

WHO GETS THE OSCAR?

In college football, the equivalent of the Academy Award is a small bronze halfback called the Heisman Trophy which goes to the outstanding player in the game. This year the race is especially close **by DAN JENKINS**

He has never had a nickname such as Oscar or Emmy, but perhaps this is an oversight of the years, like some of the Sam Baughs and Jim Browns who have not won him. One might refer to him as Stud, maybe. Or how about the Hoss Award? For in the 35 years that he has been around, the little bronze fellow, who is only 18 inches tall, who weighs only 50 pounds and who costs only $252, has certainly created his share of melodrama in college football. One speaks, naturally, of the Heisman Memorial Trophy, that old Fordham halfback sculpted on an ebony base which is supposed to go each season to the outstanding player in the U.S. It is now nearing election time again for the Heisman, and about the only thing not being done by the leading candidates—which include Oklahoma's running Steve Owens (*see cover*) and Purdue's passing Mike Phipps—is to promise to run zig-outs in the Rose Garden until the President ends all wars.

All except the wonderful war for the Heisman, of course, which is waged as earnestly by campus publicity men and by the 1,371 writers and broadcasters who are eligible to vote as by the players themselves. As always, when initial ballots were mailed out to the nation's electors last week, the drums were beating hard and loud. Besides Owens and Phipps, who have been promoted diligently since early September, mournful cries were beginning to be heard on behalf of Ole Miss' Archie Manning, Ohio State's Rex Kern, Kansas State's Lynn Dickey, Florida's John Reaves, UCLA's Dennis Dummit, and even a few defensive stars like Notre Dame's Mike McCoy and Penn State's Mike Reid.



Heisman is 18" tall and weighs 50 pounds.

Radio broadcasters from these respective areas have begun to use the names of their candidates so repetitiously it is hard to tell whether there is a game in progress or just, for instance, Mike McCoy doing calisthenics. "Tulane comes out of the huddle," says the Notre Dame network. "And there's big Mike McCoy down there—looking mean."

At the same time, wire-service stories in various sectors are managing to work in the names of their heroes in the first paragraphs whether they have anything to do with the news or not. Kansas State zonked Oklahoma four million to nothing, et cetera, but by gosh, folks, Steve Owens got his usual 100 yards rushing.

The outpouring of publicity releases for the candidates dwells upon the suitable quotes of opposing coaches and pro scouts, which of course help the campaign. Northwestern's Alex Agase says of Purdue's Mike Phipps, "He's got everything—arm, poise, strength, quickness, speed. He's the best college quarterback I've seen in my coaching career."

Purdue frames that. And if Phipps doesn't wind up with the coveted award, as both Bob Griese and Leroy Keyes did not, the world may see Purdue Publicity Director Karl Klages stow away on Apollo 12.

One of the fascinating things about the 1969 race is that there are so many deserving winners without a clear favorite. It is not a year like the last—

continued

One of four junior quarterbacks could win: (upper left, clockwise) Rex Kern of Ohio St., UCLA's Dennis Dummit, Archie Manning of Ole Miss and Lynn Dickey of Kansas St.




100








77


68

when USC's O.J. Simpson had it all the way. It is a difficult year for the electors who are divided across the country in five sections, East, South, Midwest, Southwest and Far West.

By the Nov. 25 deadline, they will be asked to vote for the players—1, 2, 3—in order of preference. Here are the frontrunners:

• Steve Owens of Oklahoma. His team has lost a couple, but there is no rule that says a Heisman winner has to go unbeaten, although 16 of the 34 in the past have played on either undefeated teams or teams which won some kind of mythical national championship. Owens' big claim is his three-year career. As a sophomore he gained 808 yards, and last year he bulled and bounced for 1,536. With 881 so far, he is a sure bet to set a new NCAA career mark, and he needs only two more touchdowns in his last four games to break Glenn Davis' three-year mark of 51.

Owens has already destroyed Gale Sayers' Big Eight rushing record. Three times this season he has scored four touchdowns in a single game. In his last 15 Saturdays, he has gained over 100 yards. To keep that streak going, OU gave him the ball on six consecutive plays in the waning moments against Colorado to pick up his quota. Before the season even started, his teammates were saying Steve "deserved the Heisman" and they were going to try and help him win it, and in Oklahoma's seven games they have done just that.

One of the things that help enormously is TV exposure. Owens got that against Texas, and he will get it again this week against Missouri. Which brings up the good point that many of his yards are hard-earned. He has been asked to run against the likes of Texas, Colorado and Kansas State, a group of foes which have won 15 and lost only five. Last Saturday he had a little more room against Iowa State and he sure responded, rolling up 248 yards and four touchdowns.

• Mike Phipps of Purdue. There is a lot of history going for Phipps. He plays in the Midwest which has produced 14 Heisman winners (eight from the Big Ten, six from Notre Dame). He is a quarterback, and no less than 18 winners have played that position. And he is a senior like Owens, which is not a bad thing to be since only four juniors have ever won.

But Mike Phipps has a few other things going for him. He is second in the U.S. in total offense with 2,040 yards through seven games, including the 226 yards he ran and passed for Saturday against Illinois. His team is 6-1 on the season, which means that he is heading for a showdown (on national TV) against Ohio State. A win there over Rex Kern and the No. 1 Buckeyes would just about cinch the trophy, but even a decent performance would heap up a pile of votes. Aside from all this, Phipps holds the unique distinction of having beaten Notre Dame three *straight* years, and the world is not exactly filled with such types.

Phipps not only beat Notre Dame again this year, he offended the Irish. So adept was he at reading Ara Parseghian's defense, he once came to the line and felt a blitz coming. But fearing his wingback, Randy Cooper, couldn't hear his audible, he turned to him and yelled, "Hey Randy, the linebacker's coming up so I'm going to dump it to you." Whereupon he passed to Cooper for a 20-yard gain—an audible that really was an audible.

• Rex Kern of Ohio State. Like the joke goes, Rex may win the Heisman but he won't play enough to letter. The reason is obvious: Ohio State thrashes its foes so brutally that the first team hardly gets to play. When it does, however, Rex does everything—pass, run, fake and block—in the grand tradition of Ohio State's other three Heisman winners, Hopalong Cassady, Vic Janowicz and Les Horvath.

His stats would be more impressive if he played more, but he gets things done when he's in there, as, for example, in the Michigan State game when he ran for two and passed for three. And as, for another example, last week when he ran for 94 yards and passed for 117. Only a junior, Kern, even more than Fullback Jim Otis, is the player most responsible for the Buckeyes being No. 1 and currently averaging 44.5 points a game, best in the nation. His case is hurt by his schedule. Ohio State's six victims rather deplorably have won only eight games while losing 33. But when he meets Phipps on Nov. 15 in ABC-TV's "wild card" special, he can make up a lot of ground pretty close to voting time. And there *is* that precedent for a few junior winners—Doc Blanchard in 1945, Doak Walker in 1948, Vic Janowicz in 1950 and Staubach in 1963.

• Archie Manning of Ole Miss. This 6′ 3½″ 200-pound junior quarterback plays on an erratic team and may feel a kind of it's-all-up-to-me pressure. Thus, he is a rather glamorous loser, as in the Alabama game this year when he hit on 33 passes for 436 yards and two touchdowns and ran for another 104 yards and three touchdowns—and lost.

Manning is still a long shot despite his 26–23 upset of LSU Saturday when he ran for three scores and passed for another. Archie has lost three, but he's overturned both Georgia and LSU, and he has another good opportunity coming up with Tennessee.

• Dennis Dummit of UCLA. A year ago no one had even heard of him outside of Tommy Prothro, who was getting him to transfer from Long Beach City College. Now all Dummit has done is hurl the Bruins to a 7-0-1 record (and 38 points a game) with his 13 touchdown passes and enough yardage—1,553—to break Gary Beban's single-season passing record. Like so many others, Dummit is only a junior, and of course one who had no preseason buildup. But he may be driving UCLA to an unbeaten season and the Rose Bowl, and he has that big TV date coming up against USC and Clarence Davis, another transfer junior who is something of a mild candidate himself, considering the yards (958) he's clicking off.

• Lynn Dickey of Kansas State. Pacing the surprise team in the land, Dickey can throw with the best, obviously, after what he has done against both Oklahoma and, last week, Missouri. He piloted 535 yards in total offense against the Sooners in that 59–21 upset, and he threw for 394 yards on Missouri and came very close to pulling the game out in a 41–38 loss. Dickey, still another junior, has his Wildcats 5-2 for the year and still in the race for what would be Kansas State's first Big Eight title in 35 years, and, of course, a bowl bid.

• Mike McCoy of Notre Dame, Mike Reid of Penn State and Jack Tatum of Ohio State. Notre Dame seems always to find a candidate even if it has to dig into the trenches. Huge Mike McCoy, the tackle, is this year's choice, seeing as how there are no Johnny Lujacks or even Terry Hanrattys around. McCoy

continued

No linemen except ends have won the Heismen, so Jack Tatum of Ohio St. (far left), Mike McCoy of Notre Dame (top) and Mike Reid of Penn St. are bad bets even though worthy

is properly ferocious, just like Penn State's Mike Reid, another interior lineman being pushed by a good team without a backfield hopeful. McCoy makes hundreds of tackles, and he blocked the punt which enabled the Irish to tie USC. Reid makes the big play which keeps preserving Penn State's unbeaten record. But no interior demon has won the trophy, and Iowa's Alex Karras, in 1957, is the only one who came close. For that matter, only two ends—Notre Dame's Leon Hart and Yale's Larry Kelley—have ever succeeded. And McCoy and Reid, meanwhile, have run out of good teams to be ferocious against. Tatum is something different. He's a cornerback-linebacker who simply destroys people, managing to be everywhere at once. He is the soul of a Buckeye defense that is just as spectacular as Kern's offense. But if any of the defenders come through, the publicity man involved—Roger Valdiserri of the Irish, Jim Tarman at Penn State or Wilbur Snypp at Columbus—ought to be canonized.

If John Reaves of Florida were a senior, or even a junior, the Gators' quarterback might well be the favorite, but he is a sophomore, and no sophomore has ever won. Reaves has taken a team that was regarded as no higher than a swamp and turned it into a mountain. He started the season by throwing five touchdown passes in the 59–34 upset of Houston, and he has kept it up. As of last week, when he and Florida were finally beaten for the first time by Auburn, he had a whopping 22 touchdown passes for the year (six more than Spurrier threw in his Heisman year), and he leads the nation in total offense.

No one knows precisely why or how the Heisman Trophy, presented by the Downtown Athletic Club of New York and named for John W. Heisman, inventor of the center snap, folks, became the football award with the most prestige. The glory that has come to the Heisman certainly isn't due to good old John W.'s coaching record at Auburn, Clemson, Georgia Tech, Penn, Washington & Jefferson and Rice. No one ever put him up there in the Knute Rockne-Howard Jones-Frank Leahy-Bernie Bierman-Bear Bryant league. And it surely can't be due to the influence of the Downtown Athletic Club, a 35-story building down on West Street which rattles and creaks with 4,000 members, 450 employees, four bowling alleys, six squash courts, a gym, a swimming pool, and is absolutely unheard of and unthought about by nonmembers between annual Heisman dinners.

Possibly it is because the Heisman came first, in 1935, two years ahead of its closest rivals, the Camp and the Maxwell awards, and 15 years ahead of the UPI. Possibly, too, it is because of New York City and the glitter that people believe to be there. As far back as 1938 when a tiny quarterback named Davey O'Brien was the winner, a trainload of rich Texans came to town with him and they all hoarded a fire engine in their Stetsons and rode up and down the avenues, waving and celebrating. In this spirit the Heisman winner is toasted all over town during his stay, and the dinner is broadcast locally, all of this being part of how the New York press rediscovers college football every early December.

Technically, the trophy, which was conceived by a sculptor named Frank Eliscu, who did use a Fordham halfback as a model, is awarded to the player piling up the most points, with three going for each first-place vote, two for second and one for third. Only legitimate writers and broadcasters receive ballots, the DAC claims. The number of votes per section depends on the number of accredited universities and colleges in that area, which *does* give the East and Midwest an edge. No one sees the votes except the club's executive secretary, Austin Melvin, who keeps them locked in a special room for which he alone holds the key. It takes him a week to count them, and only he knows the result, but he is proud to say that there has never been a "leak" before the club's official announcement, which this time will come between the hours of 12 and 1 p.m. EST on Tuesday, Nov. 25.

It is interesting to note that the dinner is scheduled for Dec. 4, which is two days before Texas meets Arkansas in what might be the game of the year, but, oh well, they don't have any solid candidates, which is a stroke of luck for the Downtown Athletic Club.

The weight that publicity men have had on the selection is probably exaggerated. Most often, the winners have played their way to the award. Nevertheless, the campus flacks like to think they sometimes win for their boys. Glancing back over the years, it seems astonishing that certain players managed to outpoll others. The list of nonwinners is just as imposing as the list of winners, among them being Sam Baugh, Jim Brown, Marshall Goldberg, Charley Trippi, Babe Parilli, Gale Sayers and Joe Namath, to mention a few.

The best jobs have always been done by Notre Dame, as one might guess. The mystique of the Irish not only secured the Heisman for Angelo Bertelli when he played but five games (before getting called to duty by the Marines in 1943), it won for John Huarte in 1964 over such supercandidates as Tucker Frederickson, Dick Butkus, Craig Morton, Jerry Rhome, Sayers and Namath. But best of all, the Notre Dame magic got Paul Hornung the trophy in 1956 while his team was in the process of losing 0–40 to Oklahoma, 14–47 to Michigan State, 7–33 to Navy and 8–48 to Iowa, and finishing a beautiful 2–8 for the year.

Hornung remains the only Heisman winner who ever played on a losing team, and he has always been the first to say that Charlie Callahan, then the Irish publicity agent, won it for him.

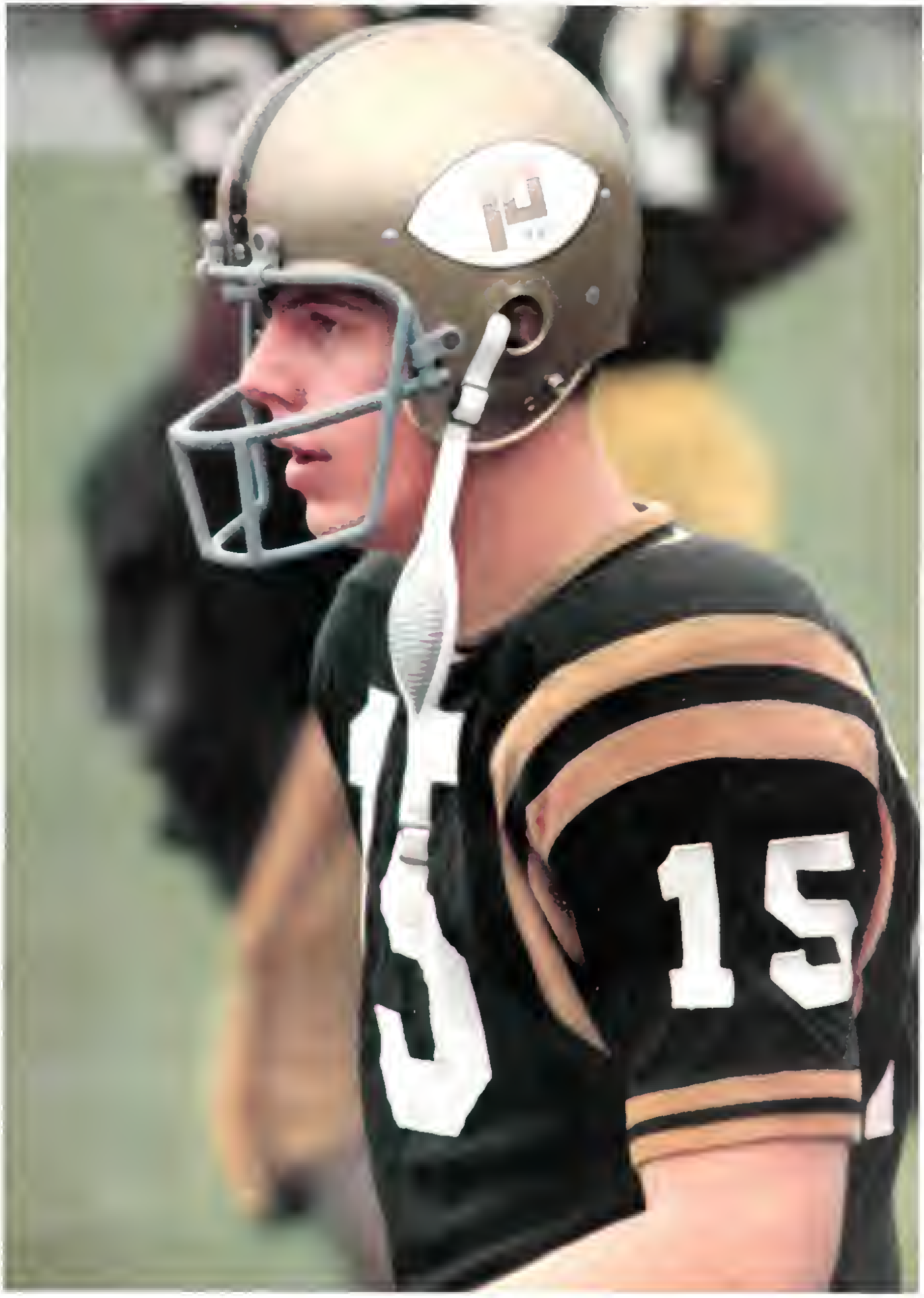
"This was the year," says Callahan, reminiscing like a fight manager, "that Harold Keith at OU made the mistake of trying to sell an interior lineman, Jerry Tubbs. At midseason he switched to Tommy McDonald, but it was too late. The East went for Jim Brown, and the South went for Johnny Majors at Tennessee. I got the Midwest. Tubbs and McDonald cut each other up."

Callahan was so proud of the victory that he sent for Hornung in class to tell him personally. But as Paul walked across the South Bend campus, past the golden dome and all that, and headed toward Charlie's small cluttered office, the publicity man put in a long distance call to Hornung's mother in Louisville and had her waiting on the phone when Paul strolled in. Then Charlie casually pretended to be sorting through some papers on his desk. Without looking up, he just handed the receiver to Hornung and mumbled something.

"Here," said Charlie. "Tell your mother you just won the Heisman."

It was the crowning moment in the life of both a publicity man and a college football player, and that is what the trophy is all about. **END**

Purdue's Mike Phipps has much in his favor; he is a quarterback, a senior and he is from the Midwest, but his talent is his best asset.


15

DOWN GO THE BABBLING BRUINS







In the hockay season's first tast of its top teams, Boston blew into Montreal on a gust of tough talk—and stumbled out banaath a blizzard of Canadien goals as the resentful Habs poured it on. **by GARY RONBERG**

As the hockey season opened, the Boston Bruins were slavering to get at the champion Montreal Canadiens. A good many Bruins still believed the Habs had euchred them out of the Stanley Cup last spring with mirrors or old Quebecois curses. Derek Sanderson, the Bruins' talkative center, suggested in a widely circulated Canadian magazine that Montreal lacked both talent and guts. Uh-huh. Well, Boston got at Montreal last Saturday night in the Forum, and when the game was barely half over a fan seated high in the balcony put a trombone to his mouth and began playing taps. He was not playing over the ruins of the Canadien dynasty, *mes amis*. The score at that moment was 5–1 for the home team, and it was obvious that a rout was in the making. When it was finally over, the Canadiens had skated off with a 9–2 victory.

Almost as startling as the final score was the placid manner in which the Bruins accepted defeat. To be sure, they had lost a game in Toronto three nights before. Coach Harry Sinden called it "the softest game they've played in three years; they didn't hit a soul out there." This naturally inclined Montrealers to believe the Bruins would come out with their brass knucks on and, when they did not, people started asking why.

The obvious reason is that the Bruins miss Defenseman Ted Green and Sanderson himself much more than they had at first anticipated. After all, Green—who is out for the season with a severe head injury—for years has been the meanest Bruin of them all, a player so tough he made the others a little bit tougher just by lacing on his skates. Sanderson, who is sidelined temporarily with a knee injury, is also the intimidating type, but is most valuable as a playmaker and penalty killer. He makes the Bruins a scoring threat even when they are shorthanded.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER IOOSS JR.

Habs power alatas Montreal's Forum as a wave of Canadiens storm Boston's scrambling goalie, Ed Johnston. At left, the Habs' Claude Provost spars with Dallas Smith; at right, Ralph Backstrom outscrambles Bobby Orr.

Before last week, however, things could not have gone much better for Boston. Taking advantage of six games with expansion clubs, the Bruins ran up five wins and two ties in their first seven games. The wondrous Bobby Orr was off to his best start and even leading the league in scoring—something a defenseman is not supposed to do.

Meanwhile, the Canadiens were floundering. Jean Beliveau was exhausted from a summer filled with personal appearances and product endorsements. At 38 he was finding it hard to play himself back into shape. Little Yvan Cournoyer, a 43-goal gunner last season, was out with a broken nose: Defenseman J. C. Tremblay with a broken hand. John Ferguson was playing but not fighting, and that isn't like John. "It's my thumb," he said. "I've got to be careful. I can't fight for another week or so."

While Boston was losing to Toronto, the Canadiens were badly outplayed in a 4–1 loss to Minnesota. They forthwith hopped a plane to Chicago, bedded down for five hours and then flew on to St. Louis. The Habs considered themselves fortunate indeed to gain a come-from-behind 2–2 tie with the Blues on Thursday.

As Saturday's game began, the Bruins led the East Division with 13 points, and the poor li'l Canadiens were in third place with 10. Less than four minutes were gone when Beliveau, leading a power play, dug the puck out of a corner to the left of Boston Goalie Ed Johnston and put a perfect pass on Mickey Redmond's stick out front. Redmond scored from 25 feet. Beliveau, who was to take his regular turn the entire game, was demonstrating how exhausted Canadiens miraculously regain their touch in big Forum games. Two minutes after the Redmond goal, Ferguson parked in front of Johnston and tipped in Terry Harper's long shot. Had Green been there to dispute that turf, Fergy said later, "I know I couldn't have stayed there as long as I did."

In the second period came the deluge—six goals for Montreal, one by Wayne Cashman for Boston. For the Canadien fans it was a connoisseur's treat of exquisite position play, passes unerringly given off and received and speed, speed, speed. Just nine seconds into the period, Henri Richard took a long lead pass from Harper and broke in alone on Johnston, putting Montreal ahead 3–0. Then came goals by Bobby Rousseau, Redmond again, old Claude Provost, the pesky puck stealer, Ralph Backstrom and Defenseman Ted Harris.

The teams traded goals in a much quieter third period, although there was some excitement toward the end when Harris and Boston's Jim Harrison got in some heavy pokes at one another. Ominously for Boston, it was Harris who started the brawl. Ted came off the ice dripping blood from his battered nose, too proud to reach up and wipe the blood away.

"Not bad, eh?" said Ferguson afterward as he stripped tape from his damaged thumb. "Pretty good for a team with no talent, no guts."

Said Defenseman Jacques Laperriere: "The best thing for Boston to do is shut up and play hockey. Last year they were supposed to put us way up there in the galleries. We didn't say anything. We just shut up and played hockey."

A couple of nights earlier, St. Louis Coach Scotty Bowman had marveled at how the Canadiens—dead tired—had somehow tied his Blues. Bowman knows his Habs, too, for he spent 14 years in the Montreal organization. "They're a proud bunch," he said. "When they lose they don't make excuses, because nobody would listen if they did. So they just play. If they play a bad game, they take it out on the team they play next. One time last year they came in here and Hubert Humphrey was campaigning for President, and he was given their hotel rooms. They wound up in a real flcabag: no hot water, no heat, bad beds, you name it. Well, the next night they blew us off the ice, that's all."

In precisely that manner were the Bruins—tight-lipped now—humiliated in the season's biggest game so far. "The other teams, they're supposed to be up for *us*, aren't they?" said Jean Beliveau in the dressing room. "After all, we are the champions." **END**



The Jets don't run sweeps, as the linemen are too ponderous to pull. Their job is to guard Nemeth, as they do here against the Dolphins

EUB WEEBANK'S MOTHER HENS

The Jet coach is really Weeb Ewbank, but few remember. The mother hens are the Jet pass blockers and they never forget they have to protect that good-looking chick with the white shoes

by ROBERT F. JONES

Practice makes perfect.
—old New York saying

Friday is always "polishing day" for the New York Jets, the one workout of the week in which all that has been learned from chalk-talks and movie-watching, grass drills and scouting reports is supposed to fuse. Last Friday, as they prepared to play host to the Miami Dolphins—whom they beat 34–31 with their patented fourth-quarter heroics, which produced 18 points—the Jets frisked onto the greensward of Shea Stadium in Flushing, N.Y. with all the grace and style of, well, a world-champion street gang. Polishing day indeed. It looked like a job for Aerowax.

In the first place, the field was a mess. Since the Mets' World Series triumph, most of the sod in Shea has been transplanted to other locations, like backyards in Bayside, Hollis and Whitestone, leaving vast, elliptical scars on what is laughingly known as the playing surface. The players themselves didn't look much better. Clad in a motley of shredded sweat shirts, bloodstained foul-weather jackets, dirty wool caps, work-worn shoes, their noses and cheekbones scabbed and leaking pus, their mouths leaking gallows humor, the Jets came on like stragglers from the Eastern Front.

First off, the punters started working. Steve O'Neal, the lanky, redheaded rookie from Texas A&M who booted Curley Johnson clear over to the New York Giants, boomed long, spiraling kicks from sideline to sideline—53 yards apiece, well in keeping with his league-leading average of 46.9 yards. Mike Battle, the feisty kick-return specialist from USC, moved in on one of O'Neal's punts with the abandon that typifies his style—and dropped it. Battle stood for a moment, stunned, then picked up the ball and served it in O'Neal's direction with his fist, volleyball fashion. On the next punt that came his way Battle fielded the ball faultlessly and scooted upfield. "Way to ramble, kid," yelled Babe Parilli, the veteran backup quarterback, some of whose own punts were exceeding O'Neal's. But, as Parilli confessed, he had inflated his ball with helium.

Next Joe Namath began unlimbering his costly arm. George Sauer Jr., his



Three days before the Miami game which, typically, New York won 34–31 on a field goal with 2:41 to go, a confident Namath takes a break

long blond hair trailing from the bottom of his helmet, was Joe's most difficult target: a Custer figure with his budding yellow mustache, Sauer executes each feint and deadleg so eloquently that it has to wow any defender—or even a passer. Namath throws behind him. "Goddammit!" Broadway Joe whips off his woolly cap and throws it to the ground. Then he flashes that white, happy-wolf grin, his unshaved cheeks bulging with glee.

Then Don Maynard cuts out with his jackrabbit gait. Some parts of his body go in one direction, other parts fly another way, and one wonders why the slight, scrawny creature doesn't simply fly apart and collapse, the separate pieces still faking and twitching on the ground. Maynard is all jaws and legs, a Faulknerian creation—Flem Snopes in shoulder pads—who gives no more thought to danger than he does to molecular physics. He looks so frail that, as a teammate puts it, "You'd think a paramecium could gobble him up—or even a single mecium. Haw, haw, haw!"

On this particular pattern Namath reads Maynard's final cut and throws the ball perfectly, but Don cuts so hard that he falls down before he gets to the intersection. He jogs back in, his jaws working furiously, and a few plays later he nabs a high pass in his armpit—a hard-thrown ball that should have torn him to pieces. Coming back to the line of scrimmage, Maynard holds the point of the ball against his shoulder, as if it had skewered him. "Good catch, Barney," somebody yells. Maynard is addicted to *The Andy Griffith Show* and identifies strongly with Barney Fife. Hence the nickname.

In fact, as the practice moves along, it becomes evident that nearly all the Jets have nicknames. Running Back Bill Mathis is known as Birdie. Well, now, how can you call a man of 30 years who stands 6′ 1″ and weighs 220 Birdie? Because he's got "birdlike legs." Sometimes, just for the heck of it, Mathis is called Cymbals. That's because when he catches a pass he slaps his hands together—clang! Like that.

These are the men who triggered New York's resurgence as the capital of the sporting world, the exemplars of the new breed of anti-heroes, the guys who made the Mets and the Knicks possible by doing the impossible in the Super Bowl. By beating Miami, the Jets now stand 6-2 on the season (precisely the record they had last year at this point), have a commanding lead in the AFL's Eastern Division, and the same protective coloration that helped them in 1968 is once again at work. They have a tendency to lose, or barely win, breathers but they have that fine tuning—that ability to put it all together for the big games. So far this season they have played superlative ball only twice—in the preseason against the Giants for the Super Bowl Championship of New York and against Houston, which was touted as the competition in the East, but after being upset by Boston last week has now lost as many games as it has won—four.

Like the Packers of yore, the Jets court disaster. Week after week they seemingly try to find out how close they can come to the edge without falling off. Except for the Giants, whom they beat 37–14, the Jets have yet to crush anyone. They're

continued

apparently above that sort of thing. "We don't have to ruh anybody's nose in it," says Cornerback Randy Beverly. It's almost as if it would be ungentlemanly for the Jets to whomp the stuffing out of another team. Champions do it with style, not bludgeons.

In the past the Jets have been nearly synonymous with Namath. Now, for the first time, it is becoming evident that they are a band of individuals, many of them superb ballplayers in their own right. Running Backs Matt Snell and Emerson Boozer are among the leading rushers in the league—on a team that is primarily renowned for its passing. The two seem handcrafted to their roles: Snell, powerful, fast-talk ng, confident, with the strong features of a Polynesian, is the classic fullback figure. Boozer, quiet, soft-spoken, with veiled eyes and subtle insights, is the archetypal broken-field runner. Both men have gone through the supreme test of knee surgery and both have emerged sound—in body as well as mind. And both talk convincingly of what it means to be a Jet.

"What it's all about, man, is being the complete ballplayer," says Snell, punctuating his words with Rooseveltian thrusts of the jaw. Boozer chimes in: "For me, that's blocking, catching the ball and running, in about that order. A good block is as satisfying to me as an 80- or 90-yard run. I mean, guys will compliment you today and tomorrow and next week f you keep the enemy away from Joe's knees." Where most blocking backs would cut down a blitzing linebacker at the knees, the Jet blockers take them close and high, to prevent the rusher from falling on Namath. As Boozer explains, "The only good excuse for letting a guy hit Joe is if he walks right up the front of you—clop, clop, clop, like a mountain climber—and then jumps off your hat and lands on Joe."

The Jets are motivated like no other team in football—and what motivates them is protectiveness. "The mother-hen complex," Kicker Jim Turner calls it. The Jets may practice like a band of mildly insane roughnecks, but when they play the game they play it with a maturity born of concentration. On Namath, Joe Willie turned them into winners and brought them lots of money.

The Jets are urged to do anything and everything to keep him healthy—and they are only too delighted to do so. Winston Hill, the 280-pound offensive tackle, equates Namath with his wife: "I love my wife and I protect her with my life from attackers. That's the way I'm protecting Joe, because then I'm protecting my money." In the second Boston game Namath sparked a fourth-quarter resurgence that led to a 23–17 win by running 16 yards. With his fragile knees—the right is held together by a tendon transplant, he has bursitis in the left—Joe shouldn't have to run. But when he does he fires up the team. Mike Battle, who was standing on the sidelines when Namath took off, recalls his emotions. "I wanted to go in there and throw a block for Joe," he says, "do anything to keep him from getting hit." And Battle is capable of almost anything. In his wilder moments he will eat a beer glass on a bet ("If you don't swallow the larger pieces, you're all right"), or push his head through a plaster wall to show his *machismo*. Battle's nickname is Razor, because he has sharp edges.

It is revealing, in fact just a bit poignant, that Namath has taken Battle under his wing. Mike's father suffered a heart attack last week, and the rookie was eager to get back to his Manhattan apartment to make a private phone call to find out how his dad was doing. Broadway, who isn't really the unreflective swinger many make him out to be, packed Battle into an E-type Jag and zipped him to phoneside. It brings to



Mainstays of the Jet offense this yeer ere Running Backs Emerson Boozer end Matt Snell

mind the somewhat misleading graffiti on the Jets' locker room door: "Donna loves Joe," "Monica loves Joe," "Joe Willie and Bernadette," "Joe is Love," "I love Joe. [signed] Joe." That's *not* how it is, sports fans.

The weirdest thing about the Jets lies buried in the player-coach relationship. The Mets may talk with awe of their "Mr. Hodges," whose cool, underplayed gestures can reverse even an umpire's decision, and over a matter as minor as shoe polish. But the Jets—forget about it. To them it's always "Weeb," never "Coach." Many Jet followers still refer to the man as Euh Weebank. (Think about it and then try to say it straight.) Yet the short, kindly, indeed *cuddly* little coach has worked a personal miracle with the Jets. "I built something out of nothing," he says. "It's a bit like building a house." In his home in Bronxville, Ewbank mounts his trophies conspicuously. There are many of them, but none is closer to his heart than a game ball from the Super Bowl.

"If I had to isolate my greatest satisfaction as a coach," he muses, "it would have to be this. I gave the American Football League a Super Bowl winner for the first time, and it was over Baltimore." (The Colts fired Ewbank although he had led them to NFL championships in 1958 and 1959.) Then his friendly blue eyes flicker a bit behind his glasses, his hesitant but predominantly smiling little mouth curls into a moue, and the past comes rushing up. Earlier this year many Jet fans (and a few Jets) squawked when Ewbank cut some of his older players, men like Cornerback Johnny Sample and Curley Johnson. "You hate to do it but you can't lead from the heart," says Ewbank. He flashes back in time to Baltimore. "I hated to cut Artie Donovan and it was tough to tell Buddy Young he'd have to go. Perhaps I waited too long. The Lions when they were on top, the good Giant teams, even the Browns—all of them waited too long to cut the deadwood. That word may sound cruel—*deadwood*—but pruning is the kindest thing you can do to any growing thing."

And the Jets, believe it, are a growing thing. Both Ewbank and Namath are innovative thinkers on offense, and each week sees a couple of new wrinkles. The Jets are still primarily a passing team, but the key to defusing Namath's long bomb is already well known. As Clive Rush, the former Jet offensive coach who now heads the Patriots, has demonstrated, all you have to do to stop it is double-team Sauer and Maynard. But when you do that you're vulnerable to the run. It's significant that last year Sauer and Maynard were among the league leaders week after week in receiving, while Snell and Boozer hovered way down the list on rushing. Now they are third and fourth respectively, while Sauer and Maynard are no longer on top. As for Joe Willie, he seems to have learned a lesson about leadership. Though he still would prefer to go for the dynamite score, he realizes he has some equally effective weapons in his running backs, a line of thought which developed after the Super Bowl win, in which Snell's running played such a vital part.

"Hell, there's no play that's perfect," argues Ewbank. "Joe and I have this understanding about play-calling. Hindsight is always 20-20. I remember once when he came in from failing to convert a third down and said, 'I should have called the draw.' I told him, I said, 'Hindsight is always 20-20.' A few games later he came back in from failing to convert and I suggested that he should have tried a sneak. He looked at me kind of guileless and said, 'Gee, coach, hindsight is always 20-20.' As I said, we have this understanding."

The Jets' weakness is defense, particularly in the secondary. As Safety Bill Baird puts it: "When we went into the Super Bowl we had a total of 23 years experience in the defensive backfield. The other day I totted it up and we had only 13." Injuries have taken their toll, and Ewbank harps on it in practice. "Let's not hurt each other, boys," he pleads. But the Jets *are* hurting. Among others, Linebacker Ralph Baker went out in preseason with a bad knee, Defensive End Verlon Biggs was hurt as were Cornerbacks Randy Beverly and Cornell Gordon; Jim Hudson went out with an injured left knee, only to return and then be lost for the season with a ripped-up right knee. "You lose Hudson, it's like losing half the franchise," says one Jet. "He was the team pusher and the best strong safety in football."

Nonetheless, the Jets are on top and happy-go-lucky. After their final hard workout last week they went to the locker room for a little R & R. Grown, naked men skulked about, carrying cups of ice water, stalking one another for a chilling shot. At one point Namath ducked into Ewbank's office, chortling madly to himself: "John Elliot's been after me for 15 minutes. But he isn't going to get me." Joe had a bucket of ice water in his hand. "Now look here, Joe," said the coach. "I don't mind you throwing cups of that stuff at one another, but buckets is going too far. You better quit it." Said Namath, "Sure, Weeb." A few minutes later someone sloshed a bucket of ice water into the sauna bath, and at least four infuriated Jets charged out looking for revenge. Was it Joe Willie who did the dirty deed? Well, as they say in Flushing, practice makes perfect. **END**



Little Coach Ewbank casts a mighty shadow



BEWARE OF FIERCE BREEDERS!

People who raise guard dogs are a singular group, often reflecting the hostility and suspicion of their animals. They are not even above an occasional right to a lady's chin

by JACQUIN SANDERS

They ate like their dogs, wolfing down the motel mignon, demolishing the dessert, lapping impatiently at the coffee. Then, with battle glints in their eyes and little anticipatory snarls on their lips, they shoved back their chairs and waited for blood. The waiting was brief. Their president, a tiredly permissive young man chosen for his pacifism, made a few announcements, and then a dignified, elderly gentleman delivered a financial report. He was interrupted from the floor—frequently. Innuendos flew like bullets. Their implication was that the elderly gentleman, who exuded conservative wealth and propriety, had stolen $63 from the treasury.

Under any other circumstances in his long and blameless life, the speaker would have been outraged. Here he only shrugged, for this was a meeting of guard dog breeders, and the insults were merely opening pleasantries, growly greetings among devotees of the most ferocious noncontact sport on two or four legs.

All dog breeders fight, but guard dog breeders—be they in bull mastiffs, Dobermans, Bouviers des Flandres, the warlike strains of the German shepherd or half a dozen lesser-known breeds—have more to live up to. They must be worthy of the amiably bloodthirsty beasts they cherish.

This is never easy. The spirit is invariably willing, but the physical equipment is often lacking, for guard dog breeders are rarely in the bloom of youth, and their fighting days (if they ever had any) are far behind them. Mostly, wisely, their violence is verbal; like Pentagon planners, they do combat by proxy. Still, they have their moments. Ever so occasionally something of the wild, fearless nature of their dogs flashes to the surface, and all at once a plump, middle-aged mechanical engineer—or insurance man or stockbroker—will lash out in zestful, protective fury.

Not long ago, on no less hallowed ground than a judge's ring at a dog show, a certain breeder heard—or thought he heard—his dog disparaged by the handler of a rival dog. Naturally he responded in kind, heated words followed, and then he saw—or thought he saw—his dog surreptitiously kicked by the handler. This time no words followed. The breeder belted the handler on the chops. Somewhat complicating the situation was an embarrassing fact; at least it would have been embarrassing in any normal public gathering. The breeder who threw the punch was a man, and the handler who caught it was a woman. Here, no matter. According to the breeder, the lady had it coming, and though he got a temporary American Kennel Club suspension for what many, perhaps even a majority, of the onlookers considered a breach of manners, there was an unmistakable undercurrent of admiration. The man had style.

Of course, the battling breeders, both the verbal and physical kind, are all amateurs. Professionals, owners of large kennels, would no more involve themselves in the day-to-day combat of a breed club than they would join a New Left folk sing-in at Columbia. It is the amateurs who make the noise and do the suffering, and more often than not—

because they breed for glory, not profit—produce the best stock.

Take a typical guard dog breeder—a suburbanite with two children and four dogs. Take a typical guard dog—a bull mastiff, a linebacker of an animal, thick-bodied, short-haired, of an appearance that might be created by two boxer dogs being crunched into one. Bull mastiffs expect more from their owners and they damn well get it. Their breeders live dog, think dog, hope dog in an everyday proximity that other animal fanciers—horsemen, for instance—can never approach. There is no isolation in separate kennels for a bull mastiff. In their panting, pawing, oversized omnipresence the dogs are the most visible part of the family. Daytimes they have the run of the house and fenced-in lawn; evenings they join the family circle before retiring for the night, two of them to the master bedroom, the third to sleep with the older boy, the fourth to the living room couch. Company nights, they good-naturedly terrorize the guests. "It's like four Dick Butkuses charging around the living room," says one awed visitor.

Bull mastiff people compete in dog shows, have a litter or two a year on which they pretend to make a little money and slowly go broke. It's not the food bills—a 130-pound dog eats about 200 pounds of horse per year at a cost of about $100. It's the medical care. In breeders' families veterinary bills customarily triple those of the pediatrician. The breeder only glowers and pays. Given his hang-up and his hopes, there is nothing he can do. One woman who has bred six children and 72 dogs sums it all up. "Unlike children," she says, "all puppies are promising."

If the sense of proportion is the first thing to go, conversational decorum is not far behind. Language at a bull mastiff social gathering is enough to make a book publisher blush, being strongly laced with earthy and clinical references to problems of canine breeding and reproduction. For newcomers, the language is difficult to get used to. Sometimes pretty little confusions occur. One lady, attending her first Doberman breed club meeting, was alarmed to hear a remark about her husband's "lovely bitch" and was visibly relieved to learn the reference was to his dog and not his mistress.

But it is only in discussing dog sex that the breeder grows racy. In his own life he is the most moral of animals and, in assessing the breeding habits of others, he is downright puritanical. Indeed, an alleged deviation from ethical behavior, which once completely sundered a certain dog club, has since become known as the Case of the Pup in the Powder Room.

A breeder of high repute had agreed, for a premium price, to grant pick of a particularly promising litter to another. But in the hours before the purchaser arrived to make his choice, one puppy began to seem so heartbreakingly beautiful that the breeder—or so she was charged—concealed him in the laundry hamper in the powder room. The purchaser arrived, chose from the puppies he saw and went home to wait for a champion to mature. As is so often the case, the puppy grew into a disappointment. As is also so often the case, the purchaser was a suspicious man. When he learned that the breeder was scoring consistently in shows with an animal just his own dog's age, with exactly his own dog's pedigree, he went to the trouble of tracking down all the animals from that particular litter. Then, striking suddenly, he brought the breeder to the bar of dog club justice. Panic followed, and what is alleged to have been a confession. Then the breeder recovered composure and obfuscated.

Too late—the war was on. Club members chose sides, charged and countercharged. Ancient injustices were refought, new enmities created, unforgivable insult piled upon unthinkable accusation. Even the last bastion of breed club civility fell: members began to criticize one another's dogs.

The next step could only be assault with intent to kill, and symbolically it happened. Someone moved that the breeder be expelled from the club; the motion passed. In the tumult someone else moved that the man who had brought the charges be expelled; that motion passed, too. In the end the parent American Kennel Club stepped in and expelled the entire club.

Later, when the guns were muted and the wounds bandaged over, the AKC relented and took back the club with a stern admonition against factionalism. A rigged election of new officers followed; so did the publication of a new magazine, dedicated to improving the breed and taking potshots at the official club publication. But all-out war never quite resumed, and the AKC, having long experience at this sort of thing, is now doing what it has always done best—looking the other way.

Drama dogs the dog world, and playing God, if only to animals, is the most uncertain of human endeavors. Puppies, after all, are unpredictable little beasts. The stateliest six-month-old head can for no known reason simply stop growing, and the mature dog will end up resembling a four-legged pear. Ears go awry, level bites grow undershot, feet splay, limps develop where no limp can be explained. The lustiest male may at his moment of truth be of no more use than the most dubious chorus boy in a Broadway musical.

Is it any wonder, then, that after years of hope and expense and wrecked furniture, occasionally a breeder veers off the True Path? Cosmetic Alley has proved irresistible to more than one owner of a bitch with a single bitter showring flaw: the lack of approved coloring. And any magazine, any TV evening points the evil way. "Does she or doesn't she?" has been asked at many a dog show.

There are also certain veterinarians—their names are whispered as furtively as that of an abortionist—who are not above a spot of plastic surgery. Such operations are legal enough by medical standards, but disgraceful according to a Higher (AKC) Law. Has the dog an inverted eyelid, a peculiarity of ear formation, an operable minor bone defect? The answer, the code word, is "Cleveland," in deference to a certain vet of that city who cuts but does not tell. "He's been to Cleveland," mutter the disgruntled losers.

More serious is the swirl of innuendo about hip dysplasia, a hereditary disease that occurs in some guard breeds but is often undetectable, except by X-ray, during the early show ring years. New breeders, who have not yet developed well-known brood bitches or studs, are campaigning to X-ray all breeding stock. Expectedly, some owners of prominent dogs often downgrade the disease and, having so much to lose, refuse to X-ray. This puts the new people, who want

continued

to breed into the famous lines but don't want to risk transmitting the disease, into a quandary, unless they are willing, as one lady recently was, to take exceptional methods—like dognapping.

Very simply, not to say dauntlessly, she spirited a well-known shepherd stud out of his backyard pen one afternoon, drove him to her own vet and then stood by while the dog was anesthetized and X-rayed. Then, with her luck still riding, she got him back undetected to his pen and quite calmly proceeded to make arrangements for stud service. The owner never knew what happened. To this day he adamantly refuses to X-ray, and the lady—who could tell him such reassuring things about his famous dog's hips must remain silent.

For good reasons, it is obvious, dog people seldom fully trust one another. Sometimes their suspicions verge on the paranoiac. A famous bull mastiff breeder was once accused—on no credible evidence—of using a lesser stud on a bitch whose owner had paid for the services of one of the breed's great dogs. To make sure that no such accusation could ever again be leveled, the breeder began to photograph the proceedings in her mating pen. All went well until the developing service—perhaps alerted by an enemy breeder—suddenly impounded the prints and negatives. Righteously the service informed the breeder that there were, after all, laws against such things.



Qualifying as a guard dog owner is like enduring the Spanish Inquisition.

The most satisfying time in a breeder's life is delivering puppies, the most difficult time is selling them. It is then that his estrangement from the normal world is most pronounced. The approach varies with the breed. Traditional shepherd people, plagued by the overproduction of certain inferior kennels, grow defensive and surly. Bouvier owners, who have no such problem, enthuse like missionaries. Doberman breeders are as disdainful as their dogs. Bull mastiff people are naturally inquisitorial—and the most difficult to deal with. This comes as a shock to the innocent purchaser who, understandably, considers that his willingness to spend at least $200 for a pet and up to $500 for a puppy with show potential rates him a respectful reception.

Of late, the tight little fraternity of guard dog breeders has been confronted by the irksome realities of life in urban America, specifically the escalation of terror in the streets. With the rise in crime rates has come a brisk demand for dogs that can run a mugger to ground or tree a sex offender until the cops come. Though much of this new market is being supplied by specialists in the so-called "attack" dogs, which may cost up to a couple of thousand dollars, many people are willing to settle for the equally fierce-looking, but less lethal, guard animal. Inevitably, the greater demand has upped the price of dogs and lowered somewhat the standard breeders supply to potential buyers. It has also brought some fast-buck breeders into the picture, who are less interested in your Gesell and Ilg rating than they are your Dun & Bradstreet.

But there still remains the unreconstructed, rock-ribbed variety of guard dog breeder who will not sell one of his precious beasts to just anybody. And, if proof were needed that these owners are a haughty breed of entrepreneur, one could find it quickly in the interrogations to which potential buyers are subject. Sometimes the questions seem merely nosy. What time does the husband get home in the evening? How many hours a day does the wife spend in outside activities? Bull mastiffs, the buyer is informed, are gregarious beasts, they pine away when left by themselves too long.

Sometimes the demands seem outrageous, especially when there is a possibility that a dog may be allowed to run free. "That damn woman told me I had to fence in my entire property or else move to an apartment," said one nonplussed suburbanite. "And she won't release the pooch till she sees the fence or the new lease."

Always the buyer's children are viewed with suspicion, guilty until proved innocent of being puppy teasers and maulers. "I had to go home and bring my 7-year-old for inspection," recalls another purchaser. "An interview with the Princeton board of admissions couldn't have been more tense."

Finally—the ultimate test. It is not at all what might be expected, for the ordinary prejudices—income, social position, race—play no part. (Dog people are not human racists, only species racists.) What is really crucial is the potential buyer's reaction to bull mastiff horror stories. There are the little confidences that comprise the small talk at club meetings and shows: the meter reader who spent five terrified hours in the basement, cornered by the dog; the near-sighted auto thief who mistook the bull mastiff for a blanket and put his hand through the open window—his wrist, or what was left of it, was still in the dog's mouth when the police arrived; the bull mastiff who went for a stroll in the countryside—and killed a cow.

There is a right way and a wrong way to react to such tales. The proper response is to shake the head, fondly, helplessly, as at a mischievous child who *will* raid the cookie jar. "Those dogs are a caution," says the true fancier. After a particularly blood-drenched story, he might go so far as to ruminate, "I don't quite like that—still, I'd like to hear the dog's side of the story."

If the potential buyer blanches at the horror stories, he is told that he would probably be happier with a nice collie. But if his interest kindles, if his eyes light up admiringly at the tale of the new guest demonstrating a judo hold on the breeder's child who suddenly finds himself flat on his stomach with a bull mastiff muzzle jammed against the back of his neck—then he passes the test, he has whatever it takes to become "one of us"—a fully participating member of a fighting guard dog breeders club. END

Great taste on a grand scale...

Viceroy Longs.



All the taste...all the time.

©1998 BROWN & WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CORPORATION



National Car Rental announces the first **Traveling Man's General Motors Showroom**



Here's a chance to enjoy a totally new out-of-town experience. Let Max, the computer with a heart, fix you up with a 1970 Chevy or some other beautiful new GM model on your next trip.

Your date is guaranteed, thanks to Max. He keeps a constant inventory of what models are available, so when you ask for a cute Chevy in Cheyenne or a big, sexy Pontiac in Pittsburgh, he knows instantly if one will be available.

So buy smart; rent first. Let Max fix you up. Sample a sleek new GM '70 at National—the Traveling Man's GM Showroom (where the National counter girls look pretty sleek themselves in their new, 1970 uniforms). If you're home this week-end, look for the "Buy Smart, Rent First" advertisements in your local paper. You and a brand new GM car just might fall in love at first sight.

Test drive a GM '70. Just call Max toll free at 800-328-4567.



We make the customer No. 1

NATIONAL CAR RENTAL

© Nat-Car-Rent-Co 1969

MY STORY: Part 3

by LEW ALCINDOR with JACK OLSEN

A YEAR OF TURMOIL AND DECISION

The third NCAA championship was a breeze. Much more difficult problems were the black boycott of the Olympics, Lew's change of religious affiliation and his choice between the rival pro basketball leagues

Nothing in my whole life caused as unpleasant a commotion as the storm I got into over the Olympic boycott. My decision not to play was, in the end, one I made for myself. I felt I was right, I still feel I was right, and in the same circumstances I would do the same thing again.

The proposal to lay a black boycott on the whole Olympics first came up in November of my junior year. On Thanksgiving Day black athletes from the West Coast met with Harry Edwards, the sociology professor from San Jose State who masterminded the whole boycott idea. Let me say right here that Harry Edwards is a very intelligent and courageous man, and I am proud to know him. He stood up for black athletes long before anybody else, and in the face of all kinds of pressure. His two dogs were cut up and thrown on his front lawn, and that didn't even slow Professor Edwards down. He has guts and he is one of the great men. I feel the same about some of the other boycott spokesmen: John Carlos, Lee Evans, Tommie Smith.

At that Thanksgiving meeting we discussed the possibility of a boycott, but we did not make any firm decisions. We agreed that a boycott might be a good idea, and we agreed that we had to do *something*. We didn't want any more of that stuff where Cassius Clay walks into a restaurant with his Olympic gold medal around his neck and can't get a glass of orange juice. If white America behaved that way, then white America could win the Olympics on its own.

The next day the press learned about the meeting, and I gave one of my rare interviews. Right from the beginning of the interview the baiting started. I was none too popular with the reporters anyway, the idea of a boycott didn't appeal to them, and Harry Edwards was anathema, so they were loaded for bear when they turned on their television cameras and began. They asked me if we were going to boycott the Olympics. I said I didn't know, that we had discussed the idea but had reached no final conclusion—which was certainly the truth. Well, they asked me that question about eight times, as though I was lying to them, and when they saw that they were getting no place, one of them said, "How do *you* feel about an Olympic boycott?" I said, "Well, if you live in a racist society and you want to express yourself about racism, there's a lot of things you can do, and a boycott is one of them." But I emphasized that my mind was still open, which it was.

They kicked this around for about five minutes, and then they turned to another subject. What would I, Lew Alcindor, do to solve the racial problem in the United States? I tried to give a serious explanation, but there was so much interrupting and so much derision and negativism that I finally blew my cool. I said, "Look, man, why do you ask *me* these questions? Why don't you ask a sociologist? I'm not a sociologist or an anthropologist or a politician. Go ask the right people. I'm not qualified to talk on this."

I was annoyed. I sensed the ridiculous nature of all this questioning. These men in front of me didn't care about racial problems. If they had cared they'd have been out talking to the presidents of AT&T, Ford, General Motors, the representatives of the power structure. Why put it all on me, a 20-year-old basketball player? Of course, they were putting it on me because they wanted to exploit my name. They weren't interested in relieving my suffering. What they wanted was some kind of story they could pin my name on. And they were being very self-righteous about it, very pompous. When they couldn't pin me down to anything positive, because there really wasn't anything positive to say, they started getting annoyed and nasty and acted as though I was lying to them.

You can imagine how friendly the write-ups were. For a while I was deluged with hate mail. People said I was an uppity nigger. They said I was a traitor because I was considering boycotting the Olympics when sport had done so much for me. They said I should be thrown out of UCLA and barred from professional basketball. Some people said they would never watch another game till I was gone. But I'll give UCLA credit: the school never brought a bit of pressure on me, never remotely suggested that I should shut up or refuse to discuss controversial issues. And in

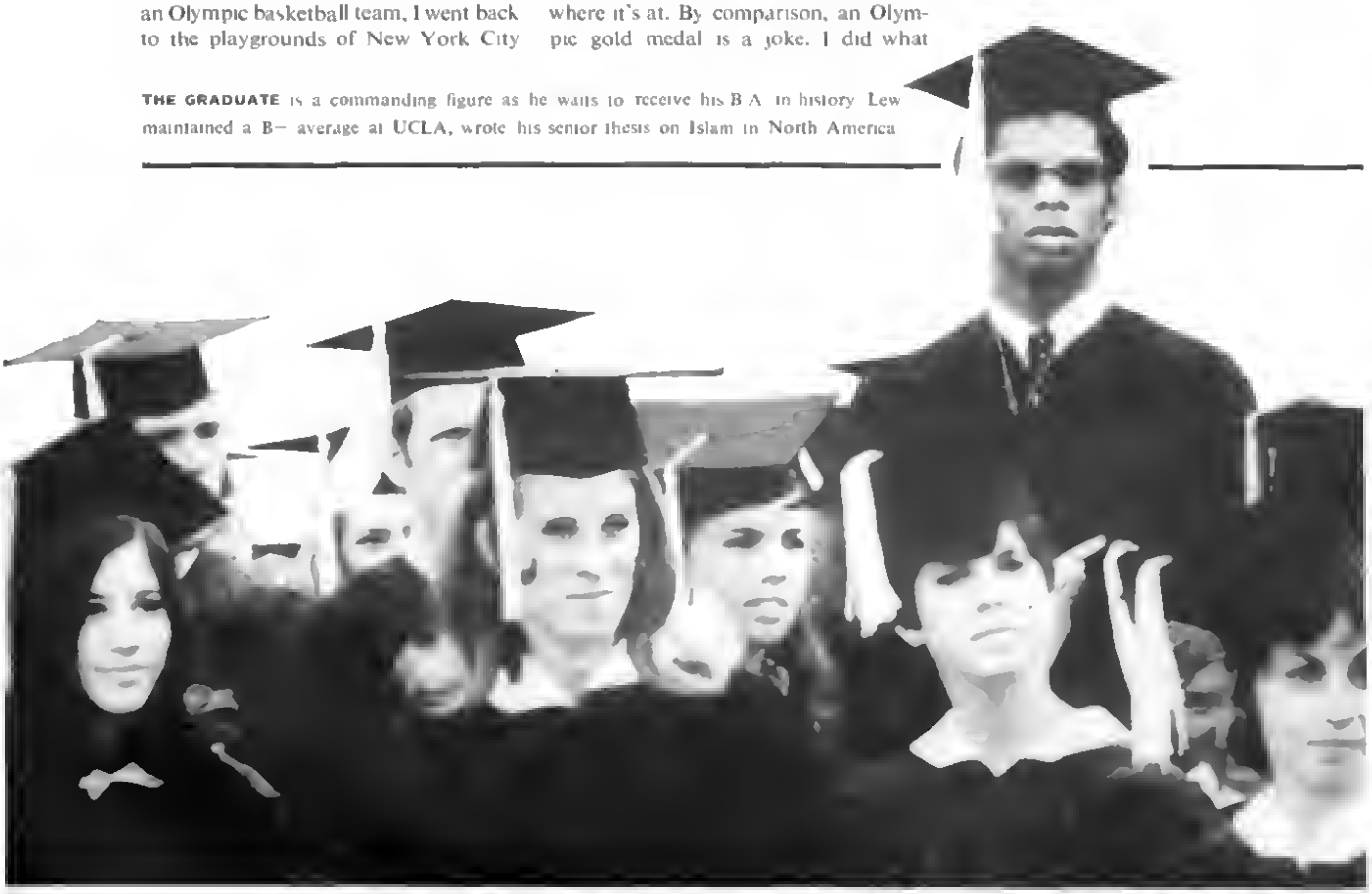
continued

the end, I made my own decision about boycotting the Olympics, and I will try to explain it honestly.

Does it shock you to hear that I am not a very patriotic person? Well, I'm not. Very few blacks are patriotic, we're too busy just keeping the food on the table to go around hollering about the land of the free and the home of the brave. I'm not knocking my native land, either. I think in most ways it is the greatest country in the world. But not in *every* way. Not by a long shot. So this entered into my Olympic thinking. I found it hard to understand why I should mess up my school year and lose my whole summer for the purpose of going all the way to Mexico City to win a gold medal for the United States in a basketball tournament. I was right on schedule at UCLA, maintaining a B-minus average, and going to the Olympics would have cost me at least a quarter, and maybe two, and I'd have had to postpone my graduation. In the second place, the United States was not going to lose the Olympic basketball gold medal, and we all knew it. There was no way. My going there would only have been redundant. How many times can you win the same games?

As it turned out, while the other cats were getting themselves together to form an Olympic basketball team, I went back to the playgrounds of New York City and did the same thing I had done the year before, with the same people: Emmette Bryant and Freddie Crawford. Instead of being in Mexico City that summer, I was in Harlem, in Bedford-Stuyvesant, in Brownsville, in the East Bronx, in all the slums of New York City, talking to kids for Operation Sports Rescue, telling them to stay in school and to make men out of themselves. That was my summer job. I thought then, and I think now, that that job was a lot more important than winning a gold medal in the Olympics. A whole lot more. I was talking to little black kids who are going to suffer because they don't have any examples to model themselves on. I tried to give them some kind of an example. They dig basketball, so they dig me. They can relate to me, and if I tell them something, they listen. I look at it this way: if I can change 10 would-be junkies into useful citizens, turn them on to school and to useful lives, maybe get them started on how to run a crane at $4 an hour, that's the most important thing I can do right now. Because if each of those 10 turns on another 10 to decent and useful lives, the geometric progression builds up, and pretty soon you can see an end to some of the black suffering that goes on today. That, in my opinion, is where it's at. By comparison, an Olympic gold medal is a joke. I did what I thought—what I *know*—was best.

That summer I made a decision that had been forming in my mind all through college, ever since I had read the life of Malcolm X. I already knew the tenets of Islam, I had been studying this religion for a long time, and now I was ready to make my move. I could not go the route of Muhammad Ali and join the Nation of Islam led by Elijah Muhammad. You will never hear me put the knock on another black man—black people already have enough burdens to bear—but let me just say that I found Elijah's religion too narrow, too negative, and in my opinion not truly Muslim at all. The genuine Muslim bears witness that there is one God, that His name is Allah, and that all men—black and white—are brothers. There is no room in Islam for racial hatred of any sort, and I had come to realize that this was exactly the way I felt in my heart. I had worked past the age of rage. I could still become angered at individual acts of hostility and at the whole pattern of racial hostility. But I could no longer believe that the white man was inherently evil and cruel and black men inherently superior, as some of the other blacks are teaching nowadays. That is just the flip side of the old racism. I realized



THE GRADUATE is a commanding figure as he waits to receive his B.A. in history. Lew maintained a B− average at UCLA, wrote his senior thesis on Islam in North America

that black was neither best nor worst, it just *was*. I could no longer hate anybody. I could no longer afford to be a racist. If racism messed up a lot of people who had to take it, then it must also mess up those who had to dish it out. I did not want to be that kind of narrow man.

Through my studies, I had learned that the two largest groups in Islam are the Sunnites (450 million) and the Shi - ites (30 million). The Sunnites live mostly in Arabia, Afghanistan, Pakistan, Turkey, North Africa, Indonesia and India, and the Shi'ites in Iran and Iraq, and there is very little difference ideologically. Perhaps because of the influence of Malcolm X (he was a Sunnite Muslim when he was assassinated in my senior year of high school), I chose the Sunnites. There was a mosque on 125th Street right off Eighth Avenue in Harlem, and I went in and spoke to them, and they told me to come to the mosque anytime. Soon I heard from a brother who called himself Hamaas Khaalis, and he said he *would* instruct *me*. He said that it was important that I be certain I wanted to be a Sunnite Muslim, and also that I get it straight. He himself had studied under Dr. Tassibur Ud-Dein Rahman from Pakistan.

For two weeks I took instruction from Hamaas Khaalis, starting each morning at 6. He told me that if I did not want to start my instruction early in the morning, then I did not want to become a Muslim. He taught me the prayers, the ablutions, the incantations, and he stressed over and over that Islam did not judge a man by what he said or what he professed or the number of formal services he attended, but by his acts, and by his acts alone.

Late in August, not long before I had to head back to Los Angeles, I had my shahada, my "baptism" into Islam. Like Malcolm X, the guiding star of my life, I was now a Sunnite Muslim. My new name was—and is— Kareem Abdul Jabbar, my new holy book the Qur'an, my new watchword the Hadith, the sayings of the prophet Mohammed.

When some of my close friends found out what I had done, they started calling me Kareem, and they apologized when they slipped and called me Lew. I had to explain to them that Kareem is my religious name, the same as Sister Mary Sebastian and Mother Josepha were religious names of some of my childhood teachers. I'm not going to make any issue out of my new name. It's somewhat important to me whether you call me Lew Alcindor or Kareem, but I'm not going to blow my top if somebody does call me Lew Alcindor. It's a nice name; I like the sound of it; I admire other people who have borne that name. Call me Kareem; call me Lew. I'm not going to get up tight about it.

We lost a game in my senior year, but that wasn't important because we won our third straight NCAA championship anyway. USC beat us with a stall, 46–44; we all had a plain case of the blahs. The game meant nothing, and we weren't sharp. It was bound to happen. We had lost one game in three years, and all that winning was bound to come down on us. When you're expected to win every game, you lose a lot of your energy and your inspiration, and you lose your edge. So we lost a game. No big deal.

The two important things that happened in my senior year had nothing to do with winning and losing, and they had nothing to do with my social life on the campus. I had no social life on the campus, and I expected none, but I did have certain relationships with my teammates, and out of those relationships came the meaningful events of 1968, at least so far as I was concerned.

One of them began on a bus ride from Columbus, Ohio to South Bend, Ind., where we were going to play our third game of the year, against Notre Dame. It was late at night and a bunch of us started talking religion. At first, most of the talk was between me and Steve Patterson. Steve was a Protestant and a member of the Fellowship of Christian Athletes. He thought that everybody

continued



should be a Christian, and he didn't know that I had become a Muslim. We went all around the circle of logic. You know how it goes:

"Listen, Christ died for all men. Christ is the only salvation for men."

"Wait a minute, man, what about all those people around the world that never heard of Christ. Aren't they gonna be saved?"

"Well, I guess not." Etc.

It began to get pretty hot, and soon we were joined by Donny Saffer, a Jew, and by Terry Schofield, a Catholic. Coach Wooden moved closer to listen, but except for adding a few helpful bits of information, he did not take a stand. He just listened, and he seemed fascinated. When I finally told everybody that I was now an Orthodox Muslim, there was a hush, but then the whole discussion resumed and nobody seemed to care that I was a Muslim. They accepted it and we talked about it. The world did not come to an end. Coach Wooden did not look at me cross-eyed. He seemed to accept it as well as everybody else. Out of that midnight ride across Ohio and Indiana we became a different group of men, much more than just a bunch of jocks traveling around the country bouncing basketballs. After that long conversation, there were fewer dogmatists on the UCLA team.

The other thing happened toward the end of the season, and I might call it "the education of Coach John Wooden." Some people might think it presumptuous of me to suggest that a coach who won five national titles in six years might need some educating, but I maintained my position, this fine man, this superb coach, this honest and decent individual, had a terrible blind spot. He had this morality thing going; you had to be "morally" right to play. From that attitude came a serious inability on his part to get along with "problem" players. If they didn't go to church every Sunday and study for three hours a night and arrive 15 minutes early to practice and nod agreement with every inspiring word the coach said, they were not morally fit to play—and they found themselves on the second team. Or if they were so good that they *had* to be on the first team, they found themselves in constant hot water. There are many examples. Donny Saffer quit and didn't come back. Mike Lynn was made to sit out a year, even though his case had been fully disposed of in the courts, and Lynn presumably punished to the degree the judge felt necessary. Whenever Coach Wooden had to deal with somebody a little different from the norm, he blew the case. (I may be the only exception. The coach and I always got along, though we did not have a close relationship.)

Let me give you an instance of what I am trying to explain, probably the best example of all. It happened in my junior year and involved my roommate, Edgar Lacey, and it was kind of a personal tragedy for me. The problem came to a head the night we lost the big game to Houston in the Astrodome. Lace started the game guarding Elvin Hayes, but when Elvin scored 29 points before the first half was over, Coach Wooden took him out. Lace never got back in. We tried several people on Elvin, including me and Mike Lynn, but it took an unknown player named Jim Nielsen to finally slow him down.

On the way back to the hotel after the game, Lace sat next to me in the bus, and he said, "Man, I'm gonna quit." I could see what was eating him. Here we had played the most important game of the year and he had sat out the whole second half. Long before that Lace had had plenty to be annoyed about. Because Coach Wooden had this thing about players being "morally" ready for play, he sometimes harmed good people. The perfect kind of player for a coach like John Wooden was Lynn Shackleford. Shack was the All-American boy. He studied hard. He belonged to the Fellowship of Christian Athletes. He took instruction and advice and criticism beautifully. So he started almost every game. On the other hand, Lace was very much his own man. He did his own thing, and he did not alter his personality to suit whatever coach he was playing for. Sometimes he hit the books and sometimes he didn't. He would never become anybody's "boy," in the sense that Shack became Coach Wooden's "boy." So he found himself fighting for a starting position, while Shack got his automatically. And who was Lace fighting? Mike Lynn, somebody else who did not fit Coach Wooden's Midwestern idea of morality. Mike had to alternate at starting forward with Lace. And so help me, if I'm any judge of ballplayers at all, both Lace and Mike were better than Lynn Shackleford, despite the fact that Shack was one of the fine college players.

All of this was eating Lace, and then he was publicly humiliated by being taken out of the Houston game while I was allowed to stagger around for the whole 40 minutes, out of shape and with double vision. All the way back to the hotel on the bus Lace kept muttering to himself about quitting.

When we got back to Los Angeles, I figured that Coach Wooden would smooth matters out. I kept waiting for him to say something, but he didn't. All week long in practice he kept talking in the abstract. He'd say things like, "We all know that not every player can play every game, but that shouldn't upset them. There's a lot of things involved." Everybody on the team knew that he was talking about Lace, but he wouldn't come out and say so. He wouldn't even say something like, "I took Lacey out of the Houston game because I didn't think he was getting the job done, but I'm sorry I had to do it." A short statement like that would have kept Lace on the team, but Coach Wooden didn't make it. Well, Lace is tremendously sensitive, and this kept eating away at him. He never played again for UCLA. He's now with the Los Angeles Stars in the ABA, and I wouldn't be surprised if he turned out to be *the* Los Angeles Star.

Anyway, that's the kind of thing I mean about there being certain types of players Coach Wooden couldn't understand. Now, toward the end of the Drake game in my senior year something happened that I think changed the whole situation. We had a player named Bill Sweek, and while he was certainly not a problem player, he didn't exactly fit into Coach Wooden's "morality" mold either. There was about one minute left to play, and Coach Wooden motioned to Sweek to get up and get ready to go in the game. But a few seconds later, while Sweek was standing there waiting to go on the floor, Coach Wooden told him to sit down. Sweek got mad and just left the floor. He took a walk. He was going to breeze right out of there and go home, but he felt a little tacky so he went to the showers, and that's where Coach Wooden caught him. They really went at it. The discussion kept right on going when Sweek walked out of the shower and started putting his clothes on, and Coach Wooden com-

continued



Kick the cold-feet shoe habit!

We did!

All it takes is a little thought. Like the last time your toes turned blue. Or when the snow piled in wet around your ankles. That's why boots. Warm and comfortable. With soft pile lining. Non-slip soles. In handsome tie or zippered styles. At most larger Sears, Roebuck and Co. stores. Same or similar styles in the catalog.

The Shoe Place at Sears

the men's store

Ford's Awesome Foursome.







1970 Mustang Mach 1. Mach 1. The big knife. The name that echoed like a bellowing exhaust note across the endless Bonneville salt flats when Mickey Thompson broke 295 records in his specially modified Mach 1. There's nothing cool about the '70 Mach 1 except its looks. Standard power is a sizzling 351 V-8. Want more? Try the new 351 4v or the 428 Cobra 4v V-8. Or the Cobra Jet Ram Air 428 with through-the-hood shaker and get out of sight quick. Mach 1 moves the movers!

1970 Torino GT. The dazzler. Body beautiful, sleek and slippery shape born to wedge into the wind. From the wide hood scoop to the concealed tail lamps the look is sheer glamour. (There's a convertible too.) But Torino GT's more

1970 Torino Cobra. This one's for real. A top-gun muscle car, with no frills, that puts 429-cubic inches of stocker into your driveway for very little money. 360 horsepower is standard. Or choose any one of 3 optional 429 V-8's, including the brute 429 4V Cobra Jet Ram Air V-8. The SportsRoof shape is as good as it looks—shaped in a wind tunnel...refined by the wind at places like Daytona and Riverside. 1970 Cobra—This one makes tracks!

FORD Ford





thon a head turner. Theres go power to motch the glitter. Stort with o 302 V-8 standord, or aptian o 351 or 429 V-8. GTs with 429 V-8s con get o competitian suspensian to keep them in that beautiful groove. Could be your groove, too!

1970 Mustang Boss 302. One for the road. And we mean the Trans Am tracks where specially prepared Mustangs took two championships in o row. Thot's where Boss 302 was born. It goes quick, hongs tight and stops quicker. The stondord specs read like o $9 000 sports job—power front discs, o light 302-cube V-8, competition suspension. For playboys who toke their driving seriously.

For the full story on all the performance Fords for 1970, visit your Ford Dealers and get our big 16 page 1970 Performance Digest. Or write to: Ford Performance Digest, Dept. SI, P.O. Box 747, Dearborn, Michigan 48121.



We don't know who's going to lose the game. We do know who's going to lose the girl.

Don't be a loser. Use Head & Shoulders, the winner. The most effective dandruff shampoo you can buy. Head & Shoulders leaves your hair clean, neat and easy to manage, too. No wonder it's chosen by more men than any other shampoo in America.

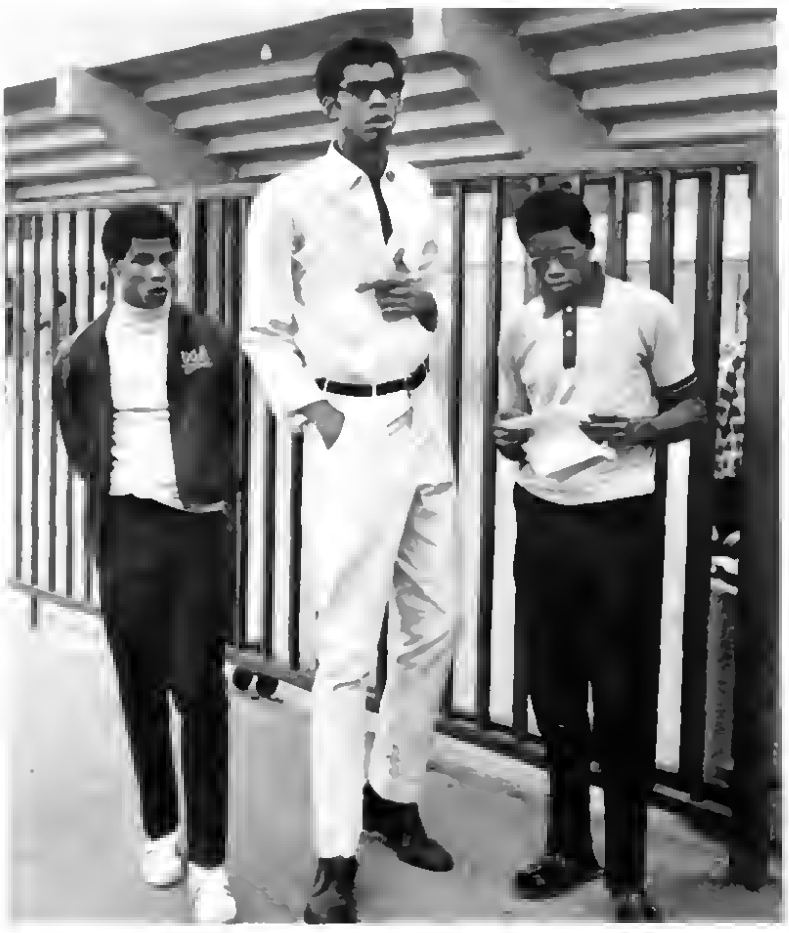


pletely blew his cool. Assistant Coach Denny Crum grabbed Coach Wooden and led him back to their rooms. But by then Sweek had told Coach Wooden exactly where it was at. He had put it on Coach Wooden real good. He told him that it was not necessary that every player be a member of the Fellowship of Christian Athletes, or that every player be a grind with the textbooks, or that every player's name pop up on every honor roll. He told him that some people are like that, and some are not, and the ones who are not can be just as good as the ones who are, and sometimes better. Then he named all the guys who were not in Coach Wooden's morality bag, and all the trouble they had had, and he said, "Maybe you've got to realize that the trouble isn't always with them. Maybe some of it's with you!"

Now, if you want to know how big a man John Wooden is, I want you to consider this: he is 59 years old, not an age at which people find it easy to change, and his whole view of life goes back to rustic Indiana, 1935, and Sunday school and motherhood and Fourth of July parades. But John Wooden learned something from Bill Sweek. He called us together before practice the next day and he gave us a talk. He didn't make any self-demeaning speech or do any breast-beating, he's not that kind of man. But he made us understand that he had listened and he had found out something. He made it clear that he was going to try to understand better the Bill Sweeks of this world. As for Sweek, he stayed on the team. He shook hands with Coach Wooden and apologized for walking off the floor, and once again we were a closer bunch of human beings. When we finished the year with our third straight NCAA championship, I somehow wasn't as impressed by the victory as I was by the way a group of very different men had come together in tolerance and affection. And once again I related it to life: how all men could be brothers with a small amount of effort and a few honest words.

That was the main thing I learned from UCLA basketball. It was worth learning.

As long as I was eligible to play at UCLA, the pros couldn't talk to me, although there were a few attempts to get around the rules and regulations. One guy set himself up as a self-appointed flesh peddler, and he made contacts with just about everybody in the world who paid money to basketball players, from the NBA and ABA to the Globetrotters and the Italian League. He told them all that he represented me, and how much were they going to offer? He went to George Mikan, commissioner of the American Basketball Association, and said he represented me and asked for some money to "get the ball rolling." When I found out about it, I got the ball rolling by telling him to stay out of my sight. That was the end of that. He was just an unscrupulous guy looking for a piece of change under the table.



WITH MIKE WARREN AND LUCIUS ALLEN, LEW DISCUSSES THE OLYMPIC BOYCOTT

When it finally came time to negotiate with the leagues, I had the benefit of two very sharp UCLA alumni who stayed with me through the whole thing, and strictly on a volunteer, unpaid basis. One was Sam Gilbert, a contractor, and the other was Ralph Shapiro, a partner in a Los Angeles brokerage firm. I was very happy to have Mr. Gilbert and Mr. Shapiro with me when the higher mathematics started.

Nobody knew it at the time, but the ABA had the inside track on me. All my life I'd dreamed of playing for the Knicks, because it's my home town and I love New York, but since the Knicks hadn't won the right to draft me. I'd have been almost as happy to play with the New York Nets in the ABA. And they *had* won the rights. I also wouldn't have minded San Francisco, which is a swinging town, or Boston, where the winners live. But the Nets were my first choice.

Mr. Shapiro and Mr. Gilbert and I flew into New York to begin the negotiations, and on a Monday in March we talked to Mr. Walter Kennedy, commissioner of the NBA, and to the owners of the Milwaukee team that had won the right to draft me. They made a five-year offer, and it was a good one. I'm sorry that I'm sworn to secrecy on the

continued

amount, but I can promise you it was bigger than a breadbox. We said thanks, and that we were meeting with the ABA the next day, and we would let Milwaukee know after that.

On Tuesday we went up to the fancy Manhattan town house of Mr. Arthur Brown, owner of the Nets, and there we met with Mr. Brown and ABA Commissioner George Mikan. Mr. Brown made a five-year offer. It was good, but not as good as the NBA's. Mr. Shapiro and Mr. Gilbert told me that they were surprised, they had expected a bonus offer, which had been promised by several owners of teams in the league. Mr. Gilbert then asked Mr. Mikan if that was the total offer and whether or not a bonus would be involved. Mr. Mikan said that was it. He was quite emphatic about it. Well, we had agreed when we came to New York that we were not going to get into any long-term bidding war—one league against the other. Mr. Shapiro and Mr. Gilbert felt it would cause too much animosity and would not be good for my career in the long run. So we told Mr. Brown that we would have to decline his offer.

Back at our hotel, we sat and talked about it. I told Mr. Shapiro and Mr. Gilbert that I really preferred New York over Milwaukee, but not at that price differential. They agreed with me. The NBA offer was clearly superior. So we called Walter Kennedy and told him I'd be playing for the new Milwaukee franchise. He asked if this was final and if he could count on our word, and we said yes, it was, and asked him to start drawing up the papers.

At the time my mother was sick in Los Angeles with a blood clot in her leg, and getting ready to be operated on, and I was in a big hurry to get to her side. I had planned to leave for Los Angeles the following morning. I had dinner with Mr. Gilbert, Mr. Shapiro and my father. After dinner we returned to the hotel and went right upstairs. Mr. Gilbert was intercepted by two of the owners of the ABA teams. They told Mr. Gilbert they had another offer. He said he didn't understand, their final offer had come that afternoon. They said that Mr. Mikan didn't have the authority to make a final offer like that, and asked us if we would hold off signing with the NBA for a while until they could do some bargaining. Mr. Gilbert said that would be impossible, the deal was closed, but since there was so much money involved, he would double-check with my father and me. As much as I wanted to make a deal with the Nets, my father and I agreed that we had given our word, and the negotiating was over in a single day. The ABA had had the inside track, but they had blown it.

I wasn't any happier than the ABA people were at the time, but since then I have thought about it and realized that the NBA has more stability and all those stars to play against and I don't see why I shouldn't have a fine old time this season in Milwaukee. Sometimes I would lie awake at night and wonder what the other teams might have in store for us. Maybe they'd try to gang up on me, teach me what it's like to be a rookie. But we've got other guys on our ball club that can play the game, too, and we'll be playing as a team. When you have guys like Flynn Robinson, Don Smith, John McGlocklin and Len Chappell, you don't have to play with your tail between your legs. I'm expecting it to be a lot of fun, far more fun than it was at UCLA. Nobody is going to expect the Milwaukee team to win every game, and the Milwaukee team won't. It'll be interesting for a change to get out there and win some and lose some, just like the other people.

I've heard some people say that I'm going to tear the game apart, ruin pro basketball with my height and my moves—but nobody who knows pro basketball can take a statement like that seriously. I'm going to be a rookie, and I'm going to have a lot to learn, like every rookie in the league, and if I take the NBA apart, then that must have been an optical illusion I was watching when I saw all those NBA games last season and watched men like Wilt Chamberlain and Jerry West and Elvin Hayes do their tricks out there. Nobody is going to take *those* cats apart.

I did get a laugh out of something the Lakers' coach, Bill van Breda Kolff, said a year or so ago. "I don't think the NBA should negotiate with Alcindor," he said. "I think each team in the league should give him $100,000 and tell him to go to the beach." Somebody said to me, "What would you have done, Lew, if they had really made an offer like that?" And I said, "You crazy, man? You'd be interviewing me right now—at the beach!"

Of course, I was kidding, too, just like van Breda Kolff. What I really want to do is play 10 or 12 years in the NBA, see what I can do there against the big guys. Then I'll go back to more normal things. That big money isn't going to change me all that much. So far, I've indulged myself in a new wardrobe, be-

continued



MILWAUKEE BOSS WES PAVALON INTRODUCES HIS NEW PLAYER TO THE PRESS

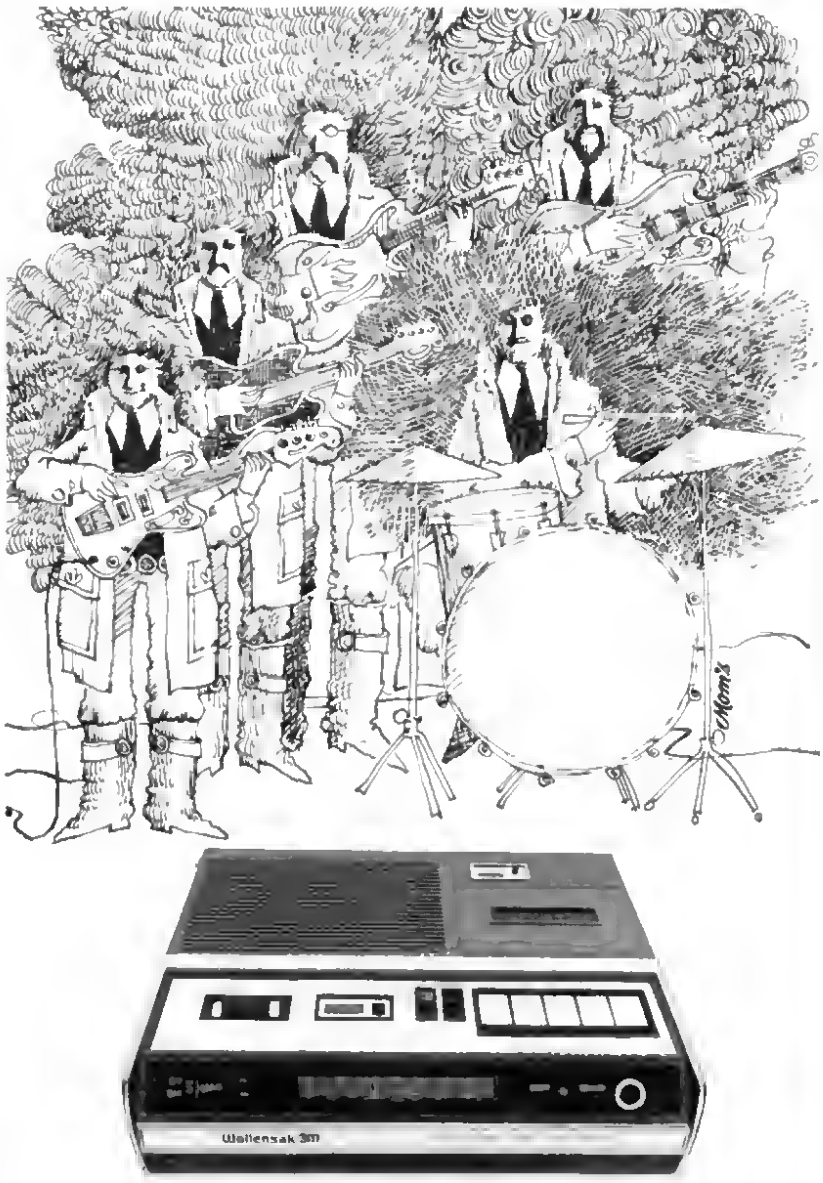


If you could put Tareyton's charcoal filter on your cigarette, you'd have a better cigarette.



But not as good as a Tareyton.

100's or king size.



Wollensak delivers everything but the hair

Whether you're recording your own rock or listening to it, Wollensak is where it's at.

Just snap any cassette into this Wollensak 4310 portable recorder. Press a control button. And go wild.

You can record directly from its AM-FM radio. The built-in telescoping antenna brings in superior radio reception.

Wollensak solid state design always delivers a dependable performance. It operates on batteries or your household current.

An Automatic Record Level system assures a perfect recording and true sound.

In fact, Wollensak delivers a full line of stereo and monaural tape recorders. Some with separate speakers. Some with handy cassettes. Nobody knows more about sound-on-tape or has more experience in tape recording than 3M Company. No wonder you can expect the best from the bold new world of Wollensak sound.

But Wollensak can not deliver the hair.

You'll have to grow your own.

Wollensak 3M COMPANY
TAPE RECORDERS

cause the old one was getting threadbare, and a Cadillac Coupe deVille, because it's big enough for me to be comfortable in, and a set of drums, because I dig drums. That's the only change the NBA money has made. I won't be all cramped in my car, I'll look a little more presentable, and I'll make a lot of noise for my neighbors in Milwaukee.

And after it's all over, what then? I don't know. I always liked teaching. Maybe I'll teach. Maybe I'll do social work. Whatever I do, I'm pretty sure it will be with black kids. That's not because I'm prejudiced against white kids. But I was a black kid. I know their scene. I know how to talk to them. I *mean* something to them. I would be glad to help white kids if the occasion arose, but I can do a whole lot more for the blacks. I mean, I would be happy to go down to Montgomery, Ala. and do social work among the white kids there, try to untrap them from their parents' thinking. But do you think it would do any good? No, my role is going to have to be with people of my own color. The black people need brothers who can express themselves freely and do their own thing, pridefully and manfully. The black people need brothers who have made themselves into something that can be admired, something that can be modeled on.

For some time, I've been asked how I feel about life in general and my own philosophy in particular, especially in regard to the black-white scene. For someone who has been through the whole spectrum of human emotions in connection with this subject, and who has seen his philosophy change as I have, this is no easy task. But the peace and inner strength I have drawn from my faith and the people I have known point me in the direction that all of us might try to follow.

When I was hung up with the misunderstanding that racism breeds, I was a blinded individual. I can see the same blindness affecting my brothers even now in their attempts to be really free. Equally blinded are those who put down Afro-Americans without cause. The only answer to this blindness is the communication that results from a sincere effort to know all your brothers in the family of man.

When the time comes that everyone can see his fellow man as a real person, that battle just might be won. **END**



"I'm just as fond of blue blazers as the next man. That's why we make them. But I certainly don't want to look like the next man when I wear one. So we've come up with three new patterned trousers to go with the blue blazer that will give each man his own look, something original and unexpected."

Gentlemen's Clothing
by CORBIN, LTD

Enter: The 360.

You'll never run out of flashbulbs.



The world's most self-sufficient camera produces its own flash, measures the light for itself, develops the picture and signals electronically when it's ready.

You know that feeling. You fish in the drawer for flashbulbs.

None.

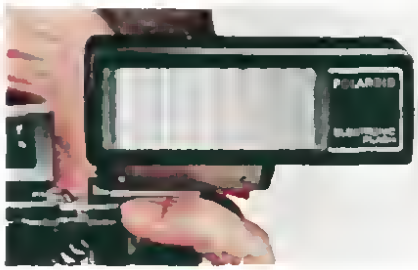
One, maybe.

And the stores are closed.

That never has to happen again. The 360 is here. This remarkable Polaroid Land camera has its own electronic flash. You'll never have to use a flashbulb again.

You slide the electronic flash unit into place with a satisfying click, and flip on a tiny switch.

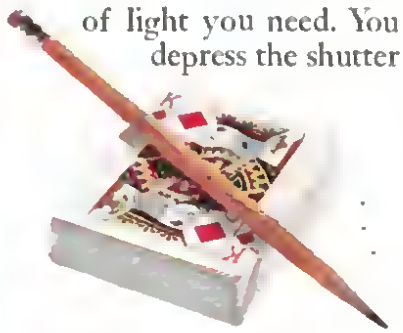
Instantly, the signal light and a rising sound tell you the flash is building energy. A light starts flashing, and the sound switches to a *boop... boop...*



As you focus, louvers adjust automatically to insure correct light intensity.

You are now ready to shoot up to 40 flash pictures.

As you focus, louvers in the flash unit automatically adjust to deliver the exact amount of light you need. You depress the shutter



Electronic circuits reduced in size from a pack of cards to a pencil point.

and zoing! the strobe releases a 1/1000th-of-a-second burst of light, fast enough to catch a high dive or freeze a wedding bouquet as it's tossed.

After you've shot 40 flash pictures (that's 5 film packs), you place the electronic strobe in its charger unit and plug it into the wall. It recharges itself automatically. Fifteen minutes, and you can shoot another pack of film. An hour, and it's recharged. When you're not using it, just keep the flash unit plugged in, like your electric toothbrush.

Best of all, the electronic flash of The 360 gives you the freedom to shoot when the moment is right.

Your pictures will be perfectly exposed, indoors or out. This remarkable strobe light is particularly kind to flesh tones. Outdoors, the electric eye and electronic shutter system will

From Polaroid.

read the light and set the exposure automatically.

You won't waste any more pictures because of poor timing. When you pull the film packet out of the camera, an electronic timer is activated automatically and a timer light goes on. The instant the print is perfectly developed, the light goes out and the timer goes *beeeeeep*.

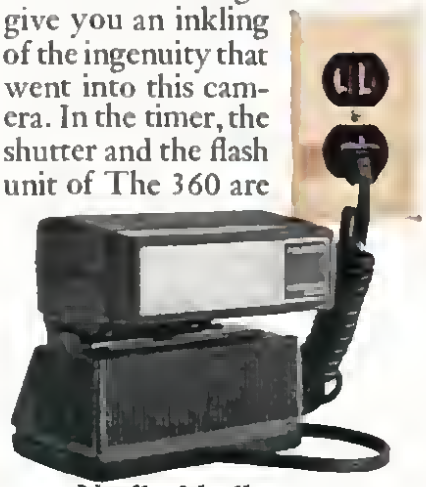


1/1000th of a second exposure makes possible spontaneous flash pictures.

Time after time, you peel off perfectly exposed, perfectly developed pictures. And all you do is aim and shoot!

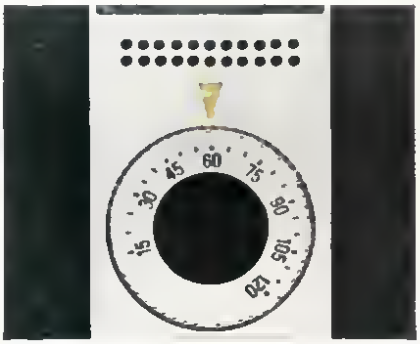
You'll take wonderfully spontaneous pictures. No more albums full of wooden friends and relatives. You'll never have to ask your subjects to stop doing what they're doing and pose. The film is exposed only for that millisecond of light. If your hand jiggles, you don't have to worry. The pictures are always razor sharp.

One fascinating feature will give you an inkling of the ingenuity that went into this camera. In the timer, the shutter and the flash unit of The 360 are



No flashbulbs ever. Electronic flash shoots up to 40 pictures, recharges on house current.

circuits containing transistors, resistors, and other electronic components. Each of these circuits would normally fill a space as large as a deck of cards. In this camera, they have been reduced to tiny chips of plastic-covered silicon less than 1/32 of an inch square—about the width

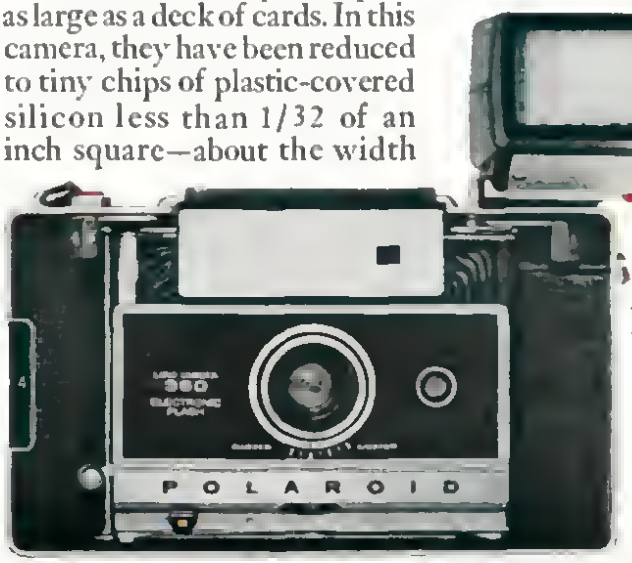


Electronic timer sounds off the instant your print is perfectly developed.

of a pencil point.

This Polaroid Land camera has a Zeiss Ikon range- and viewfinder. Triplet lens. Four film-speed settings. Two exposure ranges for color, two for black-and-white. And instant pack-film loading.

See (and hear) this most distinguished of the Countdown Cameras, the finest camera Polaroid has ever produced.



The 360. From Polaroid. The world's most self-sufficient camera.

Uniflo® can.



The best motor oil you can use in your car is a 10w-40 motor oil. That's because a 10w-40 oil gives you the advantages of two motor oils in one.

The 10w means you'll have the easy starting of a thin oil when your engine is cold.

The 40 means you'll have the advantages of a thick oil when your engine warms up. So, you'll get better wear protection and lower oil consumption.

But, most 10w-40 oils can't maintain this protection for more than 1000 miles. Uniflo can.

Uniflo 10w-40 stays 10w-40 for more than 6000 miles of typical driving. (And, by the way, Uniflo 10w-40 surpasses all U. S. car manufacturers' warranty requirements.)

So, why settle for a 10w-40 oil that can't stay 10w-40?

Because Uniflo can.

ENCO

Where you get <u>all</u> the extras.

• I'm an Impressionist of sorts," says Cincinnati's rookie Quarterback **Greg Cook**, adding modestly, "though I'm not to be compared to Monet, Manet or Renoir." Primarily a watercolorist, Cook does most of his work outdoors, on the spot. "I like a lot of people and a lot of confusion—instant-type vision stuff," he says, "but the business I'm heading for is interior design." And what stirred Cook's interest in the arts? "I have," he explains, "two aunts who do commercial art for the Kellogg's Corn Flakes people."

In Salt Lake City recently hundreds of callers flooded the switchboards of the local papers and radio and TV stations to verify their sighting of **Jim Ryun** engaged in, of all things, jogging. It was Ryun, all right. He was in Salt Lake as a guest speaker at a seminar given by the National Press Photographers Association, and was jogging about town because, he confided, not having run since June, he "felt terrible." At the seminar Ryun (who plans to make photography his profession) advised his audience, "You'll have much more success with athletes if you catch them in their natural environs—but realize that an athlete is under pressure, concentrating on a winning formula. If you are in a bind trying to figure out a photo angle, sometimes it pays to act stupid; the athlete might help you out." Well, Jim Ryun might.

Naborr, a 19-year-old Arabian stallion bred in the Soviet Union and imported from Poland, was recently auctioned in Scottsdale, Ariz. for $150,000—the highest price ever paid for the breed. The stallion's new owners, Tom Chauncey, a Phoenix radio executive, and Singer **Wayne Newton**, seems to have embarked on a good Naborr policy—unless Newton's feelings are hurt by the fact that the stallion's stud fee of $10,000 is just about what he himself gets for a single appearance.



•

According to the trade journal *Business Insurance* the Bucks are throwing good money after good by covering their $1.4 million investment in **Lew Alcindor** with $600,000 worth of insurance (the premium comes to $25,000)—the largest individual coverage of a sports figure ever written. The policy is a package deal protecting Milwaukee, in the event of Alcindor's sickness or death, for all but the first year of Lew's five-year contract. After that the American Home Assurance Company will be wishing Alcindor very good health, because it will cost it $2,000 for every game night he spends tucked up in bed drinking hot lemonade. By way of comparison, the second largest coverage, on Wilt Chamberlain, paid only some $400.

France and Australia are building challengers for the America's Cup, but it will not be **Bus Mosbacher** defending against either of them next year. He is stepping down, giving as his reasons family, business and his job as chief of protocol, and has written to the members of *Intrepid*'s crew, releasing them to William Ficker, the boat's new skipper, or to other potential cup defenders. It was, obviously, a tough decision. There are a lot of things about competition Mosbacher is going to miss, "not the least of which," he observes, "is sailing."

◆ "The hard part," confides **Willie Shoemaker**, "is trying to remember the steps and words at the same time." The Shoe, briefly suspended from Santa Anita for causing interference in the stretch, was using the time to work out at the Hollywood Palace with quite another bunch of ponies. He and the "8 beautiful girls g" who will back him up were taping his TV debut as a song-and-dance man, scheduled for Jan. 10. **Burt Bacharach**, who will act as host for **The Hollywood Palace** show, owns a number of racehorses and he and his wife **Angie Dickinson** thought the whole bit up because Shoemaker "is such a fantastic hero figure." So how come he's saddled with villainous dialogue like this? Bacharach: "Tell me, Bill, when you're coming down the stretch, leaning over the horse's neck, do you sing in his ear?" **Shoemaker**: "Oh, I quit that. I once sang *Born Free* and the horse pulled over to the side of the track and had a colt."

Apollo 11 astronauts are to be honored by Marquette Saturday when the university presents them with the school's first Pere Marquette Discovery Award Medals and three basketball warmup suits and jerseys. Marquette Captain Joe Thomas will give **Buzz Aldrin, Mike Collins** and **Neil Armstrong** jerseys bearing the No. 11. But the school will take them right back again, retire the number and hang the jerseys in the gymnasium. For the rest of the season Marquette basketball players will wear replicas of the Apollo 11 patch on their uniforms. As for the astronauts, they will wear those warmup suits, tailored from NASA's measurements and especially designed for jogging.

◆



No one in Tennessee has heard of Ohio State

Rooters of the unbeaten Volunteers have known all season that their team deserved to be No. 1. After last week's victory over rugged Georgia words to the contrary will mean wer **by SANDY TREADWELL**

Haywood Harris, Tennessee's sports information director, is superstitious. He regularly notes all sorts of occurrences and believes them to be evil omens for his undefeated Volunteer football team. A real bad one turned up last week. One of the two engines of the Martin 404 Southern Airways charter that was to carry the Volunteer defense to Athens for the critical game with Georgia lost power on its trip down the runway, and the plane had to return to the shop. The delay caused the defensive unit to miss practice. A more obvious omen was the fact that Georgia had not lost at home in 16 games, and the Bulldogs were ranked ninth nationally in rushing defense, allowing just 86 yards a game. The spirit of the Georgia fans wasn't a comfort to Harris either. A huge crowd appeared at the Thursday night pep rally, and two days later 400 standing-room-only tickets were sold for the bridge overlooking the west end zone of Sanford Stadium, despite a forecast of rain. The student paper termed it "the game of the decade," and an Athens radio station interrupted programming with the yell, "Go, you hairy Dogs."

None of this particularly bothered the Tennessee team, however. The Vols have been too busy enjoying football this season, and too confident of their own ability, to even consider the possibility of defeat. Steve Kiner, the All-America linebacker, said, "Sure, we'll beat Georgia, although I can't say by how much because I've never played them down there in Athens." Kiner's predictions are usually accurate. Before the season he told Southeastern Conference writers that LSU would have a great team and Florida a strong one but that Tennessee would win the conference. The writers preferred Ole Miss as the favorite, and a representative from a Mississippi paper pressed Kiner on the subject of the Rebels. "I don't think they're that tough," the linebacker replied. "But they have a lot of horses down there," the writer insisted. Kiner shot back, "A lot of people go down on the farm and can't tell the difference between a horse and a mule."

Similar comments directed at other SEC schools have caused Kiner to receive a stack of poison-pen letters. One arrived last week from a woman in San Francisco who claimed to have been an avid Vol fan for 30 years. "But your mouth is changing my opinion," she wrote. "I hope an opponent shuts it up."

There were a few moments on Saturday when it looked as if Georgia might do it. Midway through the first quarter the Bulldogs took advantage of a Tennessee fumble to open the scoring. Curt Watson, the Vols' gifted sophomore fullback, lost the ball, and Georgia recovered on the Tennessee five-yard line. But three plays gained only one yard—a sign of things to come—and Jim McCullough kicked a 21-yard field goal. For the first time this year Tennessee was behind.

By the second period Tennessee's big, strong offensive line had adjusted to the slippery field—sure enough, it did rain—and the speed of the Georgia defense. The Bulldog line is tiny—the largest member weighs just 205 pounds—but in previous games it had compensated with quickness. Right Guard Steve Greer is the heaviest and most talented. "When a center snaps the ball Greer moves like there's a string tied from the ball to his face guard," Tennessee Guard Don Denbo said. Denbo and the rest of the Vol line didn't commit themselves. They kept their feet spread apart and blocked high, preventing Georgia from dashing through, and then simply pushed the small, struggling defenders out of reach of the ballcarrier.

The Vol line began to open gaping holes in the second quarter, and when that happened Georgia's chance for an upset was eliminated. "I'd never seen so much daylight," Tennessee's Quarterback Bobby Scott said. "I just couldn't believe those big holes in the Georgia line."

In one five-minute burst Tailback Don McLeary completed a 56-yard drive with a touchdown leap from the one, the Vols intercepted a Mike Cavan pass at Georgia's 27-yard line and four plays later Watson scored from the three. That was it. Tennessee added a third-period field goal to make the final score 17–3. Watson—already considered one of the great Vol backs—ended the day with 197 yards, the most ever by a Tennessee ballcarrier. McLeary didn't do badly, either. When he wasn't throwing blocks for Watson he ran for a 100-yard total.

The high-powered Tennessee offense owes much to its line, an interesting collection of characters. Take Don Denbo. Denbo is forever devising variations on the fundamental block. In practice he will listen to his line coach, Ray Trail, explain an assignment and then will tell him four other methods of eliminating the opponent. Trail has been known to shout, "Dh, Denbo, shut up," but usually he just shakes his head and continues the lesson. Denbo is the team's intellectual. He has had an untitled poem published in *Poetry Magazine* and is working on a series entitled *The Great American Pastime*. The subject, surprise, is football, and he has completed 15 poems. His room in the athletic dorm contains a bookcase six feet long and 4½ feet high, and it is filled with 200 paperbacks. He calls it "my reference library," and his favorite volumes are those of T. S. Eliot, e. e. cummings, Yevgeny Yevtushenko, Leon Uris and Mark Twain. "Books are my major hang-up. Some people can't walk by a clothing store without going in. I can't walk by a bookstore."

Denbo's counterpart, Right Guard Chip Kell, can't resist the weight room. Kell has been known to enter the locker room after a strenuous practice, examine his 6′, 245-pound frame and ex-

continued



THERE'S NO OTHER CHARCOAL GRINDER like the one at Jack Daniel's. That's both good *and* bad.

Back in the 1800's, the machine was used to grind meal. It was Lem Motlow who discovered it ground charcoal to just the right size for mellowing whiskey... and we've used it that way ever since. Of course, our bookkeeper complains some over the cost of maintaining such an old machine. But we figure it like this: Fine whiskey is made *first* to drink and *then* to sell. So we'll make Jack Daniel's the way it should be made, and let the bookkeeper go right on complaining.



CHARCOAL
MELLOWED
DROP
BY DROP

© 1969, Jack Daniel Distillery, Lem Motlow Prop., Inc.

TENNESSEE WHISKEY • 90 PROOF BY CHOICE • DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY JACK DANIEL DISTILLERY • LYNCHBURG (POP. 384), TENN.

claim, "I'm getting too skinny," then walk to the weights. An hour and a half later he'll emerge, smiling, content and breathing deeply.

Tennessee's defense has its share of characters, too. There is, of course, the outspoken Kiner at linebacker. Working alongside him is Jack Reynolds, or, as he is known to his teammates, Crazy Jack. Reynolds spends Sundays after a game driving a teammate's Willys jeep into the trees beyond Knoxville's Chapman Highway. Smack into the trees. "After the Alabama game he wedged it between two trees," Kiner said, "and when he got back to the dorm all he could say was, 'I put it into first and then flipped it into second.' It was the high point of his week."

On the wall of Reynolds' room is a large jeep poster. Piled neatly on the floor under the poster are stacks of soap. After last season's Vanderbilt game Reynolds and Denbo removed a box of Dial soap from the locker room and carried it home to Knoxville. Soap collecting has now become a ritual to Reynolds. After every practice he collects up to 40 bars of Safeguard and, using tape, puts them in a neat bundle and deposits it in his room. "I'm saving them for the winter," Reynolds explains.

Reynolds is ribbed constantly about the soap and the jeep, Denbo about his intellect, Kiner his predictions, Kell his passion for weights and Tight End Ken DeLong his dislike for practice. DeLong appears in the trainer's room on Sundays with untraceable ailments that, more times than not, keep him from heavy practice. "I'll be working in pads hitting people," says Kiner. "I'll look over and see him standing there on the sideline smiling at me. But no one minds because he plays so well on Saturdays."

In this age of frequent disharmony between players and coach Tennessee is a definite exception. Doug Dickey is a popular man with his players. "Coach Dickey is an aware person," Kiner explains. "He can communicate. He allowed us to have sideburns this year, for example. He and his assistants trust us. We know when our hair is too long, and when it is we cut it. We are treated like adults."

"We work hard, but not unusually hard," Dickey says. "There is a certain amount of drudgery in football because of its repetition and conditioning. We try to make the game fun to play. We all seem to enjoy each other."

"I'm having more fun playing this year," Kiner attests, "and it's not just because we're winning. We were winners last year, too. But now I know there are 10 other guys on our defense who are busting their tails as hard as I am. Last year I couldn't say that, and sometimes I got depressed."

Tennessee had no cause for depression in the locker room. Word arrived that the SEC's two other undefeated teams, Florida and LSU, had been beaten, putting Tennessee alone at the top of the conference standings. In the eyes of Vol rooters it had been No. 1 all along—not just in the SEC but in the nation. Happiest, perhaps, was Reynolds. Lon Herzbrun, the linebacker coach, had offered to help him find a jeep of his own. Even PR man Haywood Harris was smiling. The scene had been friendly, despite omens to the contrary, and he expected the skies to clear so the Martin 404 could whisk the team safely home to Knoxville.

FOOTBALL'S WEEK

by WILLIAM F. REED

SOUTH

1. TENNESSEE (6-0)
2. LSU (6-1)
3. FLORIDA STATE (6-1)

Although LSU had beaten its hated neighbor, Ole Miss, only once in Charlie McClendon's seven years as coach, the Tigers went into the game as undaunted as they were unbeaten. Around Louisiana the feeling was that this finally would be the year when "Go to Hell, Ole Miss, Go to Hell" would become more than just something to yell in the days before the game. After all, hadn't Ole Miss already lost *three* times? And didn't LSU have not only the South's best defense but the school's most explosive offense since Cannon-Dietzel-Chinese Bandits? And even if this Archie Manning was the greatest thing since grits, surely one man couldn't beat a whole team, could he? Well, could he?

"You wouldn't think that, the way football is played today," said LSU's bone-weary senior linebacker George Bevan after the Rebs' 26–23 victory in Jackson's Memorial Stadium, "but he is the one who beat us. I thought we had him every time, but he can turn a 15-yard loss into a 25-yard gain. I thought the quarterback from Auburn was good, but he has only one leg compared with Manning."

The Tigers looked like winners early in the third quarter, taking a 23–12 lead after Quarterback Mike Hillman lofted a 32-yard scoring pass to End Andy Hamilton. The LSU fans went into a purple-and-gold fury, but the Ole Miss rooters just polished their white-on-red "Archie" buttons and waited for their miracle worker to do his stuff. Right away Manning passed and ran Ole Miss to the LSU three, then scrambled untouched around right end to narrow the gap to 23–18. And then, at the end of the period, Archie sneaked over from a foot away for the winning points. The Ole Miss defense set up the final TD by recovering a fumble at the LSU 23, then put out the Tigers' last hope by knocking down a fourth-down pass at the Ole Miss 23 with time running out. LSU could have gone for a tying field goal—junior Mark Lumpkin had already kicked three—but McClendon elected to try for the first down. "Yes, the field goal entered my mind," McClendon said, "but we had really put the sweat on 'em, and in this situation I felt we had a good chance for the first down."

While Tennessee was beating Georgia (*page 52*) to stand as the SEC's only unbeaten, the young Florida Gators finally met defeat in Auburn's Cliff Hare Stadium. Florida's sophomore quarterback, John Reaves, put the ball in the air 66 times and completed 33 for 369 yards and two touchdowns—putting him just one TD pass behind Babe Parilli's SEC season record. The trouble was, Auburn's defense intercepted nine times—an SEC record—and the Tigers won 38–12. Before Auburn, Reaves had thrown only six interceptions and never more than two in a game. "It's all my fault," said Reaves afterward, "but don't worry. Florida will be back and so will I." Auburn's sophomore Quarterback Pat Sullivan completed 22 of 39 for 218 yards and accounted for four TDs.

The annual Pep Rally Powwow made for a big weekend at Florida State. Featured were such stars as Mason Williams, Stu Gillam, Oliver and Paul Magalski. Paul who? Well, he is a sophomore fullback who got

continued

Don't make the same mistake with your second color TV.

When you went out to buy your first color set, you were pretty much sold on color. Until you got the set home.

Then things started to happen. Like bad reception. Colors fading into one another. And a picture that constantly needed re-tuning. You didn't buy a Panasonic. Most likely because you didn't know us.

Know us. Because we make color TV like nobody else in the world. Every vital component in every one of our sets comes from one of our own factories. Instead of from someone else's.

Like our picture tubes made with the most advanced phosphors to give them a brightness and clarity you won't find in any other sets of their size. And picture and sound that come on almost instantly with Speed-O-Vision.

Like Panalock. Which makes fine tuning as easy as touching a button. And adjusts itself automatically when you switch channels, or move the set.

And a color-indicator light that tells you automatically when the program you're watching is in color. And automatic circuits that lock in the color. So a football field always looks like grass. Not pea soup.

There's a special automatic something that electronically keeps phony color from creeping into your black and white picture. And we make a lot more. All the automatic devices that keep your picture from wiggling every time a plane flies by. And that brings you absolute color purity at all times. On all channels.

We even make the tiny transistors that give you strong color in weak reception areas.

See all the pieces put together at any dealer we permit to carry the Panasonic line. If your first color TV was a mistake, at least your second set should be a Panasonic.



Actual picture as broadcast via closed circuit TV.

PANASONIC.

just slightly ahead of our time.

200 Park Avenue, New York 10017. For your nearest Panasonic dealer, call 800 243-6000. In Conn., 853-6000. We pay for the call.

From front to rear, our 116" wheelbase wagons: Concours Estate, Concours, Greenbrier and Nomad.



1970 Chevrolet Wagons.

We call them "walk-ins" because they're so easy to get into.

Financially.

And bodily.

The back bumper has a handy step built right into it.

The roof slants thoughtfully forward so you won't hit your head.

Inside the 3-seaters there's a deep "well" to step into. And a rear-facing seat to plop onto.

(Incidentally, you'll be glad to know that our dual-action tailgate swings open without the aid of any jutting hinges.)

Our 1970 wagons come in two sizes big and bigger.

There are eight models, many engine choices, all kinds of extras you can add.

(Have you ever heard stereo in a station wagon? Eat your heart out

Chevrolet invites

From front to rear, our 119" wheelbase models. Kingswood Estate, Kingswood, Townsman and Brookwood.



Carnegie Hall.)

We hasten to point out, however, that even our most modest walk-ins now come with protective steel side beams. Also a lockable steering wheel, Full Coil suspension, protective inner fenders at all wheels.

Look into a walk-in first chance you get. Two truths will hit you when you do.
1. These are exceptional wagons.
2. These are also exceptional cars.

Putting you first, keeps us first.

On The Move. CHEVROLET

you to a walk-in.

If you want to create a Mild Sensation perhaps you should give one.

Around December 25th, who can say that he would not like to share the limelight in some way? Either for giving. Or by receiving.

Happily for us, we can satisfy both sides. And with Scotch, as you can plainly see.

A blend of 45 of the lightest Scotch whiskies Scotsmen have ever been able to marry. All at least eight years old.

Because we found that it takes that much time to make a smooth Scotch. So naturally, we're patient.

And then what you give (or if you're lucky enough, receive) is more than just light Scotch. It's a Mild Sensation.



Ambassador...The Mild Sensation

Mellowed 8 years

GIFT PACKAGED AT NO EXTRA COST

86 PROOF THE J. GARNEAU CO. NEW YORK, N.Y. © 1969

to carry the ball for the first time this season, and all he did was gain 111 yards and score twice as the Seminoles did in the Atlantic Coast leader, South Carolina, 34–9. "We've been playing checkers with our running backs, and now we're all a bunch of smart coaches," said State's Bill Peterson, while the Gamecocks' Paul Dietzel fumed, "We did a lot of dumb things today, and I did most of them."

MIDWEST

1. OHIO STATE (6-0)
2. MISSOURI (6-1)
3. PURDUE (6-1)

The chant in Oklahoma's locker room was "Bring On Missouri," and who could blame the Sooners for feeling giddy? They had warmed up for this week's Big Eight showdown with the Tigers by beating Iowa State so severely and in so many ways that it was almost embarrassing. In the air, Oklahoma Quarterback Jack Mildren hit 13 of 18 for 221 yards, but even that was peanuts compared to what Tailback Steve Owens did. He carried 53 times for 248 yards (both Oklahoma records), scored four touchdowns and, just for the hell of it, completed his only pass. Naturally, the press wanted to know if Steve was a little tired. "I could have carried 25 more times," said Owens, cheerfully, after sitting out the last series of downs in Oklahoma's 37–14 victory.

While Oklahoma was having all this fun, Missouri was getting a stiff dose of Kansas State's Lynn Dickey and not liking it very much. He passed for 394 yards, breaking an assortment of Big Eight records along the way, and even Missouri's 41–38 victory didn't placate Tiger Coach Dan Devine, who asked: "What has happened to defense?"

Devine's own offense was almost perfectly balanced: 237 yards on the ground and 227 in the air. Quarterback Terry McMillan threw for 223 yards and two touchdowns, but Jon Staggers hurt Kansas State the most. He threw a TD pass, scored himself on a 99-yard kickoff return and ran back a punt 40 yards to the Kansas State five to set up Missouri's winning points.

Colorado Coach Eddie Crowder decided to use Bobby Anderson as a decoy, which was fine with Nebraska. The Cornhuskers won 20–7 as Anderson carried only 12 times for 42 yards. Crowder invited a catcalling Nebraska fan to come out of the stands, then snapped "no comment" when asked about Anderson. Nebraska Coach Bob Devaney said, "We're as good as anybody now."

In the Big Ten, U.S. Representative Robert Taft Jr. (R., Ohio) came out strongly for repeal of the conference rule forbidding members from playing in any bowl other than the Rose. This was shortly after reports that the Cotton Bowl—or was it the Super Bowl?—wanted Ohio State. It was just a lot of boondoggling, of course, but the Columbus fans at least had something to talk about while the Buckeyes were tripping past Northwestern 35–6 for their 20th straight. Ohio State's Middle Guard Jim Stillwagon harassed Northwestern Quarterback Maury Daigneau all afternoon, but the sophomore still had 22 completions to break a school record held by a couple of pretty fair throwers—Otto Graham and Tommy Myers. But near the end Daigneau's shoulder was separated, possibly sidelining him for the season.

Although they cannot go to Pasadena this season, the Buckeyes still may decide who goes in their place. Three teams—Michigan, Purdue and Indiana—all are tied for second with 3-1 league records, and both Purdue and Michigan still have to play Ohio State. Indiana stopped Michigan State's running game and followed Quarterback Harry Gonso to a 16–0 victory. After Michigan stymied Wisconsin 35–7, Coach Bo Schembechler told the press he didn't want to think about the Rose Bowl yet. "The only one talking about it is Ohio State—and they can't go," he said. Purdue's Mike Phipps had an ordinary game—great, that means—as the Boilermakers dumped Illinois 49–22. Phipps hit on 19 of 35 passes and moved Illinois Coach Jim Vanek to say, "There's no defense for the perfect pass."

Toledo beat Ohio University 14–10 to win its first undisputed Mid-American title.

SOUTHWEST

1. TEXAS (6-0)
2. ARKANSAS (6-0)
3. HOUSTON (4-2)

At a press conference early in the week Texas A&M Coach Gene Stallings was asked what he thought about his upcoming opponent, unbeaten Arkansas. That set Stallings to grumbling, as coaches will do occasionally, about how Arkansas had been taking it easy the previous two weeks (an open date and a 52–14 romp over Wichita State) while the poor ol' Aggies had been "fighting for our lives" against Southwest rivals TCU and Baylor. "I can't tell how good they are," Stallings grumbled. "They haven't played that much. I can't find their good players in the films."

Well, Stallings didn't see much of the Arkansas stars during their game, either. The Razorback regulars scored five of the first six times they had the ball, then spent the last 25 minutes lolling on the bench while the scrubs ran out a 35–13 victory. Quarterback Bill Montgomery, who sat out the Wichita game to let his injuries heal, completed 14 of 19 passes for 174 yards. "They were good," said Stallings, with a snort. "Good and rested."

All four of Texas' starting backs (Jim Bertelsen, Ted Koy, Steve Worster, James Street) gained more than 100 yards as the Longhorns gained 611 yards rushing, a school record, while flattening SMU 45–14. "Texas has got the greatest college team I have ever seen and probably ever will see," gushed the losing coach, Hayden Fry, but the Longhorn players were not all that impressed with themselves. "Actually, we aren't a real good club yet," said Tackle Bobby Wuenseh, who opened a lot of holes in the SMU line. "We still have a lot of work to do." Texas' fine defensive tackle, Leo Brooks, tore some ligaments in his right knee and probably will be out for good.

A journalism class at the University of Houston was assigned to write up the Houston-Miami football game, and it was a cinch that no boy got more wrapped up in his homework than Earl Thomas. Besides being a member of the football team, Thomas also ended up as the game's hero, catching a seven-yard TD pass with only 11 seconds left as the Cougars beat Miami 38–36.

EAST

1. PENN STATE (7-0)
2. WEST VIRGINIA (6-0)
3. DARTMOUTH (6-0)

The last two times Dartmouth traveled to the Yale Bowl, Yale had run up a total of 103 points, and after the first quarter last week unbeaten Dartmouth must have thought it was going to happen again. Yale led 14–7, but then the Indians scored three touchdowns in a row, and it was all downhill from there on. Halfback Tom Quinn registered his second touchdown punt return in as many weeks (for 54 yards) and threw a touchdown pass as well, as Dartmouth came out with a 42–21 rout.

Yale did supply the leading rusher, Don Martin, a converted defensive back, who gained 137 yards and caused the NFL's leading rusher, Calvin Hill, to say that Martin should have been switched to offensive halfback last year. Reminded that he himself was the Yale halfback last year, Hill amended, "You're right. He should have been on defense."

Penn State's defense fooled Boston College for the first half and allowed BC a surprising 13 points. Or was it BC's offense that fooled Penn State? Midway into the third period, with the Nittany Lions trailing 16–10, the game fell into place and ended with Penn State on top 38–16. Mike Reid and the rest of the defense set up two touch-

continued

America's best selling premium champagne.



NEW YORK STATE CHAMPAGNE
THE TAYLOR WINE COMPANY, INC.,
HAMMONDSPORT, NEW YORK.

JVC's 'triple threat.' The 1600.

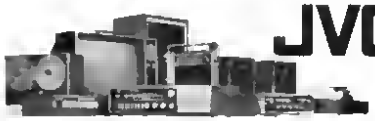
This portable cassette recorder helps you tackle any situation head on. Features unique pop-up cassette changing system. Just 3.1 lbs. Runs on 4 batteries, insures nobody runs on you. Tape up to 60 minutes of notes on opponents' offenses. Write JVC for the dealer nearest you and ask about the 1600.

JVC's "triple threat."



Catching On Fast

JVC



JVC America Inc. 50-35 56th Road Maspeth New York, N.Y. 11378 A Subsidiary of Victor Company of Japan Limited Tokyo Japan

ACTION:
ANY PLACE, ANY TIME

Every week, in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, all the best of sports action is brought to you in the world's most comfortable box seat (your favorite chair, wherever it may be) at the most convenient time (whenever you're ready). In word, in picture, in painting, SI is an exciting magazine about exciting events. Add to your enjoyment of the world of sport year 'round, from spring training to Superbowl, by merely removing and completing the subscription card inserted in this issue. Then drop it in the mail. Your seat is reserved and action is on the way.



downs as Safety Neal Smith stole his 17th career pass and eighth this season and End Gary Hull blocked a punt at the Eagles' 15. That ups State's total points accountable for by the defense to 58 for the season, based on 25 turnovers. Dennis Onkotz, a 6' 2", 212-pound linebacker who runs back punts, scored his first touchdown this season when he dashed 48 yards with one.

Syracuse, the near-upset victor over Penn State two weeks ago, turned victim this week, falling to Pittsburgh. The 21-20 game was almost more upsetting for its errors than for its outcome, but the winning play was no mistake. Pitt Coach Carl DePasqua called a fake placement after the Panthers' second touchdown, and the Orangemen fell for it, allowing Quarterback Frank Gustine to hit George Medich in the end zone, gaining a 15-14 lead. Said DePasqua, "Our kids gutted it out all the way—the greatest win of my life."

Speaking of errors, most of the Army-Air Force game seemed to be one big one. Neither team appeared to want the win, but Air Force finally succumbed to it, 13-6, on a 96-yard kickoff return late in the game.

WEST

1. USC (6-0-1)
2. UCLA (7-0-1)
3. STANFORD (4-2-1)

The least of Coach Jim Owens' problems was Washington's 57-14 loss to UCLA—even though it dropped the Huskies' record to 0-7 and was the worst drubbing ever received by Washington under Owens. On Thursday afternoon Owens had lined up his 80 players on the sidelines and interviewed them, one by one, on the matter of team loyalty. Later he told Assistant Coach Carver Gayton, a black, to drop four blacks from the squad because "they could not give me assurance they were prepared to give total commitment to the ball club and the Washington football program."

The following morning the team was confronted with some 200 protesters as it prepared to board buses on the first leg of the trip to UCLA. Then the team's other nine blacks, along with Gayton, decided not to go. These players would "incur no official reprimand or recrimination," Washington Athletic Director Joe Kearney said later, "because they indicated they were under considerable pressure not to board the bus—even to the extent of threat of physical violence to themselves and their families." That night Owens' 17-year-old daughter, Cathy Eloise, reported that she was struck in the face after four men—two black, two white—forced her car off a road.

Arriving at UCLA, Owens refused to com-

continued

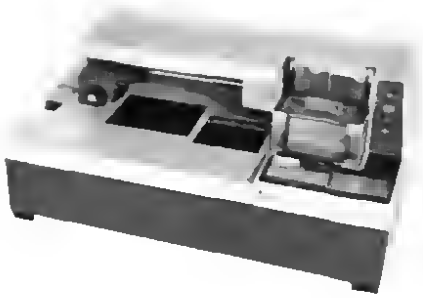
We designed the new Pitney-Bowes Addresser-Printer to solve a major business problem you may not know you have.

The problem: Repetitive writing

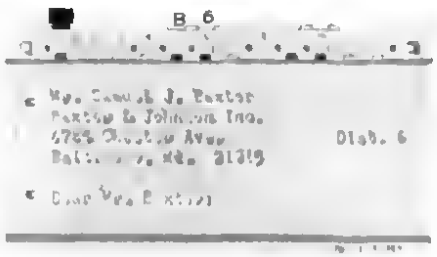
Characterized by late statements ..mistakes in mailing lists ..boring, boring, boring typing of tax forms, checks, customer addresses, lists .and on and on and on.

Pitney-Bowes' Answer:

Our new Model 7200 desktop electric Addresser-Printer It addresses mailing lists.. heads up statements and invoices...dates and numbers documents ..prints names on W-2 and 941 tax forms .inserts names and checks, dates and signs them ,and performs at least 35 other tedious addressing and printing jobs at a rate of 60 a minute. It's four times faster than the fastest typist and it only costs about as much as an electric typewriter. Whisperquiet roller printer action makes the 7200 easy to operate with typewriter-sharp imprints every time. And the feeding hopper for plates and all other controls are conveniently located up front The 7200 prints, skips, or repeats at the touch of a button.



The heart of the system is a simple plate containing up to 10 lines (460 characters) of information from which you can print as much or as little as you choose—as many times as you choose.



If you now recognize you have a repetitive writing problem, get more information by filling out and mailing the coupon

Pitney Bowes
4999 Crosby Street
Stamford Conn 06904
Please send me information about the new
7200 desktop Addresser-Printer

Name
Company
Street
City
State

Postage Meters, Addresser-Printers Folders, Inserters Counters & Imprinters Scales MailOpeners Collators Copiers Fluid Controls 190 offices throughout the U S and Canada

Pitney-Bowes
ADDRESSER PRINTERS

It isn't the ice that makes the goalie turn blue.

It's your color TV set

Most color sets do brutal things to flesh tones They can turn a player's face blue, or green or even purple

Most color TV sets But not the new Magnavox with Total Automatic Color

TAC keeps the color right all the time, automatically Even when you switch from channel to channel Or when the scene changes (TAC also keeps the picture perfectly tuned, automatically)

No more jumping up and down to adjust the color when you switch from one game to another With Magnavox Total Automatic Color, you just set the color and forget it

And now Magnavox gives you a brighter picture, too With the brilliant new MX500 color tube

Relax and enjoy sporting events in their true colors—on a Magnavox with Total Automatic Color

Then, if a goalie turns black and blue, you'll know it's just part of the game.

TAC

Set and forget TOTAL AUTOMATIC COLOR. Only Magnavox has it.

©THE MAGNAVOX COMPANY, 1969

ment, except to say that he would meet with all the players—including the blacks—upon his return to Seattle Meanwhile the blacks alumni club called for Owens' immediate dismissal, calling his actions "uncompromising bigotry and totally unconstitutional " As for the game, Owens hastily called up eight players from the deep reserves to join the team in Los Angeles, and UCLA took advantage of the confusion to lead 23-0 before the first 15 minutes were up "We wanted this one for the big man [Owens]," said End Dan Roberson "He s in a bad spot, but we just couldn't do it "

At Tempe, Ariz , another team with racial problems, Wyoming (SI, Nov 3), was beaten by Arizona State 30 14—the Cowboys' first loss of the season The game drew 48,129, a Western Athletic Conference record, and it was played under tight security because of rumors about possible demonstrations in protest of Coach Lloyd Eaton's dismissal of 14 blacks three weeks ago More than two dozen deputy sheriffs ringed the field, but no trouble was reported except what happened to Wyoming on the field The Sun Devils ran up 323 yards passing, and Fullback Art Malone gained 69 yards on the ground to break the alltime WAC career rushing record "We knew before the season that Arizona State had the best tools in the league," said Eaton, who refused to discuss the dismissed blacks "It's just like we graduated 14 players. We have to make do with what we have " Wyoming lost the league lead to Utah, which beat Utah State 27 7 and has a 3-0 WAC record The Cowboys play at Utah next

Not to be outdone by UCLA, Southern Cal also remained unbeaten in the Pacific Eight, albeit with its usual hairy finish Three field goals by Cal's Randy Wersching had given the Bears a 9-7 lead, but then USC went off on a quick 55-yard drive that ended with Clarence Davis scoring from the one, with 57 seconds left At Corvallis, Stanford's defense jarred Oregon State into six fumbles, four interceptions and a safety, while the Indians' Jim Plunkett was passing his team to an easy 33 0 win. **END**

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

THE BACK: Quarterback Archie Manning passed and ran Ole Miss to a come-from-behind 26 23 victory over previously unbeaten LSU Manning, from Drew, Miss , hit on 22 of 36 passes for 210 yards and ran for three TDs

THE LINEMAN: Ohio State Middle Guard Jim Stillwagon made eight tackles and recovered a fumble to set up a Buckeye TD in the 35 6 win over Northwestern "I thought he was one of our backs " said an opposing coach

A 5¢ Bargain right under your nose.

Our full-sized Roi-Tan has such great taste it's the best selling 10¢ cigar. So now we'd like to tell you about a 5¢ bargain that tastes every bit as good.

It's the Roi-Tan Tip. It costs the same as a lot of other tipped cigars, but that's where the similarity ends. And, we make two other 5¢ cigars, besides. Trumps and Cigarillos and a 4¢ cigar called Golfers. They all have that great Roi-Tan taste. And they all cost a nickel or less.



Roi-Tan The Crowd Pleaser.









Meanwhile back at the Coffield ranch . . .

A sumptuous oasis sits in the middle of the arid South Texas brush country, serving as a haven for rich but weary hunters who have spent a frustrating day chasing skittery blue quail across the thorny land

The Coffield ranch lies about 125 miles south of San Antonio in what Texans call 15-minute country because the colors of the landscape are forever changing. Hunters call it paradise. One reason is the ranch compound a collection of sparkling white stucco buildings with Chinese-red tile roofs, luxury accommodations for 45 guests, liveried servants, tall slender palm trees and citrus groves, sweeping courtyards and carefully manicured gardens. Some hunters are so entranced they never leave the compound. Others who fly to the ranch each fall never bring a gun. But nobody ever forgets a Coffield quail shoot.

Sumptuous as the compound is, the best part of Oilman-Industrialist Pete Coffield's 18,000-acre ranch lies beyond the lawns, where the mesquite, cat's-claw, cactus and huisache begin. This is the real South Texas brush country, a vast, untamed, beautiful land where every bush is covered with thorns, every limb thrusts sharp spines at the sky and the horizon stretches to tomorrow. Temperatures soar to 100° in summer and drop to zero in winter. Rains are separated by decades, and water is as highly valued as oil. Here, among the blue thorn and prickly pear, are mountain lions and bobcats, wild pigs and coyotes, white-tailed deer and quail, all in numbers that make the most conservative estimates of a game and fish department sound like Texas braggadocio.

On a typical fall quail shoot at the Coffield ranch, guests arrive at the San Antonio airport on Friday from such places as New York City, Washington, Miami, Detroit, Indianapolis, San Francisco and Palm Springs, Calif. The three Coffield planes, a blue and white DC-3, a Twin Beech and a Baron, ferry the hunters to the ranch. White-jacketed waiters move up and down the blue-carpeted aisles serving cocktails and hors d'oeuvres, new friends meet, old friends greet and everyone speculates on who will be there.

On the opening weekend of the past quail season John Harper, president of Alcoa, was there, as were Oscar Wyatt of Coastal States Gas, W. Ervin James, the general counsel for the Houston Astrodome, Judge Homer Thornberry, once President Johnson's nominee for the Supreme Court, and various oilmen and industrialists. The women included some young and rich, some older and richer and a television personality beautiful and rich. Also present were bright young lawyers, administrators and entrepreneurs, who, if they were not yet rich, looked as if they were soon going to be. If a few of the women, with big diamonds, looked less than outdoorsy, nobody seemed to notice—or care.

Under these conditions it is possible to enjoy a quail shoot and never go outdoors at all. For people who do not want to shoot there is round-the-clock gin rummy in the game room. The games go on under the sober stares of mounted deer and boar heads festooned with several dozen pairs of binoculars that hang like Christmas tree ornaments from antlers and tusks. The nonshooters can ponder the exotica collected from many continents—Bavarian glass; English silver and china, African carvings; full-mounted leopards, lions, jaguar and deer; ornate lamps, Oriental vases. Or they can swim in the free-form pool on the walled terrace that is decorated with flowers, fountains, palm trees and alabaster nudes in playgirl poses, or they can simply pass the time wheeling and dealing, drinking, dining and dozing—all Texas style.

But on each of the eight or 10 Coffield hunts during the three-month season there are always a few true Texas quail hunters—such men as Harper, Sam Winters, an attorney of Austin, and, of course, Pete Coffield, the host, and his son Pete Jr., who is the actual owner of the ranch. For them there is probably more and better shooting here than anywhere in the country. Certainly there seem to be more quail—both blue and bobwhite—per acre than anywhere else in Texas. The man responsible for this is Miles Bingaman, the Coffield game manager. For 28 years he has been trapping predators on the ranch, setting up and supervising year-round feeding and habitat programs and producing bumper game crops.

There are 20 elevated blinds—called deer derricks—on the ranch. They are carpeted wall to wall. Watching from one in the early morning suggests a Walt Disney nature movie privately screened for the hidden viewer. Deer, not two or three but a dozen and more, cluster about in the clearing below like debutantes at a reception. Their breath in the still-chill air is visible, and saliva hangs in long silvery strands from their mouths. A family of wild pigs ambles out of the thornbush—three large adults and five small pigs scrambling on stubby legs to keep up. The deer look up, disinterested, and resume their feeding.

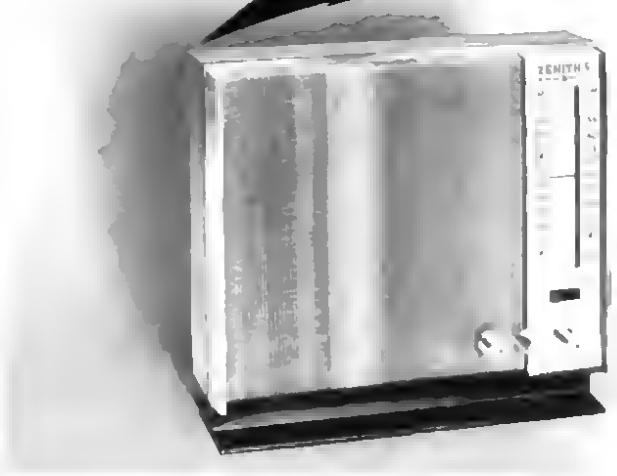
Around their feet, waddling in and out among the hooves, a covey of blue quail shares the feast. They are interesting birds to watch. They are never still, bobbing about on stiff-jointed legs, always in a hurry, and not sure which way to go. But hunting them is another

continued

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JERRY COOKE

LEAVING the comfort of the ranch compound, host Pete Coffield (hatless) joins the firing line beside John Harper, president of Alcoa.

ZENITH



High-Rise radio!

Now Zenith brings you the greatest sight in FM/AM sound. Slim, modern design in a new high-rise table radio. Strikingly different, from its grained walnut-color cabinet, to its color-coordinated speaker grille. Big, rich sound, from a full-sized oval speaker. 1800 milliwatts peak output. See and hear *The Fashionaire,* Model A418W, at your Zenith dealer's.

At Zenith, the quality goes in before the name goes on



"Ready when you are, C2B."

C2B is ready, too. Ready to help you shoot professional-looking super 8 movies.

Because Bauer's C2B camera has professional features like smooth 8-to-1 power zoom Schneider f/1.8 lens, three battery-powered speeds including true slow motion, automatic wiping mask for fade-ins and fade-outs, manual override of auto exposure control for special affects, bright reflex viewfinding, through-the-lens CdS electric-eye exposure control and built-in pistol grip for steady hand-held shots.

Ask your dealer to demonstrate the C2B and Bauer's seven other versatile cameras (including the exclusive, new C-Royal, the only super-8 that shoots lap dissolves) and two auto-threading projectors. They all put on a great show.



Bauer®
From $50 to under $525*

Allied Impex Corp., 168 Glen Cove Road, Carle Place, N.Y. 11514. Chicago, Dallas, Glendale, Calif. In Canada: Kingsway Film Equipment Ltd., Ontario.

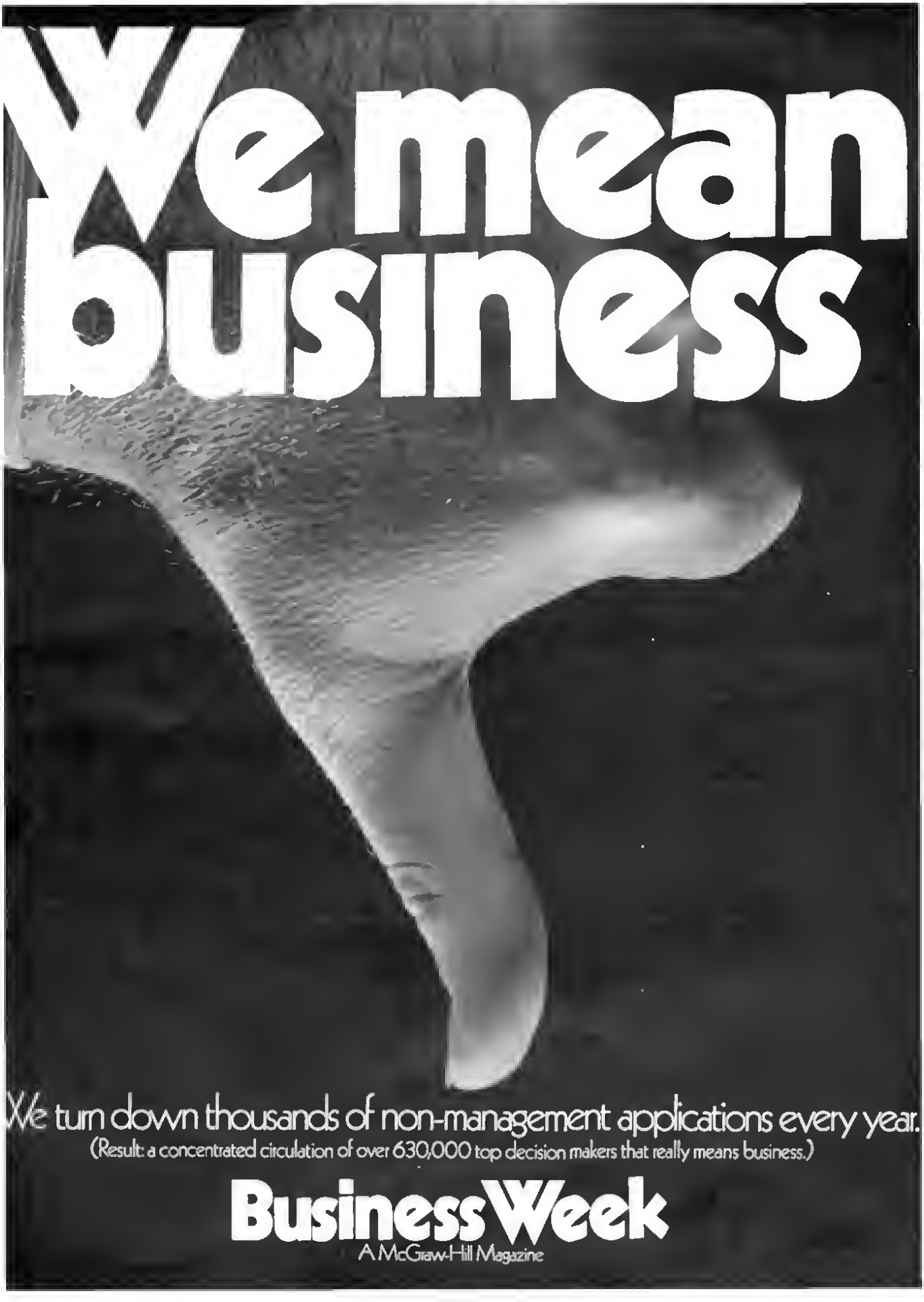
BAUER® ROBERT BOSCH ELEKTRON • *DEALER DETERMINES PR... IN YOUR AREA

story. Unlike the bobwhite, the South Texas blue or scaled quail would rather run than fly. A covey of 50 birds (not unusual on the Coffield ranch) may be dining and dozing sociably when a man alert sounds. Normal quail take to the air. Blue quail resort to mass confusion, scattering in 50 directions, darting from bush to bush, scooting across sandy channels and diving into islands of prickly pear. They offer just enough momentary glimpses to tempt a hunter into giving chase.

That is always disastrous. The hunter is invariably outrun and outraged by every bush and bramble. The blue quail is a master at this sort of psychological warfare. But, in spite of the odds, the bird *can* be beaten—at least now and then. All that is required is to be as crafty as the blue quail itself, though it requires considerable concentration. It also helps to use one of the ranch's 18 bright new red and yellow Broncos and jeeps (equipped with gun racks, game boxes, shell trays and spotting seats) for getting around the ranch and into the rough country where the quail are. "We bought a few extra Broncos," Bingaman explained, "because when the mornings get real cold some of them don't always start. Or a guest runs out of gas just when the hunting's good, and he doesn't want to wait around while the tank's being filled. This way he just picks up a full one and is back in business."

Most quail hunters go out in pairs, generally in early morning or late afternoon, each scanning a side of the rough dirt tracks that crisscross the ranch. Once a covey is spotted they leave the jeep and hunt on foot. They try to sneak up on the quarry, remaining so silent that they take the birds by surprise and thus startle them into flight.

Occasionally this happens, but when it does not, and you make the bruising cross-country run after these skittering creatures, you derive some comfort in knowing that in the end there is all that food, drink and fellowship back at the compound, and all those beautiful ladies in bikinis at the pool, all the games to be played and the deals to be made. The guests know, too, that they will go home with gift baskets full of ranch-grown oranges and pecans, Mexican carvings, walking sticks, alabaster elephants and assorted knickknacks. Nobody, not even a quail hunter, leaves a Coffield shoot empty-handed. **END**


We mean business
We turn down thousands of non-management applications every year.
(Result: a concentrated circulation of over 630,000 top decision makers that really means business.)
BusinessWeek
A McGraw-Hill Magazine

When you're down and out, don't lift up your head. . . .

Even in golf there are times when discretion is the better part of valor, and this predicament is one of them. That's me in the sand trap, standing about 50 feet below the plateaued green. I am not even thinking about making my par: indeed, I will be pleased with a bogey. What I don't want to do is play my next shot from the same trap. In such a spot, forget about the position of the pin on the green. Simply try to put your trap shot any place on the plateau. Here is how you must set up for this shot. Take a wide-open stance, line up the ball off the toe of your left foot, and open the club face. Move your hands to the right of where they normally would be. (These adjustments will provide more loft to the shot.) As you hit through the ball, work the club on an outside-to-inside trajectory. Force your right hand under the left—hitting hard with the right at impact—but do not take as much sand as usual. Remember to keep your head down and execute a high follow-through. If the ball gets up out of the sand and onto the plateau, you should be more than satisfied.



FRANCIS GOLDEN

When you're in a trap as deep as a well, open your stance, open the blade of your sand wedge and be satisfied with any shot that gets you out.

© 1989 Golden Bear Enterprises, Inc. All rights reserved

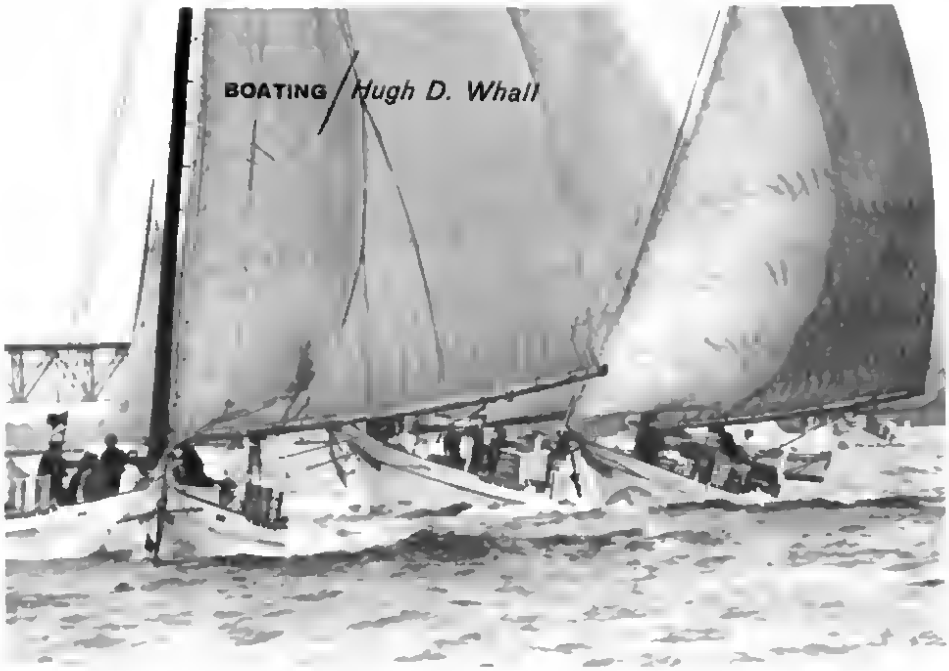
We mean business

For 18 years advertisers have bought more pages in Business Week than in any other consumer magazine except one.



BusinessWeek

A McGraw Hill Magazine



BOATING / Hugh D. Whall

In a grand reach back to the past, Chesapeake Bay's arster-drudging skipjack sailors met in a race ruled by their own code—survival

The oystermen were in season

Cap'n Jesse Thomas, one of the principal characters in last Saturday's wild and wonderful skipjack sailing race on Chesapeake Bay, is something of a genius in his line of work. Cap'n Jesse is an oyster dredger, which means he is blood and bone with the lurid history of his craft—with days of shanghaied seamen, murder and mischief, and also of thrilling races to the oyster markets to fetch the best prices. With his clipper-bowed skipjack *Sea Gull*, Cap'n Jesse slaves from November to March over oyster banks bearing old evocative names: Love Point, Tea Table, Snake Rip, Daddy Dear.

Like all Maryland watermen, Jesse Thomas says "rock" for oyster bank, "drudge" for dredge and "arster" for oyster. For 40 years he has been drudging for arsters over banks his father had drudged before him. In a fog he needs only a marker or two to keep drudging all day, and at dusk he'll find his way home, never worry. Back and forth across the rocks he sails like a plowman tilling a field, using the mainsail reefs as brakes to keep *Sea Gull*'s speed down to a manageable rate of between two and four knots.

But oyster dredging by sail is a dying art in this age of easy power, and the Cap'n Jesses a dying breed. Where there were thousands of skipjacks a century ago, there are now but a few score—and they are the last examples of working sail in America.

This very rarity—plus the Maryland waterman's ancient disregard for nice-Nelly rules of sailing—has made the annual skipjack race the best-attended sailing event in the U.S. Some 12,000 spectators assembled on shore, down the bay from Annapolis, and there were hundreds of small craft out on the water as the 27 competing skipjacks milled about before the start.

Since the day also marked Cap'n Jesse's 54th birthday, on *Sea Gull* there was a feast of fried oysters and crab cakes and soft-shell crabs for his family and a good number of friends. These did not depart when the race began; in this flotilla any number can play. All across the fleet, decks were jammed with amiable picnickers. Among those aboard *Sea Gull* were Thomas' sons: Jerry, who arrived with an elaborate cake depicting a boat and birds in icing of blue, buff and white, Phil, Jesse Jr. and 17-year-old Kenneth, who had passed up the opening day of the duck season to race. Altogether, it was a sight to turn a yachtsman's soul inside out.

Mrs. Thomas cooked the spread in a tiny galley and son Phil served on deck. Most unyachtsmanlike was he in fedora and leather-soled brogans, but a splendid disher-out of grub. When the oysters ran out, up came the soft-shell crabs. "Have another," he'd insist. "Have another."

In the grand jostle at the start, it quickly became clear that the North American Yacht Racing rules did not apply—and perhaps not those of the Marquess of Queensberry, either. "The general attitude," as the late Wendell Bradley, a chronicler of the watermen, has written, "is to win the race and hang the rules." The nearest skipjacks come, even to an unwritten rule is, "The older man and the one closest to home has the right-of-way." The most fundamental of racing rules—the one giving a boat on a starboard tack right-of-way over one on a port tack—is interpreted by the skipjack sailors to contain the rider . . . "if the port tack boat is chicken enough to give way."

The rules-be-damned approach was demonstrated merrily as the boats *Ann Mister*, *Sigsbee* and, alas, *Sea Gull*, rounded the first mark of the 4.5-mile course. As they raced on, stern-to-bowsprit, a collision was unavoidable. Hard astern of the race leader, *Rosie Parks*, came *Sigsbee*, closely tailed by *Sea Gull* and the rapidly approaching *Ann Mister*. Instead of giving room to the inside boats, as prissy yacht racing rules prescribe, *Sigsbee* boldly squeezed *Sea Gull* up toward the mark and the onrushing *Ann Mister*. Those of us aboard *Sea Gull* watched helplessly as *Ann Mister* flew onward, a froth of white at her bow, until hazily she began to acknowledge the peril by swinging in a stately turn. It came too late. The jaws closed. Crunch went *Sea Gull*'s rail as *Ann Mister*'s stern-slung yawl boat raked across the deck. Propelled now by *Ann Mister*, *Sea Gull* rammed *Sigsbee* broadside and stuck fast.

There they sat in an unholy raft, three skipjacks with their rigs, hulls and gear locked in a mess. If such an accident had befallen three yachts in a normal race, the epithets, protests and threats to arm, leg and neck would have been heard in Baltimore 30 miles away. Watermen who live by sail and work all season long hull to hull take such smashes

continued

We mean business



You can read Newsweek, Time and U.S. News & World Report and still not get as much business news as from Business Week alone.

BusinessWeek

A McGraw-Hill Magazine

Source: Lloyd H. Hall Co.

more laconically. Without so much as an audible oath, Cap'n Jesse merely said, "Drop the sail, Wickie. Drop the sail." Everywhere on the boat there were sheepish grins.

Somehow the tangle unwound without so much as a mast toppling or a boat sinking, but it ruined any chance *Sea Gull* might have had of catching *Rosie Parks*. She was the favorite anyway—the winner of the four previous races and smartly sailed, as usual, by Skipper Orville Parks. Her only real challenger for the $75 first prize proved to be *Kathryn*, out of Wingate, Md., Malcolm Wheatley, captain. "Where's *Rosie*? Where's that boy?" was all Jesse Thomas could mutter as the crew washed away its disappointment with a few swallows of "rheumatism medicine."

Cap'n Jesse's *Sea Gull*, with her clipper bow, rakish loblolly pine mast and huge mainsail was, like many skipjacks, designed by what watermen call "rack of eye." As the expression suggests, her builder knocked her together from lines and dimensions stored in his head, instead of a set of fancy blueprints. Except for length, which may range from 36 to 60 feet, one skipjack looks much like another to landlubbers. But watermen recognize subtle differences. It is, for example, instantly apparent to them that the hull of the *Rosie Parks* could have come only from the eye and hand of Orville Parks' brother, a man called Bronza, who created a thing of swanlike beauty in the *Rosie* but was not so fortunate with all of his designs—or at least his customers. One disgruntled man pulled a gun on Bronza some years ago and shot him dead.

It should be noted that Orville Parks is 73 years old and no man to be trifled with on the banks or around the buoys. He is very keen on winning the race and does so regularly, in part because *Rosie* chews out to windward so well, but also because he permits no partying aboard in the style of Cap'n Jesse and most of the others.

While violence of weather and water remain close kinsmen to the watermen, who've changed about as much over the past 100 years as the oyster itself, they no longer practice shanghaiing or other unconventional labor practices. In the 1890s crewmen were often paid off "by the boom" in lieu of wages.

"Hey, honey," a skipper would call. "Hey honey, get up there and see what's wrong with the boom, it don't look right." As soon as the unsuspecting victim was well placed, the skipper would suddenly jibe the huge main, summarily sweeping the crewman overboard—where he rapidly perished in icy water. "I can recall bodies washing up ashore at home," said 90-year-old Captain Thomas A. Trott, an ex-marine policeman who also recalls vividly the oyster wars when more than one dredger was shot between the eyes for poaching on appetizing grounds belonging to someone else.

The cause of the old wars among the dredgers, the cops and the tongers—the latter men who take oysters by hand, using long, scissorlike rakes called tongs—was a conservation law setting aside separate areas for tonging and dredging. The dredgers bitterly resented the tongers, and when they weren't fighting battles with one another, they were taking on the law. The dredgers piously believed the police had no right to say who dredged what where, since obviously God had created oysters, oystermen, the wind and the bay.

Caught in the crossfire between dredger and tonger, the marine police, or oyster navy, as they once were known, were constantly being shot up. *Harper's Weekly* describes one such skirmish. In this case a crew of tough dredgers from Dorchester County ". . . boldly captured a police sloop, drove her crew ashore and threw her arms overboard." Still not satisfied, they took apart the police boat plank by plank. On a smaller scale, the oyster wars continued right up to the early 1950s.

As Saturday's fleet returned to Annapolis—peacefully, and with very little rheumatism about—they passed the Schaefer Brewing Company's shiny replica of the yacht *America*, the schooner which gave her name to the America's Cup. With her beautifully turned hull she symbolizes all that the oyster dredgers are not. she's a yacht, she glows with polish and her decks are lined with soft-soled sailors. But she's a copy. Hers is the appeal of a mummy in a museum. The skipjacks, even as they dwindle in numbers, still have the warmth of flesh and blood and spirit in their lovely old hulls. **END**



Pen $8.50 *Pencil $8.50* *Set $17.00*

12 Karat Gold Filled
writing instruments

Guaranteed
for a lifetime of
writing pleasure

CROSS®

SINCE 1846

© 1968 A. T. CROSS CO., LINCOLN, R. I. 00000

The daily routine. Hurried. Harried. On the run. Wouldn't it be nice to have an Escape Machine?



1970 Olds Delta 88 Royale, Youngmobile Thinking opens up the big-car world.

A nice place to be, the big-car world of Oldsmobile. Roomy. Relaxing. Very, very elegant. Turn the key on this Delta 88 Royale and a Rocket 455 V-8 comes on strong in the performance department. And stays strong—delivers smoother, longer lasting V-8 performance—thanks to a new Oldsmobile exclusive. Positive Valve Rotators. What do they do for you? They rotate the valves constantly—providing better valve seating and perfect sealing for longer, more efficient engine operation. Also standard on Royale: vinyl top, fender louvers, pinstriping. But there are a number of nice things you can't even see on a Delta 88. Like a radio antenna cleverly concealed in the windshield glass—nothing to mar those sleek lines. And body sideguard beams—extra protection built right into the doors. You can even order a washer/wiper control conveniently built into the gear selector lever. Try an Olds Escape Machine today.

Oldsmobile: Escape from the ordinary.

Protects you with energy-absorbing padded instrument panel, sideguard beams, bias-ply glass-belted tires, side marker lights and reflectors, four-way hazard warning flasher, anti-theft steering column. **Pampers you** with luxurious interiors, rotary glove box latch, easy-to-read instruments. **Pleases you** with Oldsmobile's famous quiet ride, responsive power, and contemporary styling. Come see it soon.

GM



Instant ocean: it just keeps rolling along

A magic machine makes waves out where there has been no sea for eons—and surfers, like the girl at left, all come to see it and try it

In the summer of 1967 everybody was hot and testy. By mid-July, in a dozen U.S. cities, rioting in the streets had become a way of life. In Vietnam the same old war dragged on. The Red Chinese were fighting among themselves. In Africa the Congolese brought their old civil war back to a full boil, and in the Near East the Arabs and Israelis concluded a Six-Day War and kept on shooting. In Montreal, Charles de Gaulle proclaimed that Quebec should be France-West and in Havana, Stokely Carmichael declared that the United States was run by white mice.

During that endless summer, when a great many people were making waves out of nothing, in a bankrupt pool hall in Phoenix, Ariz., Phillip Dexter, age 40, was using plain tap water to create five-inch ripples. The abandoned pool hall where Phil Dexter made his ripples was located in the civil riot district of Phoenix. On several riotous nights snipers used the roof of the pool hall, but because the plate-glass windows were papered over they were not aware that Phil Dexter also was making waves one floor below. That, of course, was fortunate, for nothing spoils a secret small-wave operation so much as when bigger wave makers start throwing fire bombs through the windows.

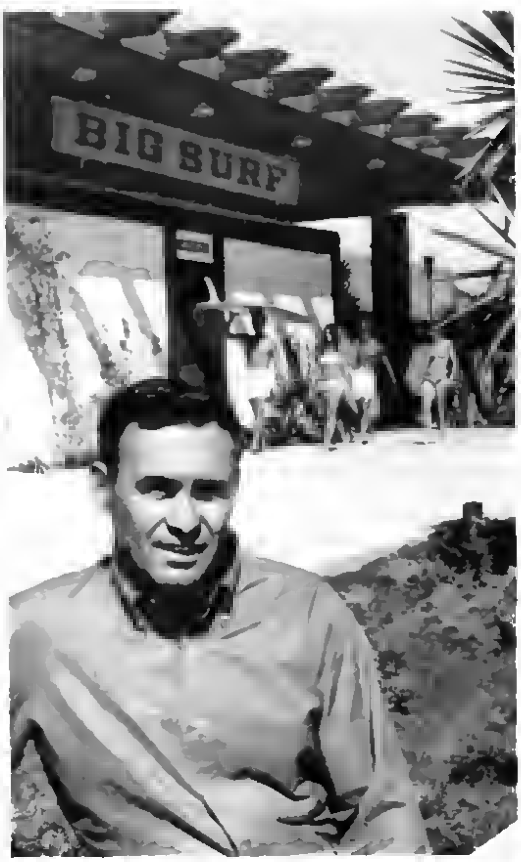
Although Dexter made only small waves, he made a hell of a lot of them—in that mad summer he is probably the only man who made more than 60,000 waves without attracting any attention. First Dexter created his secret mini-waves in a rather hit-or-miss fashion in a narrow sloping vat two feet wide and 30 feet long. By the end of the summer, at the flick of a switch, he was turning out waves automatically in a miniature lagoon that was 40 feet by 30 feet and held 1,000 gallons of water. When Dexter hit the switch of his automatic wave maker in the pool hall, two pumps began filling a reservoir that rose vertically at one end of the miniature lagoon. Inside the reservoir there was a toilet float. When the pumps raised the water in the reservoir 17 inches above the level of the miniature lagoon, the toilet float actuated a switch that opened an underwater gate for a sliver of a second. Each time the gate opened, splut, a five-inch wave would emerge from the base of the reservoir, roll across the lagoon and spend itself, frothing and singing, on the far shore.

Splut, splut, splut; every 20 seconds the little waves emerged. No two of them were exactly alike, but almost every one was a little rolling beauty with a slick concave face and a feathery fringe on top. To enhance the spectacle of his automatic mini-waves, Dexter adorned the imported California beach sand at the shallow end of his pool-hall lagoon with scale-model palm trees and Polynesian houses. At the sight of such lovely waves spilling onto such an exotic shore, any Lilliputian surfer who happened into the pool hall would have been stoked, really stoked. As it turned out, the only creatures that used Dexter's miniature surfing paradise were the large roaches that shared the premises. In the course of the summer a number of the pool-hall roaches ventured, or fell, into the little lagoon and drowned.

As anyone with a drop of water on the brain might have guessed, Phil Dexter hoped someday to turn his little pool-hall operation into something bigger. And indeed he did. Today, nine miles east of the Phoenix pool hall on an arid flat in the adjacent city of Tempe, there is a full-scale replica of the little dream lagoon that Dexter built two years ago. Today it is all there, life-sized: the Polynesian houses, the wind-tossed palms and the singing waves—a 7½-acre Pacific paradise sitting on sunbaked Arizona ground that has not been washed by the real sea for 300 million years.

The only jolting difference between the original pool-hall lagoon and the full-scale paradise that now exists in Tempe is the effectiveness of the instant surf that Dexter invented. Two years ago in the hot and sweaty pool hall, each time the small gate of Dexter's model reservoir opened, about 23 gallons of water burbled out, exerting enough force to nudge a drowned roach a few feet toward shore. By contrast, the 157½-foot-wide reservoir at the deep end of the life-sized lagoon in Tempe is a mighty giant, containing half a million gallons of water. Each time the 15 underwater gates of the reservoir flick open, in 1.7 seconds, 50,000 gallons roll out and over

continued



WAVE MAKER DEXTER—AND CLIENTS

Drop the hint.

Surely someone's looking for the perfect gift for you. Suggest our portable 8-track stereo because it can be taken so many ways. To a picnic, a party—wherever the heart desires.

Outdoors, it plays on batteries. (Even car or boat batteries with the optional, extra adapter.) Indoors, house current takes over. Just insert the cartridge for a beautiful experience in Stereo.

Ask for this portable 8-track stereo and our other tape models at your RCA dealer. You might even find something nice for someone else.



Have a free one on us



A full pouch of our tobacco for an empty pouch of yours.

It's hard to put the special taste . the special smell of Paladin Blackcherry into words So we'll put it into your pipe instead. We'll send you a free pouch of Paladin Blackcherry — if you send us any empty pouch of what you're smoking now.

Mail to P O Box 1880, Grand Central Station, New York, N Y 10017

Here's my empty pouch Please send me a full FREE pouch of Paladin Blackcherry

Name_____
(Please print plainly)

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____
(U S. postal regulations require use of Zip Code)

Offer expires Dec 31 1969 Offer limited to continental United States One pouch limit adults only Offer void where prohibited or otherwise restricted by law

YOUNG CAR THIEVES NEED YOUR HELP

DON'T GIVE IT TO THEM

Lock your car. Take your keys.

TIP IT...TAP IT...
ONE DROP FRESHENS BREATH INSTANTLY!



a submerged baffle, with a thunderous whump that sounds like a salvo from a battleship somewhere over the horizon. The sudden shock of 50,000 gallons of water on the 2½-acre lagoon creates a five-foot wave that can carry several dozen surfers more than 100 yards on its slippery face

To create a surfable five-foot wave on a sloping ocean shore, dear Mother Nature has to keep a 15-knot wind blowing for a day across a 400-mile fetch of water. At Big Surf, in a span of 40 feet—whump—a surfable wave is born once a minute Early this fall, before Big Surf was open to the public, a dozen surfers had driven 300 miles or more from the California coast, hungering for a chance to try the instant surf in the desert Like ancient wise men following a strange star, curious oceanographers also came into the desert and saw the miracle of the waves and were mightily shaken and went back into their own lands to spread the word.

In some respects Dexter's Big Surf in Arizona is a trifle too real On their first day at Big Surf, some women are reluctant to put their heads under the waves for fear of spoiling their hairdos in salt water Surfers who fall off their boards on their first ride often insist they can taste salt in the water (it is their own sweat draining off their heads). Children accustomed to the seashore scan the gravelly strand of Big Surf for shells—and actually find a few fragments of freshwater clams. In the quiet of evening ducks occasionally settle into the lagoon, but after dipping their bills a few times and tasting chlorine they move on. In the gold light of one late October afternoon, a least bittern lit on a piling at Big Surf and cocked its head from side to side, searching the lagoon for a sign of schooling fish. Impressed by the realism of Big Surf, Robert Allison of the *Phoenix Gazette* wrote: "The only thing it needs to duplicate a penned-up portion of ocean beach is a few old beer cans and some tar on the sand."

Phil Dexter, the Big Surf man, never saw the ocean until he went to sea in the closing year of World War II. Because he served on the U.S.S *Saginaw Bay*, a pocket carrier that wallowed like a teak raft, he might have come to hate waves except that he was blessed with an iron gut. While those about him on the *Saginaw Bay* were throwing up, Dex-

ter enjoyed the spectacle of heavy seas. He did not get a good look at waves again until 1965, when he left Phoenix temporarily to serve as a construction engineer on two projects in California. While driving from one project in San Diego to the other in Los Angeles, Dexter often pulled off the road to watch wave riders at San Onofre, Dana Point and Huntington Beach. "What was there about the waves?" Dexter says. "I do not know, except that they were beautiful. To me they were very beautiful when people were riding them."

When he returned to Phoenix, egged on by the surfers who frequently performed on television, Dexter became obsessed with the idea of making inland waves. By the fall of 1966 he had stuffed himself with hydrological data and had built a three-foot-wide backyard wave maker that burped out three gallons of water and created a 2½-inch wave.

From his backyard experiments Dexter knew that the creation of a good, rolling wave depended on a neat relationship of several critical elements: the height of the head of water, the size and speed of the submerged gate, the shape and height of the baffle and the configuration of the lagoon over which the wave would roll. Even after he had put together the right combination to produce a good-looking 2½-inch wave, he still had one big doubt: if he built a wave maker 24 times as large, would it turn out a five-foot wave that shaped up as well?

To find the answer Dexter telephoned a professional colleague, a soil and foundation engineer named Dwaine Sergent. At the outset Dexter told Sergent a big fat lie: specifically, that his 14-year-old son had built a scale-model wave machine as a school science project and needed an expert opinion. When Sergent did not rise to this bait, Dexter admitted that he, not his son, had built the machine "for recreational purposes." Although Dexter knew that Sergent had worked with waves in test tanks, he did not know that Sergent also had a solid reputation as the world's second-worst surfer. (Dexter himself is the world's worst surfer.) Indeed, that very summer Sergent had spent two weeks falling off a surfboard on the California coast. On hearing the words "for recreational purposes," Sergent knew what Dexter had in mind. When he went to Dexter's house and saw the backyard wave machine in action, Sergent said simply, "You will

continued

Kodak

SEVEN SPEEDS. AND THEN SOME.



Meet the KODAK INSTAMATIC M95 Movie Projector—with seven projection speeds. It lets you show movies in fascinating slow motion, at normal speed or in hilarious fast action—either forward or reverse! You can even freeze on a single frame for a good long look. Switch from one speed to another as often and as fast as you wish.

There's more: Flick another switch and this Kodak projector is all set to show either super 8 or regular 8mm movies. And they come on bright and stay bright, thanks to the bright long life tungsten-halogen lamp.

Many other features. Fully automatic film threading. Large 400-foot reel capacity. Sprocketless projection for gentle film handling. Low silhouette design, handles like an attaché case when closed. Die-cast metal body. The M95 movie projector is one of the 'easy ones' in your Kodak dealer's "Circus of Values." From less than $200. See it now.

the easy ones

Prices subject to change without notice.

Kodak Instamatic® M95 Movie Projector

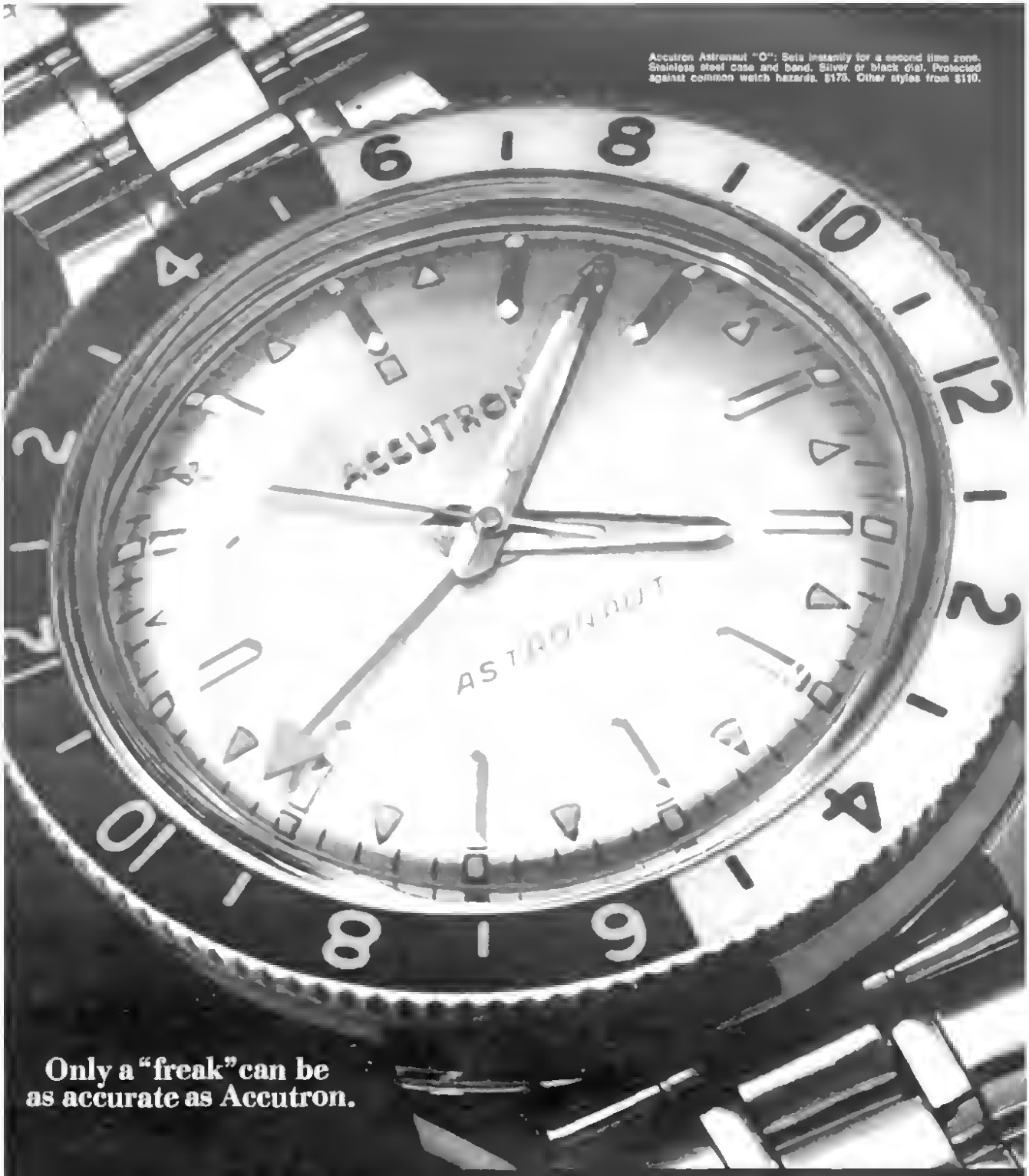
probably be the next young millionaire of Phoenix."

In exchange for stock, 30 local citizens put up $25,000 to help Dexter build his wave-making laboratory in the abandoned pool hall. After he had turned out 60,000 waves in the summer of 1967, Dexter began casting about for the kind of backer who might be interested in investing a million or so in the construction of a man-sized surfing spot in Arizona. He got a polite no thanks from a number of corporations and no answer at all from others. Within a week of writing he did get one enthusiastic, albeit qualified, yes from Clairol, a company that has been spectacularly successful in the art of making waves in human hair but had never stuck its corporate foot in any wave-making concoction as simple as water. Dexter approached Clairol because, to judge by its sales pitches, the company seemed young in heart and open to brave new ideas. By the luck of it as much as anything, he had addressed his letter to Clairol's executive vice-president, John D. Mack, who has always made a point of examining extravagant proposals that come over the transom and has converted a few of them into bestsellers.

Although the $2 million Big Surf in the desert produces just about the shape of wave Dexter had in mind, the whole complex was not created without a few cruel surprises, large and small. The regular wax that Clairol bought for surfers to use on their boards turned to soup on the hottest days in Phoenix; a new wax with a higher melting point had to be concocted. When Big Surf began operating on a trial basis this past September, the force of the waves twice tore up the bottom of the lagoon. Each time 2.8 million gallons of water had to be drained off so repairs could be made. The 23,000 tons of gravel Clairol imported from an Arizona damsite for use on the Big Surf beach allegedly had been washed free of mud—but probably not in the last 300 million years. When the first waves rolled over the Big Surf beach, the entire lagoon turned mud brown and looked about as inviting as the Lower Ganges Canal on washday. After days of wave making and continuous filtering and refiltering of the water, the mud finally was cleaned out of the gravel. The waves that come dancing across the Big Surf lagoon today sparkle like the bright Pacific.

On an ordinary day at Big Surf the waves are very orthodox, easily ridden by surfers of modest competence. By opening only half the gates, the management can turn out smaller waves suitable for toddlers and duds. At such times as when the experts gather for a competition, the operators of Big Surf will be able to produce waves that break from right to left or from left to right by tinkering with the timing of the gates. By playing around with movable underwater reefs it is possible to make the waves still cuter and trickier. "Big Surf is sort of like the keyboard of a new kind of organ," Dexter says. "We're still learning how to play it." **END**





Accutron Astronaut "O": Sets instantly for a second time zone. Stainless steel case and band. Silver or black dial. Protected against common watch hazards. $175. Other styles from $110.

Only a "freak" can be as accurate as Accutron.

It's a matter of physics. All watch movements except Accutron® depend upon an inherently inferior timekeeping device, the balance wheel. And no balance wheel watch—regardless of cost—can be as accurate as the Accutron tuning fork movement.

Except a "freak". A freak can't be made intentionally. It's an accident. A statistical exception. It's a watch that, through sheer chance, happens to be in an unusually fine state of adjustment. And therefore keeps time about as accurately as our Accutron watch does.

While we acknowledge the theoretical possibility of such freaks, we can tell you that your chances of getting one are just about nil.

Whereas when you buy Accutron, there is no question of chance involved. Every Accutron watch coming out of our factory is expected to be accurate to within a minute a month—under actual conditions of use. And Bulova guarantees this.*

It's easy, when you have a tuning fork instead of a balance wheel.

Accutron® by Bulova. The most accurate watch in the world.

*Timekeeping will be adjusted to this tolerance, if necessary, if purchased from an authorized Accutron dealer and returned to him within one year of date of purchase. © Bulova Watch Co.

EXPLORING THE WORLD WITHIN

by BIL GILBERT

An out-of-practice caveman goes underground again and introduces some old highs to a brash new generation

CONTINUED





Twenty years ago I had several friends who worked as geologists for the Department of the Interior and whose passion—not inappropriately—was caving. Because of them I once spent a lot of time getting to caves, into caves, talking with cavers and thinking about caves. There were at the time 30 or 40 of us around Washington, plus about a dozen others in small western Virginia towns—Front Royal, Waynesboro, Charlottesville and Lynchburg—who shared the feeling that the truest moments of truth were to be had by crawling, climbing or wriggling through the rocky innards of the Appalachians. There were few weekends on which at least some of the group were not so engaged.

By today's standards we were not very



good spelunkers. Our equipment and techniques were comparatively primitive. Our approach was emotional rather than technical. Caves that challenged, exhilarated and frightened us are regarded with some contempt by today's speleologists. But there's no reason to be defensive about it. In the '40s and '50s we were the best, the most gung-ho cavers in the central Appalachians.

Friday evening, often having taken our gear to work with us, we would leave Washington and drive 200 miles southwest to the Bull Pasture River, a highland tributary of the James, where we leased a primitive cabin. The first group to arrive would start fires, chase out the week's accumulation of pack rats and skunks, grab the best racks for their own sleeping bags and heat up a bucket of water for hot buttered bourbon, then the traditional drink of spelunkers. While the clan gathered through the night and early morning, we drank, played poker, told war stories and catnapped—things we could have done other places, but without that we-who-are-about-to-die-salute-you air that we only half facetiously affected.

In the morning it was a point of honor to get up early, no matter how hung over you were, put on your uniform—coveralls, boots, hard hat, carbide light, musette bag—and go underground. In the limestone ridges were dozens of caves we knew, a few we had discovered ourselves and by all geological probability hundreds still to be found. We would split up into parties of four or five, cave for the next 36 hours and meet back at the cabin on Sunday afternoon. Then, with muscles aching, adrenaline ebbing and fatigue flooding, we would start home. Driving through the dark Shenandoah Valley, we gritted our teeth, hung our heads out the window, yelled, blew horns, flashed lights at each other, stopped to dunk our heads in roadside springs and drank coffee in every open diner—anything to keep our eyes open and the cars on the road. Every once in a while somebody would fall, and the resulting accident would be incorporated with the rest of our caving myths.

Occasionally someone asked us why we carried on in such damn fool, semi-suicidal ways. We had excuses: that we went into caves to find and map new passages; to observe, record and photograph geological formations; to band bats; to practice ropework. But these were only cover stories used to pacify wives, bosses and landowners whose pastures and spring holes held cave entrances. The reasons we caved were not scientific, practical or even reasonable. We were after one of the old, dependable highs in life, the risk high. It is produced by willfully choosing to do something that there is absolutely no need to do—rope up a cliff, jump out of a plane, drive 180 mph or, in our case, crawl under the roots of mountains. Once you commence such an adventure you keep at it until reason and instinct scream stop. The next step, the one beyond reason and instinct, is where the high begins—where all highs, no matter how induced, begin. That next step provides indisputable proof that there is more to you than reason and instinct.

If you have taken the trip you know the sensation exists, because you were there. If you have taken the trip once, then find you cannot or will not go again, you remember it was real because you miss it. You feel deprived, diminished because you are not reaching for the sensation again. But it happened in time to all of us. We dropped out. We quit the trip with a variety of excuses: we had to take kids to the zoo, paint the house, play golf, get a heat treatment for our bad back, be in Cleveland on Monday morning to make some more money. The real reason we quit, of course, was that one by one we could no longer take the necessary next step. It wasn't often a big scene—no screaming, blubbering, hysteria or white feathers floating all over the cave. It was just that after a time we knew when the really hard places were coming up and we said thanks but no thanks, not this time. Maybe next week. We found ourselves doing the same caves over again, making climbs, rappels and slides we had made before, taking tourists, girls, children, Peace Corps training classes into caves.

We played at being gung-ho when we no longer were, and soon the game and all that went with it—whooping around the cabin, the tortured drives up the Shenandoah Valley—became pointless.

When we were caving we did not sit around and talk about why we caved. There was no chatter about mystic experience and moments of truth. We didn't need to discuss it because we were doing it and we *knew*. Nor did we brood about why we stopped. I am very likely the most introspective of that entire group and even I have thought very little about caving since I stopped. I would not have thought of it now, except that by accident—the accident being principally that I am my son's father—I got into a cave recently, not as a tourist but in the old emotional way. It was an instructive experience, but at the same time sort of a creepy, *déjà vu* one.

My son Ky is 16. He and two of his particular friends, Terry and Sid, had been having a good summer trying to get wheels, girls, cigarettes, beer. They had fights in parking lots. They cursed continuously, if not variously. They had been working at making hay, stringing fence and digging ditches. Besides money they had gotten muscles, tans and long, flowing hair that they cashed in on one way or another. They loved getting cut so that blood flowed, dried and caked on their bodies. Everything, me included, was a challenge. They had spent the summer rubbing the velvet off their antlers. I do not claim that it was the best time of their lives, but it was a special one, a pretty good one, the first season of being studs.

Early in the summer someone told Sid there was a big wild cave in a mountain 20 miles to the west of us in central Pennsylvania. Because there is a bin of old cave gear in our junk room and because they had heard a lot of my old what-a-hell-of-a-thing-it-was cave stories and also because, as I say, they wanted to test everything, they asked me if we could explore this one. I did what was expected of me. I put them down. I said I had never heard of a cave in those parts, that it was probably an overhang, a 20-foot fault crack.

Sid said that was not how he heard it. Terry said, "My grandmother grew up around there. She heard about it when she was a little girl. She said it was dangerous." It came across as a challenge.

"I'll take a look sometime, maybe."

The boys shrugged, having scored a partial point, and there the matter rested. A month or so later I was in that part of the country and asked around until I found the site of what I'll call Well Cave. It opened on a mountainside above an old stone farmhouse. The entrance was closed off with a rusty gate that looked as if it had not been opened in a long time. "I was worried about kids getting in there," the owner told me. "I've only been in that hole once, a hundred yards or so. Real muddy. Some old timers say it goes all the way through the mountain, but that's probably a lot of baloney. Help yourself if you want to look. Key's in the shed."

The cave turned out to be what is known technically as a sewer cave, formed by an underground stream eating through limestone. The first hundred yards was easy going, a wide stand-up passage over the mucky bed of the old stream. But then the tunnel dead-ended in a silolike opening, pinched off by a limestone pothole filled with six feet of water or so. The passage appeared to continue beyond the water, but I had neither the equipment nor inclination to explore further. When I came out I asked the owner if I could return sometime with gear and assistance. "Anytime," he agreed.

I told the boys what I'd found and said that sometime we would try it.

"When?"

"When I get some time," I told them.

Being in the mood and condition they were, they got quite a bit of social mileage out of bragging how they were going to put on hard hats and defy death in the bowels of the earth. And every time they said something, they added a little more pressure to do it, which in turn made them lean a little harder on me and me on myself.

"All right," I finally said, "we'll go in the morning. But we'll have to get that gear sorted out tonight and check those lights."

"How far will we go?"

"To the end of it. If it's an hour, it's an hour. If it's two days, it's two days. Put some candy bars in one of the packs."

It had a nice, bold, the-die-is-cast ring to it. I had given them a nice, big, rough post to rub their horns on.

Some things you ease into, the familiar giving way to the extraordinary so gradually that it is difficult to know exactly where and when the adventure begins. In caving there is no such problem. One minute you are outside in the weeds, gnats and sun. The next you are entombed in rock and darkness. The air is cool (55° the year around in this part of the world) and still. Nothing grows or lives except you. There is always a moment's pause at the beginning, while you fill your lamps with carbide and water, clip them onto your hard hat, light them and adjust the length of the flame. All the while you are keeping an eye on the dim rays of natural light that seep through the entrance hole from the other world, considering the abrupt change and its implications. All the faces I remember in cave mouths were similar: contemplative, alert, some excited, some frightened, all sensitive to the moment. This is how it was in Well Cave just before we started down.

There is another common phenomenon of caving: camaraderie. The constricted environment and darkness bind

continued

continued

THE WORLD WITHIN

you to your companions more surely than a rope does to fellow mountain climbers. You are not directly or physically vulnerable to the mistakes of others, or so dependent on their skill. But together you are absolutely alone in a tiny pool of light from the carbide flames. It is as if you were riding an asteroid together through blackest outer space. I have caved with people who were near strangers to me above ground or with friends or lovers—but whatever you had before is intensified underground. After an hour or two you feel you are sharing this pool of light with exactly the right person. You cannot imagine what it would be like without him. No one else will do quite as well.

The pothole presented us our first climbing problem. The silolike chamber that held it was maybe 20 feet tall and six feet across, with six feet of water standing in the bottom. The entrance passage came in roughly halfway up the silo, so that where we stopped we were four or five feet above the surface of the water and 10 feet from the ceiling. There was no apparent flow to the water, which probably seeped very slowly out of the well bottom and down the mountain.

Directly across the silo from us the main passage appeared to continue, but it narrowed considerably, becoming only a three- or four-foot-wide crack leading back into the rock. The bottom of this crack disappeared into the water below us. But there was a ledge on the left wall of the crack that seemed wide enough to climb along, if we could get to it. I thought of swimming, but it seemed early in the climb to get wet and cold. Also, since the ledge was six or eight feet above the water, there was a serious question whether or not we could reach it.

The walls of the silo were exasperatingly smooth, and if we were going to cross it dry there seemed only one place to do it. A sloping promontory of limestone extended over the water a foot or so from our side of the well. Directly across was a small niche in the opposite face of the silo that might give a handhold. Above this niche was a hole that looked big enough to crawl through. The hole seemed to be at least level with the ledge we were trying to reach. I thought that by edging forward on our sloping rock, then leaning (actually falling) across the well, you could probably catch the niche with both hands, brace for a moment arched across the water, then reach up with your right hand, grab the rim of the hole and pull yourself through it headfirst.

The maneuver was medium difficult, but not dangerous. Your feet might not hold on the sloping, slippery rock or maybe you would be unable to free your right hand to reach up for the hold on the other side. In either event you would simply fall into the well, and the only penalty for such a fall would be a cold bath, some thrashing around till you climbed out and maybe the end of the trip before it got nicely started.

Studying the formation, I realized this was the first new cave problem I had had in 15 years. I was pleased to have it and pleased to be pleased. The boys seemed impressed with the situation and glad that we had something hard so early. "You want to go first?" I asked Sid, not needling, just saying in another way, "This is a tricky bit."

"Be my guest," Sid said, grinning.

Everything worked out more easily than I had expected. The slippery rock held my feet, and there was a good handhold in the notch above. There was really only one doubtful minute. It seemed that maybe the 20 pounds I had put on in the last 15 years might not fit through the hole. But with some grunting I made it. The boys, a couple of inches shorter, had to stretch farther to arch over the water, but a few minutes later we had all made it across.

The ledge turned out to be wide enough to sit on comfortably, and we dangled our feet over the water, knocking the mud off our boot treads. Then I did a thing that had been done for me 20 years ago, the first time I went into a cave. I turned off my light and told the boys to do the same.

"That," I said, when the last flame was snuffed, "is real dark."

Before the obligatory curses, the boys let out a long breath, a sort of ahhh hisss, the sound people are supposed to make but seldom do on first seeing things like the Grand Canyon or a redwood tree. You come across strange things in caves—stone lily pads, cathedral arches, massive pillars, organ pipes—but the single most impressive scenic experience in any cave is its total darkness. You see nothing, absolutely nothing. The only thing left is what's inside you. Having once sat without light in a cave, the blackest night will never seem dark again.

After a time, so sitting and marveling, it seemed appropriate to make another initiatory gesture. All three boys had been smoking that summer, but none were quite sure enough yet to smoke in front of me or their parents. I fumbled around the webbing of my helmet and took out a pack of cigarettes and matches. The flame seemed a veritable floodlight. "You want one?" I asked, extending the pack and feeling around until I found Sid's hand. The intention was to say there's no need for ordinary amenities here. Responding in the same vein, they each took a cigarette and lit up.

After we had smoked down to muddy butts, we pitched them out into the dark, the embers arching down like shooting stars through the void, until they hissed out in the water. Then we turned on the carbide lamps and started down the ledge.

Well Cave is a simple one, but as difficult as you'd want to tackle without sophisticated, technical mountaineering equipment and experience. Essentially it consists of a single cut running west-southwest, with no true branching or intersecting tunnels. The difficulty arises from the fact that the cut narrows and deepens as you go, becoming in time a miniature canyon almost 75 feet deep that tends to pinch in from the bottom. The bottom of the passage is filled with water but is too narrow to swim through, and the water too deep to wade. The only way to move ahead was to stay high up in the crack. Occasional ledges along the wall provided walk or crawl passages but more often we had to chimney along the passage. Chimneying consists of bracing your shoulders and back against one wall of the cave, your feet or knees against the other, maintaining yourself with tension and moving ahead

continued



The Gran Sports. From Buick 1970.

They're the cars you've been asking us to make.

This one's the GS455 equipped with the Stage I performance package. If it's performance you want, the GS455 Stage I has it.

A 455 cubic-inch engine. With a high-lift cam and four barrel carburetor which breathes through real air-scoops to add performance.

A cooling system that should never overheat.

And four on the floor is available. Or an improved 3-speed automatic transmission.

Maybe it's the name Buick, with all the goodness and confidence that goes with that name, that really gets you.

Whatever it is, the GS455 Stage I has it. And so do all the Light Your Fire Cars from Buick 1970. See them.

Now, wouldn't you really rather have a

1970 Buick.



What a good time.
What a good taste.
What a good time for a Kent.



King Size or 100's.

©1969 Lorillard

continued

by shifting your weight from one tension point to the next. It takes only a little chimneying to rub the tension points raw, and after the first 50 yards or so all of us were bleeding in places.

We moved ahead and gradually upward this way, sometimes hanging 20 or 30 feet above the water. It was easier going for me than for the boys, who are more agile than I but not as strong. Strength is more important than agility in chimneying. Also, I had done all this before, in harder spots, while for them it was all new and therefore the hardest bit of chimneywork anyone had ever attempted. Finding it a new and scary experience, they fought the walls, using their strength in unnecessary bursts of exertion, not making good use of small indentations and protrusions that will hold your weight for a moment or two and permit a break from the pressure. The longer you are at it the more difficult it becomes. Fatigue weakens the muscles, slows the reflexes, produces panic. The walls of the minichasm were relatively smooth, so I wasn't too worried about one of the boys losing his hold. The fall itself probably wouldn't give them anything worse than rock burns. But the force of the fall might wedge a body into the V-shaped bottom of the crack and create a rescue problem, so I took a coil of rope out of my pack and slung it over my shoulder, where I could get at it quickly.

There is a particular scene that symbolizes caving as well, say, as a red barn symbolizes farming. This is the interior vision that most cavers carry as a memento: looking back or forward and seeing hard-hatted figures silhouetted in a narrow passage by flickering carbide light. The faces are yellowish, the figures black, but not as black as the void behind them. I stopped, braced in a niche and told the boys to stop and look. We were strung out in a diagonal line; I could see Sid outlined by Terry's light, Terry by Ky's and behind Ky nothing but blank space. Wisps of vapor produced by hot bodies in the frigid cave hung around each figure. Obediently they stopped to look.

"Cool," Sid said and then went back to the practical work of trying to stay on the wall. I saw more here than they did, not just the four of us in Well Cave at that moment, but a lot of old cavers—Hackman, Hugh, Ackie, Nancy, Ellie, Ann, Ivor, Martha, Billy, Shawn—in the passages of other caves: Marshalls, Breathing, Schoolhouse, Grapevine, Tory, strung out in a crack nearly 20 years long.

We followed the narrow slit for a quarter of a mile or so, and then it ended abruptly in another chamber. I eased around an abutment and was suddenly looking into another silo formation, one



that dwarfed the earlier one. The circular room was 75 feet high and 30 feet across, with 10 or 12 feet of glassy, clear, motionless water in the bottom. Above, I could see some medium-large stalactites, exotic pieces of water-sculpted limestone. But generally the sides of the silo were smooth, worn by ages of water from an underground cataract that had poured through this vertical tunnel.

"There's a great place up here," I called back, not to encourage or goad the boys, but just because it *was* a great place. The niche where I stood, 10 feet above the water, had hand and footholds for just two, so I told Sid to come up first. He looked briefly around the silo, but survival, not scenery, was his concern at the moment—a fact I unfortunately did not note or, if I did, ignored in my excitement.

"Are we going to try to cross here?" he asked soberly.

On the far side of the big pool I could see what looked like an extension of the crack we had been following, topped by a hole in the silo wall. "I told you we were going to the end," I said. "We're not there yet." I did not mean it as I had above ground in the sun, sitting in a lawn chair, as a challenge and needle. Finding this spectacular formation had suddenly given me cave fever, something I had thought I would never catch again. I was not thinking about the boys at all, only about how I felt.

"O.K.," Sid said, not defensive, just agreeing. "But how?"

"Swim. There's no way to go around or over the top."

"I guess, but it's going to be cold."

"It will be."

I passed the word back to Ky and Terry, instructing them to ease into the water—no dives or going under, which would douse their lights—and then to dog-paddle across. When I got across I would throw a rope back to Sid, then Terry would come up to where Sid was, take the other end and Sid would push off. We'd hold the rope between us just above his head, so if he got a cramp or slipped he could just grab on. When Sid was across, Terry would come on, Ky moving up to hold the end of the rope.

"What about Ky? Who holds for him?"

"I'll tie a sling for him. If he needs help we'll haul him in like a fish."

I chimneyed down into the crack, getting as close to the water as I could, then pushed off like a frog. The water was breathtakingly cold. When I crawled out on the far side, it was a few minutes before I could talk or throw the rope. When Sid hit the water he screamed with surprise and pain. Terry came with less commotion than any of us. Ky, impatient, jumped too soon, from too high,

continued

and went under. His light went out instantly. He yelled when he came up, treading water.

"You're O K You want a pull?"

"I don't need the rope."

Standing together on the first ledge, we tried to fix his light. It was hard to see, because now we were giving off steam in clouds, and the shakes made it hard to unscrew and refuel the lamp.

"Man, this is bad," Sid chattered

"Don't think about it. It'll make you colder. Let's move."

I started up toward the hole, shaking but not really cold because of the cave fever. The hole was the entrance to what looked to be a 10- or 12-foot tunnel, twisting upward at a 45° angle But it was very narrow, maybe too narrow.



"Can we make it?"

"You probably can," I said. "But this may be the end of the road for the fat man." I removed my pack and shirt "Hold these," I said. "I'll reach back and get them if I make it."

If the hole had been a "downer," where my weight might have driven me through, this would have been the place to consider the next step, the one beyond reason and instinct Since the opening was an "upper," above us, the decision did not need to he made The test was a purely physical one If I couldn't fit I would just have to back out and admit that, while the spirit was willing, the flesh was too plentiful I took a deep breath, sucked it all in and began to wriggle up—face, arms, stomach, legs, everything pressed against the rock Just when it looked hopeless, the tunnel widened an inch or two, and I sucked in again, kicked, squirmed and came out above in a low-ceilinged room, perhaps 40 feet square The boys quickly slithered up behind me

The room was the end of Well Cave. We hunted around the edges, but everywhere the ceiling came down to meet the floor There was a good bit of scree, piles of fallen rock, and a couple of times we thought we felt currents of air. We seemed fairly close to the surface, and the place had a bad, faulty feel to it. There being no other exit, we left the way we came.

Sliding down the groundhog hole, I was still feeling great I had done something that I had thought for years I would not do again I had done a hard cave in the old way I was certain that if that last tunnel had been a downer, I would have gone into it anyway I was feeling a fine freakish fellow The mood disappeared at the edge of the pool

"It's going to he harder going back," Sid said in a flat, informative way

Suddenly I really noticed the boys, thought about where they were, what they were doing Their faces were white, tired, dull. Standing still, they shook from the cold. When they moved, they moved stiffly. They had, at 16, done a cave more difficult than any I had attempted until I was much older and then only after I had done half a dozen easier ones. Looking at them, I realized they were listening to reason and instinct saying you have gone too far.

"Hell," I said, trying for an it-ain't-no-big-thing note, "the water won't seem so cold this time. We can't get any colder."

That was the truth. The water didn't seem as cold the second time, but now fatigue was along. I thrashed around, trying to find, but not finding, a handhold on the smooth wall of the silo I spread my arms out on the rock, resting and thinking that if we had to stay more than five minutes the boys might he in trouble We'd all be in trouble I swam into the crack itself, and almost immediately found an underwater ledge wide enough to support me The relief of finding a toehold when and where you need one is one of climbing's sweeter moments.

"No problem," I called, and I told them about the toehold and not to be in too much of a hurry. "Another minute in the water isn't going to hurt. Get planted on it and start up. I'll have the rope." That's a hard thing to do, take your time, be methodical in a place like an ice-cold cave pool, where all your reflexes are urging you to be quick, to get out of there any way you can. Ky came first He got only a piece of the ledge on the first try, started up, slipped off the side and fell back in and under Angry, he tried a second time and fell a second time

"You want to take the rope? Keep cool "

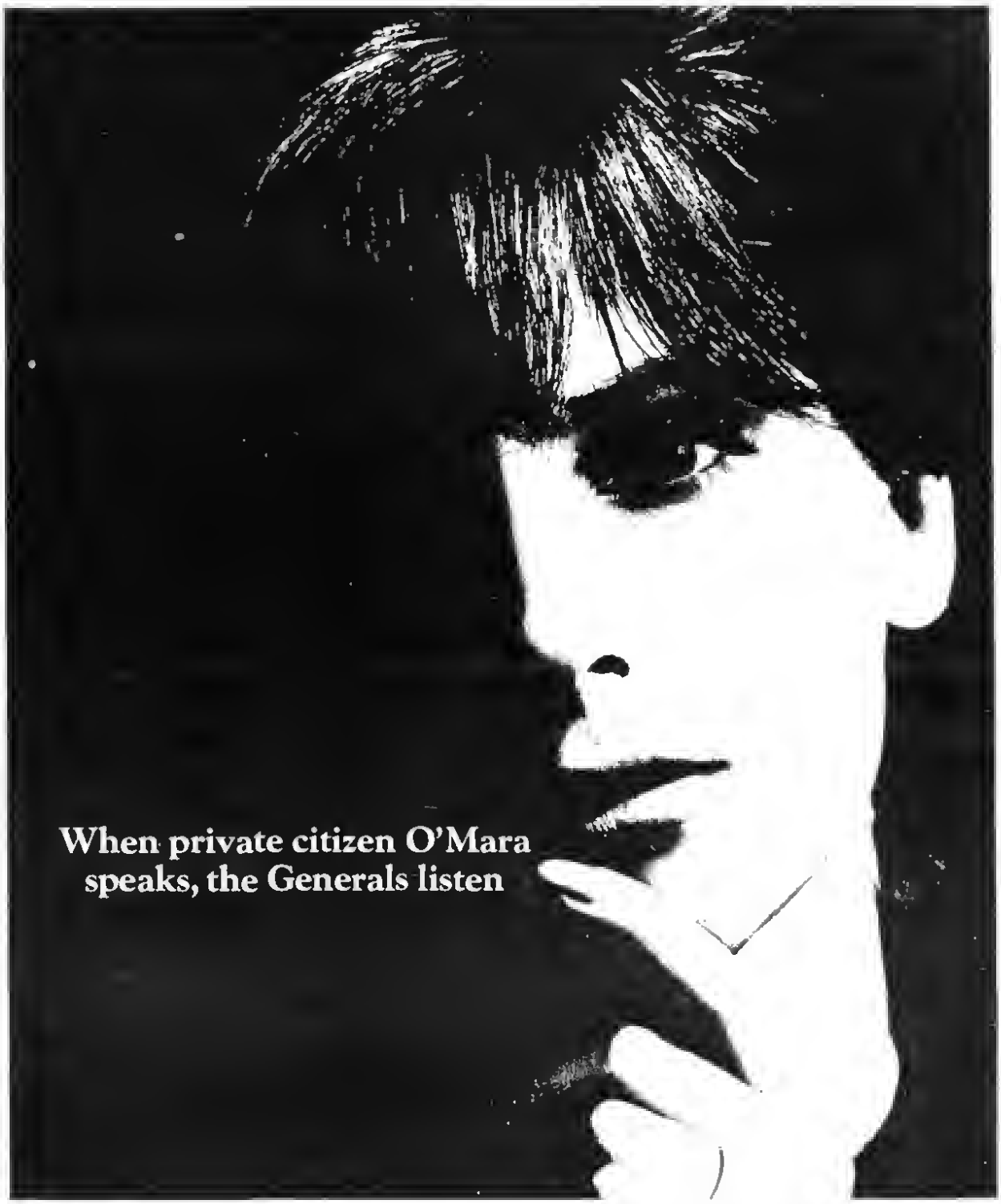
"I'm freezing "

"Then you ought to get out. Stop playing around down there "

On the third try he got up on the rock, his face, neck and shoulders taut from the effort of self-control. Terry and Sid followed without quite as much trouble. It was an encouraging sign They had enough mind to get back. It was just a question of strength. There was a sort of equation at work: from the total of their strength, the rate their adrenaline flowed and the quality of their self-control, deduct the distance to go and the strength required. If the remainder was more

continued


He has 619 freckles.
And a lot of homework.
And lots of time to grow up.
He has one future to mold.
For he will be one man.
An individual.
We grew as large as we are
by recognizing that fact.
NML
Northwestern Mutual Life—Milwaukee. World's largest company
specializing in individual life insurance.



When private citizen O'Mara speaks, the Generals listen

General Foods, General Motors, General Mills *better* pay attention to the likes of Mrs O Mara. Because she—and *you*—buy only the brands you like. And drop the ones you don t.

That's the wonderful power you have when you have free choice. It s free choice that keeps the Generals on their toes trying to please the troops. And in competing with each other, they generally come up with something better. Or cheaper. Or else.

Yet, strangely enough, there are well-meaning people in this country today who just don t see it that way. They think Mrs O Mara is confused by *too much* choice in the marketplace. Or, maybe, just not bright enough to choose among all those different cake mixes or 56 diffetent kinds of cars. Reduce the choice, they say. Wouldn t four kinds of cake mix be enough? Standardize the products. That will make shopping a lot quicker and easier for everybody.

The trouble is, who sets the standards? Not Mrs. O Mara. She may be a wizard with a bowl of batter but she hasn't a test tube to her name. So, the critics suggest, let the government do her shopping for her.

That's sympathetic of them but Mrs. O Mara s very favorite cake is a plum-nut mix—and that s apt to be the first to go when they start cutting back on choice. We hope yours is chocolate or vanilla because they stand a pretty good chance of surviving.

Magazine Publishers Association

An association of leading U.S. magazines.

than zero, we would be out in less than an hour. Back through the crack I stayed close, talked cool, climbed as reassuringly as I could. "There is a good little tit, just below your left knee. Drop down, kneel on it, wait a second while you get your breath." They dropped down, knelt, breathed as suggested. When you are really between a rock and a hard place, not just pretending that you are, the only thing that counts is making it. However you make it is the right way, being usually the only way.

The further we went, the slower they climbed, the more frequently they slipped. When we were 50 yards or so from the end of the crack, I went ahead and tossed my pack on the wide ledge where we had stopped for a smoke on the way in. Then I went back with only the rope. Ky and Terry were close to being spent. They looked down frequently, preparing, as you tend to in such circumstances, to endure a fall. As he tried to move ahead, Ky's right leg slipped off the wall and hung down uselessly in the crack, shaking with an uncontrollable spasm. I dropped down a little below him, crossed and braced one leg under his, thinking I might hold him for a second or two across my thigh.

"I don't—I . . ," he gasped, looking down. I knew what he wanted to say: "I'm falling. Help me," but I hoped he wouldn't have to.

"Lean forward and push your head against the wall, push with your butt. If you drop your right leg just a little, there's a place you can put it till you stop shaking." He did it by himself, not having to ask for help, and hung there panting. After a time he tested the leg against the wall and found he could control it. He looked up and tried a grin. His long hair, which he had tucked up under his helmet when we began, hung down in wet strings. There was mud, sweat and blood on his face. He looked terrible, but sounded better, having made it past a place he had thought he could not go.

"I couldn't stop shaking," he said between gasps. "It was just the cold. The third time in that water got me. I thought sure I was going to fall."

"You were close," I told him. "But it's a pretty easy shot from here. Just try to keep moving. If you stop too long, you're liable to start shaking again."

Terry is the proudest, studdiest of the three, but also the youngest and smallest. Soon he was in as much trouble as Ky had been. He is the kind that, without much fuss or warning, would drop stoically, coming apart like the one hoss shay. He would never ask for help, so I climbed directly below him. "You're in the place now where Ky was. Stop there and you can hand me down your pack. I haven't got one now. I'll wait here for Sid." Anything you offer to somebody like Terry has to be done in a ritual way. Wordlessly, he handed down the pack. It was the first time I had seen him do such a thing. And it may well be the last.

Sid is an asthmatic and had suffered the most in the water. When we started back, I had thought he would be the weakest, but he was the strongest, climbing relatively easily. Perhaps, having made himself swim across the pool the second time, anything then seemed possible. By the time he and I caught up, Ky and Terry were at the first well, the one that had given us fits on the way in. Now we hardly paused there, belly flopping across as if it were a gymnasium exercise. From there the boys literally jogged down the last open passage. I lagged behind, moving slowly and feeling sentimental about the final moments of darkness.

"There it is!" I heard Terry yell. There is only one thing at this time that anybody yells about—the first glimpse of light. We had been underground only four hours, but, as always happens, everything outside looked wildly unreal, as home does when you have been far away for a long time. After only a few hours under a mountain, you get the notion that there is nothing else. It takes a while, blinking in the light, to understand that this is fantasy. It is like awakening from a dream, knowing you have been dreaming but still feeling the dream was reality, that the room and your bed are imaginary.

There is another common but peculiar thing about such an experience—a period of numbness, while body and mind become adjusted to the fact that they are free and can do other things besides hang desperately in the crack of a cave. Then you begin to think about what you have done from different intelleetual, emotional and imaginative vantage points. You are overwhelmed by a kind of exhilaration. There is a time lag between doing the thing and feeling the high, as between a drink and a drunk. For a time the boys were silent, gradually growing more talkative until by the time we were home they were babbling, very high. That night the three of them went to a party, where I am sure they took full advantage of what they had done, of being sore, cut and higher than anybody else. As for me, I went to bed and briefly enjoyed my aches and fatigue, as you enjoy meeting an old friend you have not seen in years and never expected to meet again.

All of which is one justification for a day in Well Cave, or many caves. But it does not entirely explain why there seemed more to it than a foolish, nostalgic display of retarded *machismo* on my part, why it was worth the unnecessary risk to the boys.

We are all, in some respects, caves. Our interiors are dark, confused, ancient mazes, difficult and sometimes dangerous to penetrate, but often containing unexpected, spectacular scenery. In either labyrinth those who obediently stop where reason and instinct command them to never make it to the best and highest places. Inevitably they will be tormented by the existence of unexplored regions, doomed to a fate worse than risk, to the shame of knowing they are less than they might have been, lower than they could be. I think the three boys learned something of these things in Well Cave, at least that the passages are there, that they themselves are greater caverns than they previously supposed they were. That and some elementary but fundamental techniques for forcing the passages. In my case Well Cave was a reminder of things learned before, a useful warning that even facts as important as these can be forgotten if they are not reviewed, ignored if they are not retested. **END**



What's 7 minutes in your young life?

It could mean $14,000 extra set aside. Protection for your family. Avoiding a costly error in your Social Security.

You can bowl a game in about 20 minutes. In a lot less time with a Mutual Benefit man, you could discover a way to assure your family's financial future.

His services cover more than just life insurance (But since insurance is his business, he hopes that when you buy you'll buy from him.)

He'll also advise you on savings. Your retirement. Social Security benefits, too. And he'll counsel you on these without obligation.

Result: a plan you can afford now. A plan that grows as you grow.

7 minutes is all it takes to find out if his services are for you. After 7 minutes, he'll continue if you want him to. If not, he'll leave.

7 minutes. They could spare you a lot of headaches in years to come

MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE

THE MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, NEWARK, N.J. / SINCE 1845

Canadian Black Hawks or All-American Eagles?

It le e elmple fect of U.S. blg-leaguе hockey thet ell the beet skatere come from Cenede, but thet feet did not discourege the owner of the Chlcago team from tryIng to Amerlceнize the geme **by WILLIAM FURLONG**

Multimillionaire Major Frederic McLaughlin of Harvard and Lake Forest was an impeccable man of vast and remorseless enthusiasms. One of these was for Irene Castle, whom he married in 1923. Another was for the idea of *American*, as opposed to *Canadian*, hockey. In the major's time, as now, big-league professional hockey was peopled almost exclusively by Canadians, and this was a fact that depressed the patriotic major.

In 1926 Major McLaughlin bought the minor league Portland Rosebuds, moved them to Chicago where he won them admission to the National Hockey League as the Black Hawks and set about realizing his dream of making the game American.

Few people shared the major's enthusiasm for this idea, and his early attempts to spot a few American-born players here and there in the Hawk lineup led only to a series of poor finishes. But the major did not give up easily. In 1936, when the Hawks were doing about as badly as possible, he decided to promote the American idea in spectacular form. He already had a U.S.-born goalie, Mike Karakas of Eveleth, Minn., as a regular. Now he wanted five more Americans to play in front of Karakas so that during some periods of play the entire Black Hawk lineup would be native-born. If the experiment should prove successful, the major even envisioned changing the name of the team to the Chicago Yanks.

McLaughlin got two more players from Karakas' home town: Albert Suomi and Curly Brink. He picked up Bun LaPrairie from Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., Butch Schaefer from Hinckley, Minn. and Ernest (Ike) Klingbeil from Hancock, Mich.

In January 1937 the five men were brought to Chicago and quietly put up at the Lawson YMCA. "The major kept 'em under cover as long as he could," says Johnny Gottselig, a player who was there. First he wanted them in top condition—"With the major, physical fitness was the thing in any sport"—so he put them under the direction of Emil Iverson, "physical director" of the Black Hawks. "He was a Swede and he had this Swedish system," says Gottselig. "You had to stand at attention, hands on hips with your toes—the tips of your toes—touching together." It was a balletlike discipline in which the ideal was to make the body form a sort of "I." "And then," says Gottselig, "he'd have you doing all the bending and stretching exercises from that position." Iverson also had the newly recruited Yanks playing badminton ("I'd never done *that* before in my life," said one bewildered hockey player), swinging on the gymnastic horses ("That scared me more than playing") and heaving a medicine ball around.

All that was in the morning. In the afternoon the men spent 2½ hours on the ice. At first they worked out in the old Chicago Arena, away from the "big team." The major wanted to play them as a cohesive and comprehensive unit. Outside the periphery of the rink the regular Black Hawks treated the newcomers like a dog with new fleas. "They wouldn't sit on the bench with us. They wouldn't talk to us," says Ike Klingbeil. On the ice the Canadians treated the Yanks the way Daley's cops treat hippies. "They really came at us, sticks up, blades up, and things started getting pretty rough." Finally McLaughlin approved splitting up the Yanks, at least for purposes of practice. The Yank defensemen, Klingbeil and Schaefer, went on the ice with an all-Canadian forward line, the Yank forwards with a Canadian defense.

This tended to stanch the flow of blood. It also had a remarkable effect on the team as a whole. Suddenly the Hawks began winning games. By late February of '37 they had won only 11 games all season and were averaging only 1.82 goals per game. They were kept out of last place only because the now-defunct New York Americans were so astonishingly inept. But now, thanks to the strangers in their ranks, the Hawks were winning.

It was not just a matter of Canadian pride; it was a matter of personal survival: if the Yanks were to stay, then obviously five Canadians already on the team would have to be cut to make room for them. So suddenly everybody began playing like crazy. Inexplicably, the Black Hawks won three games in a row and scored 13 goals, an average of 4.33 per game.

Still, the major was in a funk. His team was winning, but attendance remained terrible. McLaughlin thought it might stimulate interest if he could get his five Yanks on the ice together but he knew their play would probably cost him a place in the Stanley Cup playoffs. He promised himself, therefore, to hold off as long as the Black Hawks still had a chance to get into the playoffs. It got to the point where all he needed was one loss by the Black Hawks or one win by the New York Rangers to clinch—for the Rangers—a Stanley Cup spot. But he couldn't get either one. The Hawks kept winning, and the Rangers kept losing and the major kept postponing his plans to use the Yanks.

By the night of their second-to-last home game the Black Hawks were still in the race. A loss that night would give the Yanks their chance. So what happened? The Hawks tied the Toronto Maple Leafs 2–2.

It was the longest unbeaten streak the Black Hawks had had in years. And it looked as if the major's Yanks were done for. But lo! the very next night the New York Rangers came to their rescue by

continued



More than half the people in East Europe are under thirty. When they want to know what's happening—they switch on Radio Free Europe. For the facts about East Europe and RFE, write: Radio Free Europe, Box 1969, Mt. Vernon, New York 10551

ADVERTISING COUNCIL

winning a game. It was almost unavoidable: they were playing their neighbors, the New York Americans. The major immediately scheduled his Yanks for the next and last home game against the Boston Bruins.

The debut was poorly timed. When McLaughlin announced his all-American splash, one of the best-beloved players in hockey, Howie Morenz of the Montreal Canadiens, was in a hospital unsuccessfully fighting for his life. Morenz was a towering figure in hockey: he had not only speed, power and an enormous talent, but a gentleness on the ice and off that had won every fan's heart. In a game late in January against the Black Hawks one of Morenz' skates got stuck in the boards. A powerful Chicago defenseman tripped over the trapped Montrealer, breaking his leg and sending him crashing headfirst to the ice. Morenz was rushed to a hospital where he died some weeks later. Human nature being what it is, the Canadians in the National Hockey League illogically placed the blame on Chicago.

When the Chicago owner announced his plan to field an all-American team, Canadians all over the U.S. reacted accordingly. Lester Patrick, then boss of the New York Rangers, sent a wire to the president of the NHL, Frank Calder, protesting the use of "amateurs" in NHL competition. Jack Adams, then manager of the Detroit Red Wings, sent a wire protesting the use of U.S.-born players when the exact standings of the teams were yet to be determined. Art Ross, boss of the Boston Bruins, confined himself to suggesting that the Black Hawks refund all their income from the game in which the Yanks played—and then that the league strip McLaughlin of his franchise.

The Bruins themselves were not so gentle. "The first night, right off the bat, this guy comes down the ice and shoves his stick right in my face," says Klingbeil. Ike had been tutored in these niceties by the Canadians on the Black Hawks and so he reacted predictably: "I jumped on him and got him down on the ice and got my gloves off and got in a couple of good licks at him." Otherwise, the results of the Yankee debut were pretty much as expected. The score was 6-2 for Boston, and most newspapers in Chicago accepted the result with the murmuring verities usually uttered on the demise of someone dear but not quite

desirable. "The Yanks did their best, overcoming their lack of technical skill by plenty of fight and the old college try," said the *Chicago Daily News*.

Only a clamorous tabloid, the Chicago *Times*—long since absorbed by other papers in Chicago—dared to be critical. "The Bruins had a swell time," wrote Columnist Marvin McCarthy. "They toyed with the puck like wicked tomcats slapping a mouse around. They appeared capable of scoring many more goals than they did. . . ."

In their second game the Yanks were to play in Toronto, where the fans figured they stood a better chance. The first time the Maple Leafs came over the boards against the Yank lineup there was a great gasp of anticipation; when they left the ice, there was an enormous deflation. For Toronto had been unable to score against the Yanks for one whole period and, indeed, the Yanks even wound up scoring a goal themselves. To be sure, the Black Hawks lost the game, but the score was only 3–2, and there was an uneasy suspicion that perhaps McLaughlin's plan was not just a stunt after all. And that perhaps Canadian manhood *was* in danger.

That game built self-confidence in the Yanks, and for their next game they went to New York to give Les Patrick and his Rangers a bit of what for. The Black Hawks beat the Rangers 4–3 and, though the Yanks did not do better than get a couple of assists, they surprised the New Yorkers with their poise. "Major McLaughlin's plan may not be so far-fetched as originally believed," wrote Joe Nichols in *The New York Times*.

On that surprising note, the Yanks went on—to disaster. They loitered in New York long enough to play the Americans, a team that the Hawks had beaten 9–0 and 5–1 during the course of the season. This time the Hawks fell apart: they lost 9–4. The 13 goals made the highest combined score of the season. The Hawks hurriedly left for Boston where they lost quickly and quietly—the Chicago newspapers didn't cover their hockey team's road games—by a 6–1 score.

That ended the season of 1937—and the brave experiment. But Major McLaughlin was far from finished. The next year—without fanfare and without arousing anybody's antagonism—he built a team that was more than half American and hired an American coach, Bill Stewart, to run it. He still had Karakas in the goal. He had other Americans—Doc Romnes and Roger Jenkins and Alex Levinsky—on the roster, occasionally or otherwise. To these he added others, among them Cully Dahlstrom, Carl Voss, Virgil Johnson and Louis Trudel. The hiring of an American to guide them merely insured the Yanks would have a place on the team.

"So all we did was go out and win the Stanley Cup," says Johnny Gottselig.

It was the best denouement that the major could have desired. This team—so loaded with Americans—beat the two Canadian teams in the semifinals and finals. It was the last cup won by the Black Hawks for the next 23 years. **END**



The muscle is in the big belt. An exclusive, rubberized, steel cleated track that tears into ice, crust or deep powder stuff. You get a *power-edge* over lesser built machines ... and a track backed with a 2 Year Warranty on all 1970 single cylinder models. Get on the right track: it pays off in power.

MOTO-SKI THE RIGHT TRACK

MOTO SKI Winner of snowmobiling s... eted and demanding endurance race 1969 Vingt Quatre de Montpellier

MANUFACTURED BY INDUSTRIES ROUCHARD, INC.
a subsidiary of Gilfen Enterprises Limited



Weekends, Dick Ayer, of Stamford, Conn. likes to take his family for a ride in the country.

Can you guess the favorite magazine of high flyers like the Ayers?

No, it's not a travel magazine. Or an esoteric magazine for Sunday pilots. It's Reader's Digest—by a nautical mile. Fact is, people who engage in all kinds of unexpected leisure-time activities rate The Digest sky high as their favorite* magazine. Which isn't so surprising, after all. Not when you know, for instance, that 43% of all the $25,000 and-up families buy The Digest, every month. Far more than buy any other magazine. Ditto, 38% of America's boat-owning families. Free-spirited, on-the go families (with all it takes to be on-the-go) find in The Digest the very qualities they look for in everything else—vitality, affirmation, entertainment, inspiration. This month, for instance, they're reading about everything from the revolt of women . . to a preview of the Spectacular 70's. If you're an advertiser, isn't this the very crowd you should be traveling with?

*Source Magazine Q—a recent study of magazine reading preferences.

P. S. What do Dick and Norma Ayer do when they're not flying upside down in their special Citabria? (Try that one backwards.) Well, they skeetshoot, and rough it in Africa on safaris, that's what. Wouldn't you think the Ayer family would find any magazine pretty tame? "Not Reader's Digest," says Norma, "It's fresh, reads like a breeze. Each month it ranges from the significant and serious to the riotously funny. It's our kind of magazine."

Reader's Digest
WORLD'S BEST SELLER

Copies bought:	
Reader's Digest	17,500,000
TV Guide	14,000,000
Life	8,500,000
Look	7,750,000
McCall's	8,500,000
Ladies' Home Journal	6,800,000
Good Housekeeping	5,600,000

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASKETBALL NBA The Knicks continued to play almost flawless basketball. When they beat Atlanta 128-104, Walt Frazier, their usual leader in assists, got more than the team piled up all last season. When they dispersed of their next opponent, San Diego 153-110, Frazier scored 43 points, his career high. He hit 22 of 25 field goals and 15 of 19 free throws. "I've never scored that many points even warming up," he said. Finally, though, Milwaukee and Lew Alcindor made New York work. The game's high scorer with 36 points, Alcindor led the Bucks to a fourth-quarter rally that kept them in contention until the last four seconds, when Bill Bradley sank two foul shots for a 115-108 Knicks victory. Los Angeles took over first place in the Western Division with a 129-125 win over Chicago in an eight-overtime game. Wilt Chamberlain led the scoring with 37 and the rebounding with 19. Jerry West followed with 36 points and a fine defensive game. The Bulls picked up three wins in their other games, however, and ended the week in a tie for second with Atlanta. Chet Hawkins was a hero in each of the three scoring three points in the last six seconds of a 116-114 win over Seattle, trading a second-half charge that beat San Francisco 111-87 and hitting a career high of 38 points in the Bulls' 118-109 win over Baltimore.

ABA Dallas won three of its first close games and kept its head in the Western Division race by a game and a half ahead of Los Angeles. The first was a 92-91 win over Washington, the Caps' first loss at home, in which Chaparral Forward Mannie Leake topped the scoring with 28 points. Washington returned the favor in the last game of the five when the Chaparrals went down to defeat 101-97, despite a late rally sparked by Glen Combs. It was their first loss at home. Indiana, leading in the East, was ahead of Pittsburgh 97-93 with 8:14 remaining when, in the space of four minutes, it scored 20 points to the Pipers' eight and won 129-113. Against Washington Bob Netolicky hit an 18-foot jump shot in the final second for a 123-121 win, and against third-place Indiana Netolicky and Mel Daniels combined for 63 points and a 114-109 win.

NBA East: New York (3-0), Milwaukee 13-5), Philadelphia (1-2), Baltimore (1-3), Boston (3-0), Detroit (1-2), Cincinnati (0-3), West: Los Angeles (1-0), Chicago (3-1), Atlanta (2-1), San Francisco (1-0), Phoenix (1-1), Seattle (1-1).

ABA East: Indiana (3-0), Kentucky (1-1), Pittsburgh (2-2), Carolina (2-5), New York (5-2), Miami (0-4), West: Dallas (3-2), Los Angeles (2-3), Washington (1-3), New Orleans (2-1), Denver (1-3).

BOXING GEORGE FOREMAN, heavyweight gold medalist at the 1968 Olympics, won his eighth straight professional fight—by a unanimous decision at Madison Square Garden over Roberto Davila of Peru.

FOOTBALL AFL Cincinnati's Greg Cook and his Sox rookie aerial were back in action against Oakland after an absence of four weeks and three losses. Cook threw two touchdown passes to Chip Myers, while the Bengal defense pulled off five interceptions and a fumble recovery. The unbeaten Raiders were toppled 31-17, and Kansas City took over first place in the Western Division, beating Buffalo 29-7 as Jan Stenerud kicked field goals from 37, 47, 34, 44 and 16 yards. Similarly, a biggest upset took place in Newton, Mass. Boston's Mike Taliaferro threw twice from the 25 and 43 to No. 1 draft choice Ron Sellers from Florida State for scores that helped produce a 24-17 upset of Houston. The win was the Pats' first this season, their first in nine straight games and their first under their new coach, Clive Rush.

NFL Cleveland upset Dallas, leaving Los Angeles, which beat Atlanta, alone with its perfect record. Browns' Quarterback Bill Nelsen threw five touchdown passes, taking advantage of three Dallas receivers and a pass interception for four of them, and the previously unbeaten Cowboys were shown 42-10. Minnesota kept its six-game winning streak going and hit hapless Chicago hapless 31-14. A shutout evolved when the Bears tied the score 7-7 in the second quarter. Viking Back Clint Jones, who received the kickoff, booted the ball into the end zone, where it was recovered by Viking Cornerback Charlie West. Instead of awarding a two-point safety to the Bears, the officials penalized the Vikings 15 yards for kicking the ball, and the Bears kicked off again from the Minnesota 45. In a game in St. Louis that broke an NFL record for touchdown passes, New Orleans upset St. Louis 51-42, [illegible] the scoring. While both defenses apparently took the day off, Bill Kilmer and Charlie Johnson, the opposing quarterbacks, threw 45 completions in 69 attempts for a combined total of 712 yards and 12 touchdowns.

AFL East: New York (6-2), Houston (4-4), Buffalo (5-6), Miami (1-6-1), Boston (1-7), West: Kansas City (7-1), Oakland (6-1-1), San Diego (4-4), Cincinnati (4-4), Denver (1-4-1).

NFL East: Centurys: Cleveland (5-1-1), New York (3-4), St. Louis (2-4-1), Pittsburgh (1-6), Capitol: Dallas (6-1), Washington (4-2-1), Philadelphia (3-4), New Orleans (1-6), West: Central: Minnesota (6-1), Green Bay (5-2), Detroit (4-3), Chicago (1-7), Coastal: Los Angeles (7-0), Baltimore (4-3), Atlanta (2-5), San Francisco (1-5-1).

GOLF Regulation play at the $140,000 Kaiser International Open Golf ended in a four-way tie. Jack Nicklaus, Billy Casper, George Archer and Don January with 15-under 273s. Sudden death ended in the second extra hole, when Jack Nicklaus sank a 14-foot birdie putt on the 18th.

HARNESS RACING In the $30,000 Kingmaker Pace at Liberty Bell Park in Philadelphia, 1968 Jug winner Ron Custance and 1969 Jug winner Laverne Hanover finished second and third, respectively, to IDEAL ALE ($5.60), driven by Del Insko and clocked at 1:58⅘.

HOCKEY NHL Considering that the Canadiens ended up just where they were the week before, tied with the Rangers for second in the Eastern Division, they really knocked themselves out. They scored a total of 17 goals in their two wins, 8-3 over the Rangers and 9-2 over Boston. St. Louis and Oakland jockeyed for first in the West, with the Blues ending the week on top by two points. Against Philadelphia Blues Goalie Jacques Plante recorded the 69th shutout of his 15-year career. Their Goalie Bernie Parent, however, had a shutout too. The trade tied it. Six days later Plante met Parent again. Jacques Plante got his 70th shutout, while Parent, having given up four goals by the start of the third period, was replaced by Doug Favell, who gave up four more. Toronto Goalie Bruce Gamble also got a workout in a 3-2 losing cause against the Rangers. He made 34 saves, 25 of them in the first period.

NHL East: Boston (0-5-0), Montreal (2-1-1), New York (2-1-1), Detroit (2-0-0), Toronto (1-1-0), Chicago (1-1-0), West: St. Louis (1-0-2), Oakland (1-1-0), Minnesota (1-1-0), Philadelphia (0-1-2), Pittsburgh (1-1-0), Los Angeles (0-5-0).

HORSE RACING Taking the lead at the final turn of the 1¼-mile, $183,620 Pimlico Laurel Futurity, Mrs. Ethel D. Jacobs' main colt HIGH CHILLON (58.60) pulled away from his field at eight and finished 1½ lengths ahead of Tusslet.

CZAR ALEXANDER ($5.20), a 4-year-old Irish-bred bay ridden by Angel Cordero Jr., won the 1½-mile, $115,900 Oak Tree Stakes, the closing-day feature at the 20-day Oak Tree meeting at Santa Anita Park. His time, 2:32⅗, was the fastest for a mile and a half on grass in American thoroughbred racing history.

POLO ARGENTINA, led by Juan Carlos Harriott, the world's only 10-goal player, beat the U.S. 12-6, 18-6 to win the Cup of the Americas.

MILEPOSTS ACQUIRED: By the Philadelphia Phillies, after being released by Los Angeles, 38-year-old, right-hander JIM BUNNING, who in 1964 pitched a perfect game for the Phillies against the Mets. This season he was 10-9 with Pittsburgh and 3-1 with the Dodgers.

NAMED: Commissioner of the American Basketball Association to replace George Mikan: CBS Television Executive JACK DOLPH. The new commissioner's first task: to land a TV contract.

TRADED: By Atlanta to the New York Giants for two draft choices, Running Back JUNIOR COFFEY, who was drafted seventh by Green Bay in 1965, sent to Atlanta in the 1966 expansion draft, missed the 1968 season with an injury and this season has gained 168 yards in 49 carries.

DIED: CHARLIE JAMIESON, 76, an 18-year infielder-hanger who played the outfield for the Cleveland Indians from 1919 until his retirement in 1932. His lifetime average was .303; his best, .359.

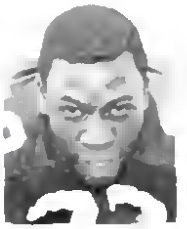
CREDITS

18 [illegible] 19 [illegible] 20 [illegible] 23 [illegible] 26 [illegible] 27 29 [illegible] 36,37 [illegible] 43 [illegible] 44 [illegible] 51 [illegible] 70 [illegible] 74 [illegible] 75 [illegible] 80 88 [illegible] 93 [illegible]

FACES IN THE CROWD



DENNIS COADY, a senior halfback at Worcester (Mass.) Academy who until this year concentrated on defense, ran for 190 yards from scrimmage, made a 92-yard kickoff return and scored four touchdowns as the Hilltoppers beat Cheshire Academy 41-20.



CARLESTER CRUMPLER has led Lake High of Wilson, N.C. to the state 4-A football championship for two years and seems to be doing it again. The Cyclones have won eight straight, and Carlester has gained 1,360 yards—11.3 per carry—and has scored 20 TDs.



TYLER GEARHART, 10, right wing for the Ruxton Raccoons of the Towsontowne (Md.) Recreation Council soccer league, has paced his team this season with 13 goals in six games, while the Raccoons have scored 30 goals in all and are yet to be scored upon.



OENIS FIKES, a senior at Rice High in New York City, won his third annual NYU Interscholastic cross-country run, breaking the meet record set by Marty Liquori in 1966 by 14.3 seconds. His 12:26.8 for the 2½-mile course was his best ever at the distance.



FRED BAUER, 17, of South Norwalk, Conn., rode an 8-year-old gelding, Birchbark, in the American Horse Show Association hunter seat medal class and won over 79 riders from 23 states in the finals at the Pennsylvania National Horse Show in Harrisburg.



KATHY JACOBO, a 14th-grade schoolteacher, won the Indianapolis Sailing Club championship by piling up the most points in four heats on Geist Reservoir. Her opponents were 11 male club members representing each of the club's six fleets.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

BUCKS AND BOMBS

Sirs:

I would like to congratulate Frank Deford on his NBA predictions (*Goodby to the Old Bolonce of Power*, Oct. 27). They were a riot! Thanks for the laughs

JOHN DEVENDORF JR.

Lakeville, Conn.

Sirs:

I have enjoyed Mr. Deford's articles in the past, but it seems incredible to me that such an obviously learned basketball writer can pick the Milwaukee Bucks and the Baltimore Bullets to finish ahead of the New York Knickerbockers. The Knicks have got to have the most balanced and deepest team in basketball. Mr. Deford must have been watching the ABA when the Knicks swept the Bullets in the playoffs and narrowly lost to Boston with Walt Frazier, maybe one of the best guards in the NBA, operating at half speed in the last two games. Now, with 12 men instead of nine and with such substitutes as Cazzie Russell, Dave Stallworth and the underrated Mike Riordan, how can they be beaten by the one-man Milwaukee Alcindors? My point is proved by the Knicks' current record: 10-1.

KENNETH DAVIS

Cedarhurst, N.Y.

Sirs:

Frank Deford's list of teams and their order of finish was undoubtedly a printer's mistake. Turning the magazine upside down and starting with Philadelphia at the top would give basketball fans a truer picture of the outcome.

THOMAS W. STEWART

Hartford, Conn.

Sirs:

What a bomb you dropped on the American Basketball Association (*Competition Will Be Stimulating, but the Quality Is Second Best*, Oct. 27). Granted, there is plenty of inequality between the ABA and NBA. There is none worse, however, than the unequal coverage you give the two pro leagues. Public acceptance of the ABA is vital to its survival and growth. In Indiana we have accepted the Pacers and the rest of the Lively League teams, too. We sincerely hope you will do the same in the near future.

GEORGE W. SCHMUTTE

Indianapolis

L3W'S STORY

Sirs:

My Story (Oct. 27 *et seq.*) by Lew Alcindor with Jack Olsen provided me with a rare insight into the trials and tribulations of a black star of today. It is an infrequent occasion when an athlete, black or white, can express himself in the manner that Lew has. He must be given credit for putting up with the immense amount of attention and prejudice to which he has been exposed and still remaining a stable and sensible person.

RICHARD GOODSTEIN

Haverton, Pa.

Sirs:

Congratulations to Jack Olsen on his excellent story about Lew Alcindor. While reading the story I felt obliged to ask if Mr. Olsen was writing about Lew's basketball career or about Lew's hardships while playing basketball. Surely Mr. Olsen realizes that if everyone in the world is against Lew, as the story tries to make us believe, Lew would never have received a free education from UCLA. I am sure Lew was not expecting it to be easy.

I think that in this day and age most of us judge an athlete not by his color but rather by the athlete's ability to compete in a given sport. I, for one, think that Big Lew is going to make an excellent pro basketball player.

STEVE SWADINSKY

Pekin, Ill.

RAVARSAD OECISION

Sirs:

Recently you ran a short article calling attention to the plight of Oregon State University basketball player Gary Freeman (SCORECARD, Sept. 15). He had played in an unauthorized benefit basketball game and was declared ineligible for his senior year by the NCAA. The next week (19TH HOLE, Sept. 22) you printed a letter I wrote protesting the NCAA action. I also had contacted members of the NCAA council.

I am pleased to pass on the news that the NCAA council reversed its earlier decision and has allowed Gary Freeman to compete this winter. He hopes to play professional basketball and then to coach in high school. Because I was one of several public officials who spoke against the earlier action, I want to publicly praise the NCAA for its most recent decision. The NCAA council showed that it acts in the best interests of the athlete involved.

MARK O. HATFIELD
United States Senator

Washington

PENN IN HAND

Sirs:

With all due respect to a fine Penn State football team and Pat Putnam's article (*State Stands Tall with the Aid of Some Zap*, Oct. 27), I think it should be pointed out that Syracuse out-everythinged Penn State offensively and defensively in this year's edition of the East's biggest rivalry. Special credit should go to the defensive unit that held State without a first down until a few minutes were left in the first half.

JAMES C. BUCK

Cazenovia, N.Y.

Sirs:

As a native Baltimorean, I have witnessed thrice the painful humiliation of my hometown teams, sometimes as a result of poor officiating. Never, however, have I seen such gross incompetence as that exhibited by the referees at the recent Penn State-Syracuse football game. The pass interference call at the Orange four-yard line, which set up Penn State's first, momentum-gaining touchdown, ranks as one of the most unbelievable calls in football history. What more than 42,000 fans saw (not all Orange backers) was *offensive* pass interference on the part of Charlie Pittman, who for some mysterious reason was leaning on his defender before the ball arrived.

Other unsupportable points brought up in the story include this statement: "Syracuse, which had been punting long and well all day, suddenly got off a short kick, and Penn State had the ball on the 39-yard line." Let the record show that Penn State's great punter outkicked Jakowenko by an average of 15 yards during the game. While Jakowenko's final kick was nowhere near good, it was virtually as good as his previous efforts.

One final comment, please. When running captions such as, "When runners bump into Smear and Reid, the road is closed," kindly inform opposing fullbacks such as Al Newton, who ran over and through your dynamic duo for 94 yards in 19 carries.

If Mr. Putnam did truly attend the game, he was unrecognizable without his white cane.

ALAN GREENBERG

Syracuse, N.Y.

Sirs:

Your article was in excellent taste. It is a pleasure to read about a top-ranked team without having the winner overpraised or the loser degraded. Penn State is not a sensational team or a team with a couple of superstars but a football team that plays its best for 60 minutes every Saturday. Penn State and its coaches deserve the attention you have given them.

BOB MAROUCHOC

Honolulu

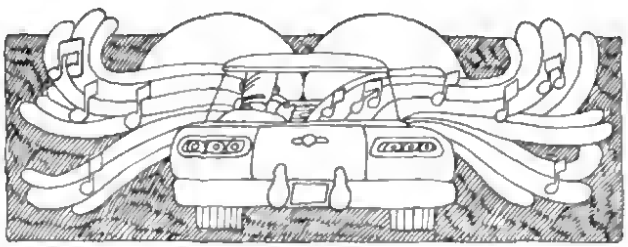
DUMMIT, PLUNKETT AND GRICH

Sirs:

Your story concerning Dennis Dummit (*Transformed by the Transfer*, Oct. 27) men-

continued

How to enjoy your new GM car even more: Fill it up with GM stereo.



The bright sound of the 70's for nights on the road.

Listen to GM Delco stereo in a new Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick or Cadillac.

It's an exciting experience.

Hard to believe you get such full concert-hall sound inside a car. Once you hear it, you'll understand why so many people own it.

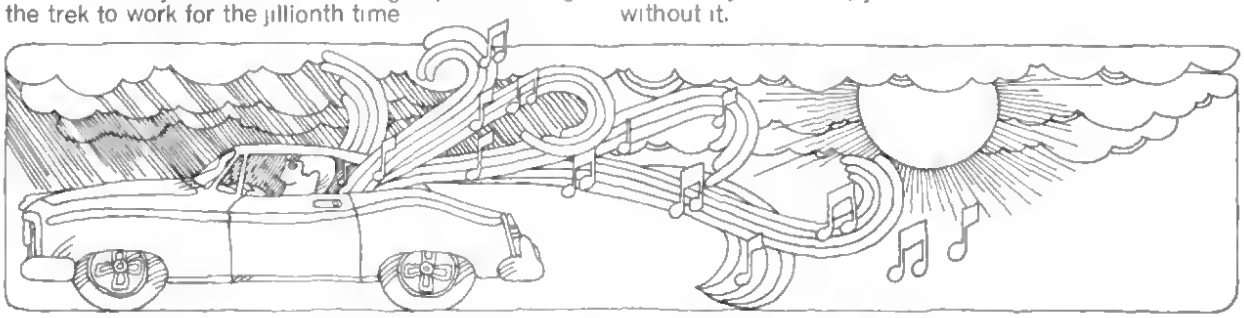
But car stereo makes more than music. It makes sense.

Think, for instance, how many hours a year you spend in your car. That's a lot of time you could be spending with beautiful music.

And think what some of those hours are like. Hemmed in by traffic, or on a long trip, or making the trek to work for the jillionth time

stereo tape player or browsing the dial with AM/FM stereo radio. If it's tough to choose, take both. But be sure to order stereo when you buy your new GM car.

Once you hear it, you won't want to face the music without it.

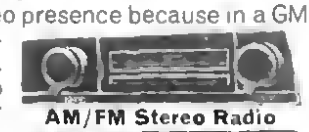


Rain or shine, every drive has a silver lining with GM stereo.

At times like these stereo lets you enjoy your trip, keeps you refreshed.

Out there on the road (with no refrigerator to raid, no TV to watch, and often, with no one to talk to) stereo makes the difference between just spending time and really enjoying it.

You get the full stereo presence because in a GM car you're always surrounded by speakers. Only GM Delco stereo gives you front-and-rear speaker systems acoustically tailored to deliver the full dimensions of living stereo sound.



AM/FM Stereo Radio



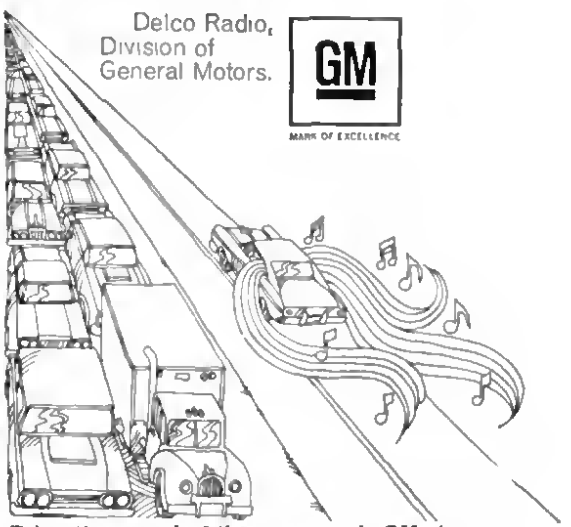
Stereo Tape

Finally, you have a choice of running the show with the 8-track

Delco Radio,
Division of
General Motors.

GM

MARK OF EXCELLENCE



Drive the sound of the open road: GM stereo.



THE NEW MYSTIQUE OF MADEIRA GOLD

A fascinating tobacco. Smoothness that turns on your taste. Aroma that turns on hers.





Grahm Junior College

TELEVISION AND RADIO BROADCASTING

Learn by doing. Two Year Work-Study Degree Programs include announcing, scriptwriting, production, programming, management, sales, news, sports. Liberal Arts. Professional faculty, studios and equipment. Learn on school stations WCSB and WCSB TV. Student activities. Placement. Dormitories. Co-ed. Catalog. Write Mr. Wood, Grahm Junior College (formerly Cambridge School), 632 Beacon St., Boston, Mass. 02215.



SPORTS ILLUSTRATED SOCKS IT TO YOU

tioned that "nobody wanted Dummit when he got out of high school in Long Beach . . . Everybody wanted the guy who played ahead of him, a thrower named Bob Gritch."

You may be interested to know that Bob (his surname is correctly spelled Grich) batted .310 in the Texas League this past season and was chosen as the All-Star shortstop in that league while playing for Dallas-Fort Worth. He is regarded by many experts as the finest athlete ever produced in Long Beach, a city known for remarkable athletes over the years.

He will never be UCLA's quarterback as Tommy Prothro may have once envisioned, but it is entirely possible that Bob Grich may very soon be playing major league baseball for the Baltimore Orioles.

HANK JOHNSTON

Long Beach, Calif.

Sirs:

Is Mr. Dan Jenkins an alumnus of UCLA, or are USC and UCLA the only West Coast teams he has had time to see and or read about this year? I would like him to consider the following statistics and then tell me as honestly as possible if he still thinks Dennis Dummit is "the best quarterback on the West Coast."

Dummit has completed 83 of 143 passes for 1,658 yards and 19 TDs, while Jim Plunkett of Stanford has completed 129 of 222 passes for 1,744 yards and 15 TDs. Please note, too, that Dummit has played in eight games and has hardly missed a down. Plunkett, on the other hand, has played only seven games, in several of which he left the ball game shortly after halftime to allow backup Quarterback Don Bunce some time to play.

Now then, Mr. Jenkins. *Who* did you say was the best quarterback on the West Coast?

MICHAEL D. FERRARI

Menlo Park, Calif.

SAINTLY VIRTUES

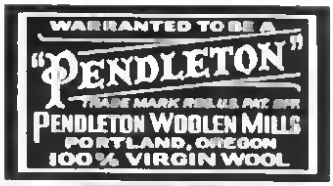
Sirs:

I found Tex Maule's article (*When the Saints Go Stumbling Out*, Oct. 27) rather amusing. However, in defense of other New Orleanians and Saints' fans, I must say that we don't all throw manure at the mayor or boo the Saints. We do realize that they are an expansion team, that they are 1-6 and that, so far, they have played the best of the NFL. We also hope the local society for the prevention of cruelty to animals doesn't run Doug Atkins out of town—we need him!

ANN VAUGHN

New Orleans

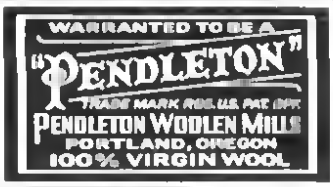
Address editorial mail to TIME & LIFE Bldg., Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.





The deck is stacked in your favor when you follow Charles Goren's lead—regularly, in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED.





CHANGE of ADDRESS

If you're moving, please let us know four weeks before changing your address.

ATTACH PRESENT MAILING LABEL HERE.

Mail to: **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**
540 North Michigan Avenue
Chicago, Illinois 60611

Name

Street

City

State **Zip Code**

Be sure to attach your address label when writing on other matters concerning your subscription—billing, adjustment, complaint, etc.

To order SI check box ☐ new ☐ renewal. Subscription price in the United States, Canada, Puerto Rico, and the Caribbean Islands $10.00 a year, Military personnel anywhere in the world $7.00 a year; all others $14.00 a year.

Break out the frosty bottle, boys, and keep your martinis dry!



The swizzle stick is an authentic replica of the Armorial Bearings of The Honourable John H. P. Gilbey, who invites you to share the family gin.

Come to where the flavor is.

Marlboro Country.



Marlboro Red or Longhorn 100's- you get a lot to like.